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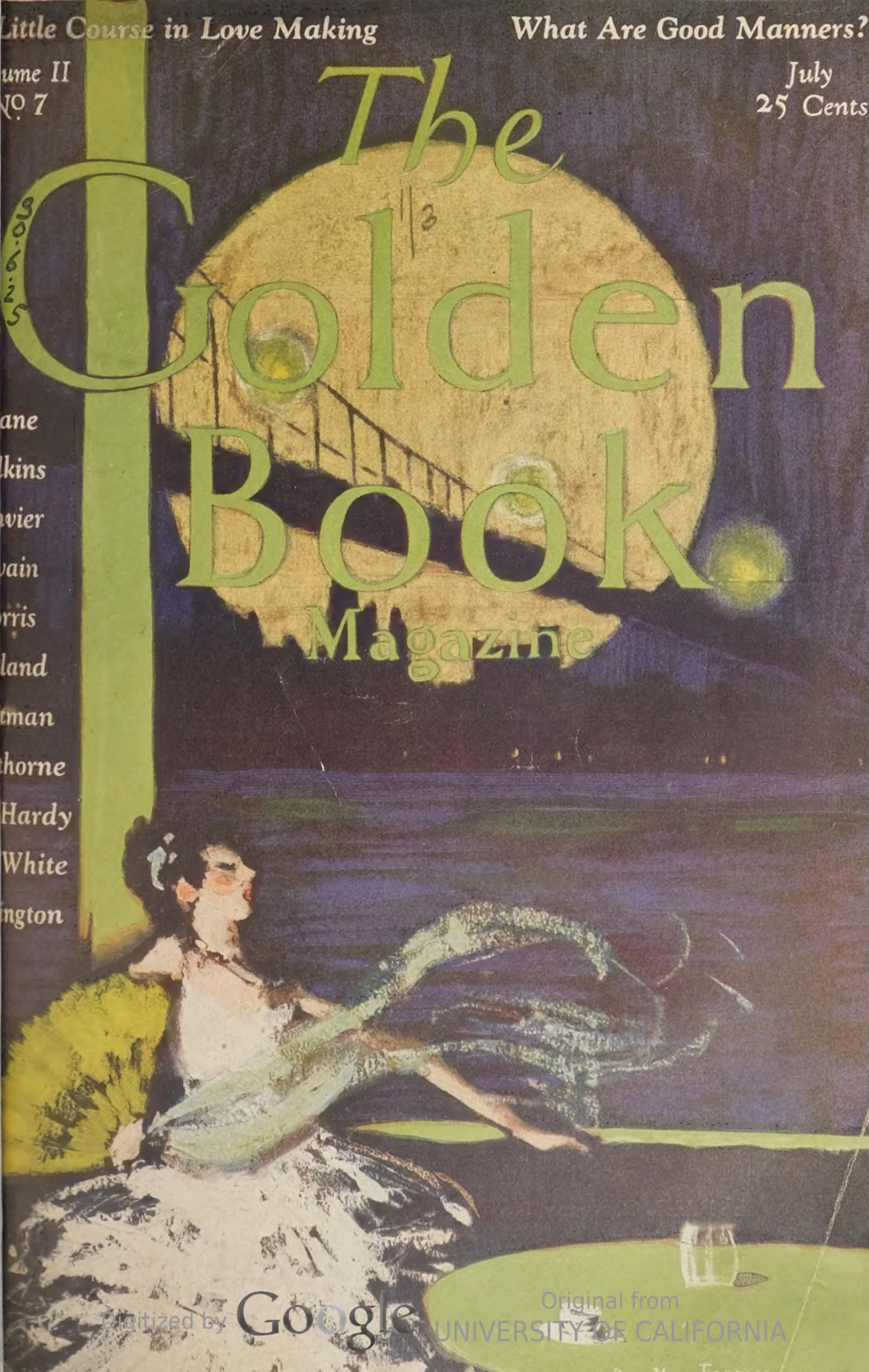

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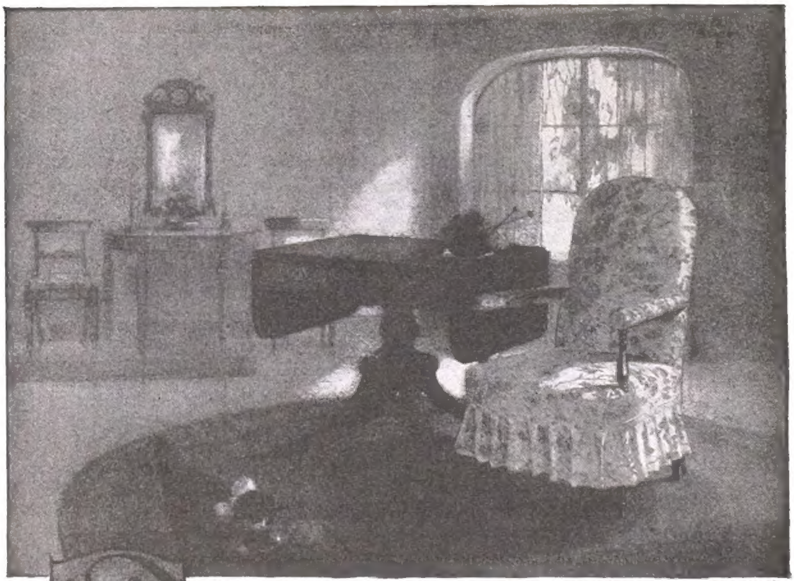

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VOLUME II
Number 7

JULY
1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
WM. LYON PHELPS · STUART P. SHERMAN · JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Some Persons of Importance

Should the wide world roll away,
Leaving black terror,
Limitless night,
Nor God, nor man, nor place to stand
Would be to me essential,
If thou and thy white arms were there
And the fall to doom a long way. Stephen Crane.

OCCASIONALLY, the date of a writer's birth has deep significance. Stephen Crane was born in 1870. He wrote "The Red Badge of Courage" when he was about twenty-five,—a struggling young free-lance, almost despairing of winning the recognition he craved.

Now, that quarter-century after the close of the German-French struggle was a period when "deep peace settled upon" these United States. War to us was something which happened on the outskirts of Europe's far-flung empires. Crane had never seen a battle. Yet by an extraordinary feat of imagination, he carries the reader along, through the experiences of a recruit, with such naturalness, such vivid personal emotion, that one who reads has forever the sensation of having actually taken part in this confused, immense, staggering, smoky, flaming Fury.

The book made a profound impression upon all who realize that the first requisite of a writer is that he should feel things, should respond vitally to the beauty and terror and joy and humour and irony of the world about.

Some of Crane's tales, notably the remarkable and extravagantly praised "Open Boat," seem to me over-written. I feel he's using buckshot on quail. But I can enjoy the extraordinary effect he builds up; and there are few of his stories which fail to give one flashes of colour and comprehension. For the man was very much alive. He was expressing something deep in his own nature when he wrote:

> "Philosophy should always know that indifference is a militant thing. It batters down the walls of cities, and murders the women and children amid flames and the purloining of altar vessels. When it goes away, it leaves smoking ruins, where lie citizens bayonetted through the throat. It is not a children's pastime like mere highway robbery."

In the five years following the issuance of his first book (a volume of poetry: "The Black Riders") Crane produced ten or twelve volumes before his death at the age of thirty.

He seemed almost completely forgotten; but the first complete edition of his writings, almost a generation later, shows clearly that he has a permanent place in American letters.

◆

When Laurence Sterne died, in 1768, he left in the hands of a friend the manuscript of a very personal work which he called "The Koran: or the Life, Character and Sentiments of Tria Juncta in Uno, *M. N. A.*, or Master of No Arts."

"These notes," remarked the editor-friend who issued the posthumous volume, "were designed by the author to frame a larger work than the present, to be published after he should find himself—or the public—tired of the sportive incoherence of his former volumes."

Both the "Digression on Wit" in this issue, and the little essay on "Toleration" in the April number are from this little-known volume, which contains much that is characteristic

(*Continued on page 6*)

At Last!

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MOST bookish people have heard of the famous Sun Dial Edition of Conrad. The great novelist autographed it, and wrote a special preface to each one of the twenty-four volumes. The sets sold for $175.75 each, and 735 wealthy book-collectors paid a total sum of $129,176.25 for this edition.

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The story of Conrad is one of the most amazing in the annals of literature. For thirty years he travelled up and down the Seven Seas. He did not speak English until past twenty. He had never written a line before he was forty. Yet, the world's most famous authors ultimately paid homage to him as the greatest of them all; his original manuscripts, at an auction before his death, sold for $110,998 (probably no such tribute had ever been paid to an author while he was still alive).

"Romance is dead now, not Conrad," one woman wrote when she heard of his death. It expressed beautifully how thousands felt about the passing of this great Master.

The Secret of Conrad

The secret of Conrad's fascination lies above all in the exciting narratives he had to tell. No one could ever tell a story like Conrad, and no one has ever had such tales to tell. He himself had met these men he wrote about—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East—outcasts, adventurers, sailors rough traders, thieves, murderers.

He had met, too, these strange and ever-bewitching women who move through his pages. They were real people, all of them; he knew their lives, their "stories." And what breathless narratives they are! "Such tales as men tell under the haunting stars"—that, in a phrase, typifies them.

Sent for Examination

One of the truest things ever said of Conrad was the comment of Gouverneur Morris. (It is among those in the panel at the right.) No one who professes to appreciate good literature can afford not to be familiar with *every one* of his great novels.

If you do not as yet have Conrad among your books at home, this is an exceptional opportunity. The new Inclusive Edition—twenty-four volumes—will be sent to you for examination. Read some of Conrad's own prefaces and some of his stories. You will realize quickly why the world's greatest writers acclaimed him as Master of them all. The publishers advise immediate acceptance of this offer, for at this popular price this edition is fast being exhausted.

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Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read.
—*Gouverneur Morris*

Here, surely, if ever, is genius—
—*Hugh Walpole*

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—*Galsworthy*

Here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.
—*Christopher Morley*

In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect.—
—*Joseph Hergesheimer*

There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him.
—*H. L. Mencken*

To stand in a summer-stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.
—*Mary Austin*

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(*Continued from page 4*)

of the creator of "Tristram Shandy," including some hundreds of notes, memorabilia, and "Callimachies" which take one into the very workings of his whimsical mind.

It presents also his own justification against the outcries of prudery:

> "And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is, *Ride, si sapis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, tho' ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity, while those, indeed, cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion."

For ingenious and subtle humour, and for real mastery in that delicate art of saying what he means without saying it—it would be hard to match the writings of Laurence Sterne.

◆

I doubt if anybody reading "Passe Rose" or "Diane and Her Friends" would ever guess at the varied equipment and life experience of Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

West Point graduate and lieutenant in an artillery regiment; scientific bridge-builder and road constructor; professor at Dartmouth; author of works on "Elements of Quaternious," "Calculus," "Topographical Surveying" and such advanced mathematical subjects; editor of a popular magazine; minister to Persia, to Greece, to Switzerland and to Spain,—all that would help to account for a precision of mental processes and a finished knowledge of the world.

But all this exact knowledge, this long and distinguished career, fails to obtrude itself into his charming stories of altogether delightful people. Mr. Hardy is a poet; he has an ever-youthful sense of the romance in real life that awaits those capable of feeling it; and through his tales there plays the liveliest, kindliest sense of humour.

He belongs inherently to that "Brotherhood of Sensible Men" to which he refers in his pleasant volume of reminiscences, "Things Remembered," published two years ago. One knows instinctively that there are reserved depths, sensitive thoughts, which he has never expressed publicly; and from the flavor of that which he has put forth, one knows too, how interesting it would be to hear some of these ideas blossom out in some expansive mood of friendly intercourse.

◆

I always remember Frank Norris as he looked one summer morning in 1899. At that time he was reading manuscripts for Doubleday & McClure Co. for half the day, and writing the other half. A trip to a Connecticut pond had initiated him into the joys of casting for black bass; and he promptly found a place to live on the shore of Greenwood Lake, in order to satisfy this aroused angling fervour.

That morning he came into the editorial box-stall, his eyes fairly blazing.

"I've just had a Great Idea!" he announced.

And, evidently even more excited than when the first two-pound bass *plopped* up and attacked the spoon, he proceeded to outline his Trilogy of the Wheat—"The Octopus," with the miles of growing grain and the ranchers' fight with the Railroad; "The Pit," where a daring Chicago Board of Trade speculator, outwits and crushes his rivals, only to be crushed in turn beneath the illimitable fecund outpourings of Nature herself; and "The Wolf," in which a vast river of American wheat was to flow overseas to relieve a starving community of Italy. (His premature death three years later prevented the completion of this third volume of the series.)

He was, as usual, terrifically in earnest; he had sketched out the course of the first novel on the train coming to town; and it was impossible, listening to his tense, crisp summary, not to believe that he was one who might successfully attack just such a huge, dramatic subject.

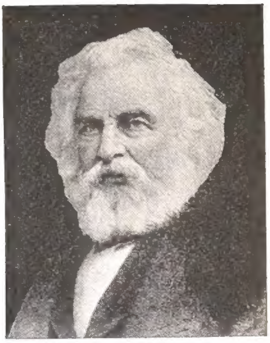
It was, I think, in a resting-time between two of these large efforts that he became fascinated with some of the old Norse literature, and also with some mediæval accounts of sieges—which latter gave him the idea of a living, human account of the inhabitants of a castle during such a relentless attack by strangulation.

(*Continued on page 8*)

The Complete Poems *of* Henry W. Longfellow

America's Most Beloved Poet

In ONE Volume



THE friends that Longfellow has given to us—how much they have meant in our lives!

The village blacksmith with his brawny arms—his daughter that sang in the choir. The old clock that stood on the stairs and ticked out "Never—forever." And the "angel whose name is Priscilla," whom blunt old Captain Miles Standish cherished but whom John Alden won. All the characters in those charmingly tender stories in verse that have for years made Henry Wadsworth Longfellow America's favorite poet.

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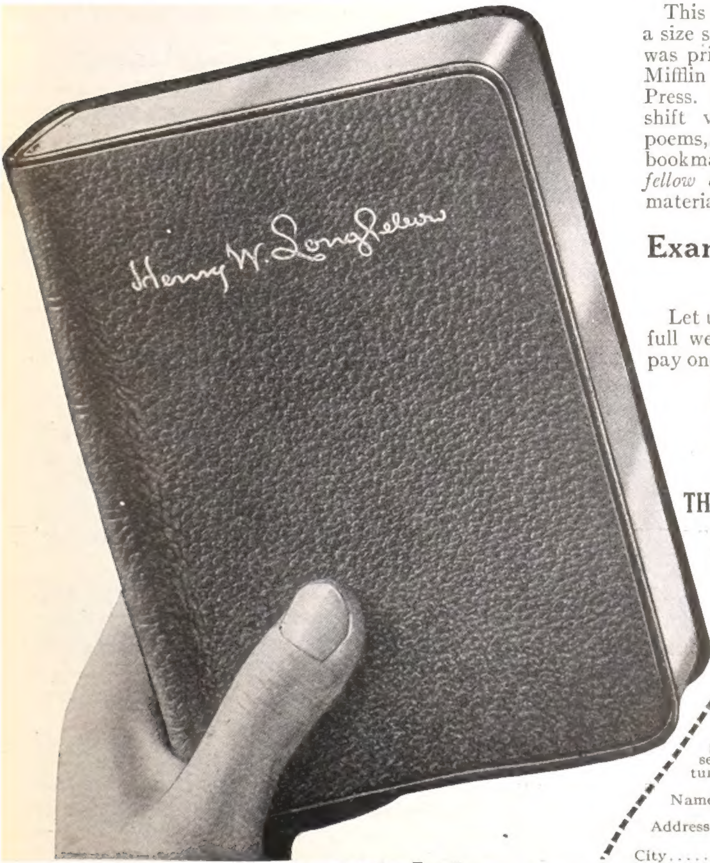

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Let us send you this beautiful volume for a full week's *free* examination. You need not pay one penny unless you are certain that you want to keep it. Then only the small price quoted in the coupon, ridiculously low for a de luxe edition of America's favorite poet. Simply mail the coupon, *now!*

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(*Continued from page 6*)

"Grettir at Drangey" was the product of this reading of the "Grettir Saga," one of the most vivid and absorbing tales we have of the ancient North.

❧

(William) Wilkie Collins (1824–1889) captured the whole reading public of that day when, in 1860, he published "The Woman in White." And "The Moonstone," eight years later, made him supreme among writers of the "mystery story."

Unlike most such tales of that period, these absorbing romances do not seem outworn or old-fashioned. Collins could describe a big wardrobe in a bed-room in such a way as to raise the hair on the back of one's head; and while a large number of his many books hardly move us to-day, these best romances of everyday life still grip the interest and carry the reader irresistibly through the tortuous complexities of plot.

Collins collaborated with Dickens a number of times; but their most successful joint production was probably the "Perils of Certain English Prisoners," the second chapter of which is in this number.

❧

> "For a portrait of him as he is to-day you have to think of Oscar Wilde at the height of his glory. A big pudgy face, immobile, pink, smooth-shaven, its child-like expressionlessness accentuated by the monocle he always wears, though rather belied by the gleam of humour in his dark alert eyes. His hair is iron-grey, his figure stocky and of about medium height. A mordant wit, an inimitable raconteur, he loves life and gaiety and all the luxuries of life. Nothing can persuade him out of his complacent and luxurious routine. He will not leave Budapest, even to attend the première of one of his plays in nearby Vienna. The past war political upheaval which has rent all Hungary into two voluble and bitter factions left him quite unperturbed and neutral. His pen is not for politics."

That is Benjamin F. Glazer's pen-portrait of Franz Molnar.

At forty-seven, Mr. Molnar has made rather a unique position for himself as an international playwright—as witness "Liliom," "The Swan," "Fashions for Men," "The Guardsman" and so on. In addition he has written a large number of one-act plays and short stories, which often show an incomparable deftness and lightness of touch. It does not matter whether or not you consider his surprising "Liliom" as the penetrating and profoundly significant drama many have pronounced it: one thing is certain—among contemporary writers for the stage there are fewer indeed with whom you can so confidently abandon yourself with the certainty of being entertained, of having some satisfying flashes of humorous or satirical insight into the world-comedy.

❧

I'm inclined to think that there is more of the real flavour of Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Mosses from an old Manse" than in anything else he left us.

The old Manse was, of course, the house built in Concord, in 1765, for the Rev. William Emerson, and later occupied by Ralph Waldo Emerson, into which Hawthorne moved with his bride in 1842. It was full of past associations and of dreams to which Hawthorne's withdrawn imagination vibrated most appealingly; and while many of the twenty-six stories and sketches, included under this title in 1846, had nothing to do with this home, in its "retirement and accessible seclusion"—so powerful is the impression of the author's descriptions that it colours the whole collection.

"A Virtuoso's Collection," appeared first in the *Boston Miscellany* for May, 1842. It shows how deep was the feeling with which Hawthorne had perused the great books of the past, and its wealth of allusiveness mirrors the book-excursions which produced the "Twice Told Tales," "Tanglewood Tales" and the "Wonder Book."

❧

Through an oversight we failed to mention that the most characteristic letter from the "divine Sarah" which appeared in "Some Love Letters," in the May issue, was from the volume of Mme. Bernhardt's letters owned, translated, and edited by Mr. Sylvestre Dorian.

(*Continued on page 10*)

"O Tiger's Heart Wrapped in a Woman's Hide!"

An old man, King of England, stood prisoner on a lost battlefield. The beautiful Queen of France held out to him a handkerchief dripping with the blood of his favorite son. Even then, soft words might have saved him. . . . "She-wolf of France!" he began. And two knights' daggers drove home.

Do you know in what play this scene comes? Do you really know Shakespeare? Have you fought with King Harry, thrilled with Imogene, tamed a woman with Petruchio, caroused with Falstaff, lorded over kings with Wolsey?

Everybody reads Shakespeare. Everybody quotes Shakespeare. Everybody needs Shakespeare. Everybody can find a new thought every day in his pages. He who hasn't really *read* Shakespeare, made a companion of him, can hardly call himself educated. Shakespeare—along with the Bible—is the foundation of *all* modern English literature.

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Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters in Jane Cowl's production of "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare's greatest play.

WHO SAID—?

(How many of these world-famous quotations do You know?)

What fools these mortals be!

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

You yourself are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning.

WHO WAS—?

(How many of these world-famous characters can You place?)

PORTIA

IAGO

MERCUTIO

BENEDICK

PRINCE HAL

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MACDUFF

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(*Continued from page 8*)

Hamlin Garland was writing of a life he knew, and had lived, in his stories of pioneer folk in the Middle West. His first real schooling came at the age of sixteen, when he entered the Cedar Valley Seminary, at Osage, Iowa—though working on a farm for half the year. He has written a score of books since "Main-Travelled Roads" appeared in 1890; but in none of them (nor in any other volume I could name) can one find a more living presentment of the men and women who taught the earth of this region its richness, and grew a sturdy race along with their fat crops.

If you want to feel a real "melting-pot at work—just get out in that July cornfield with Norse Julia, and do a few rows while she waits for her rescuer.

◆

It has been just about forty years since the readers of *Harper's* began to look with anticipation for stories of New England people signed by one Mary E. Wilkins; and there are many thousands of people who feel that they have reached real understanding of the "New England nature" through her tales of everyday matters in that region. There have been about 250 of these since those first ones; and with her various novels and romances her writings occupy nearly thirty volumes.

By special request of the author we are *not* going to represent her with "The Revolt of Mother," one of her stories which has proved irresistible to an immense number of people. "For," said Mrs. Freeman," I'm sick to death of that tale—and I've done other things that are better anyhow!"

So we are printing here one of her first excursions into the supernatural; and later we shall publish "Old Woman Magoun"—undoubtedly one of the most powerful things she has ever issued.

H. W. L.

◆

"THE GOLDEN BOOK" *differs from other magazines in that it will be preserved in many subscribers' libraries. A handsome binder is to be furnished at a moderate price, and full details concerning it will appear in the August issue. The Index for Volume I is now on the press, and copies will be furnished without charge to subscribers on request addressed to the Back Number Department.*

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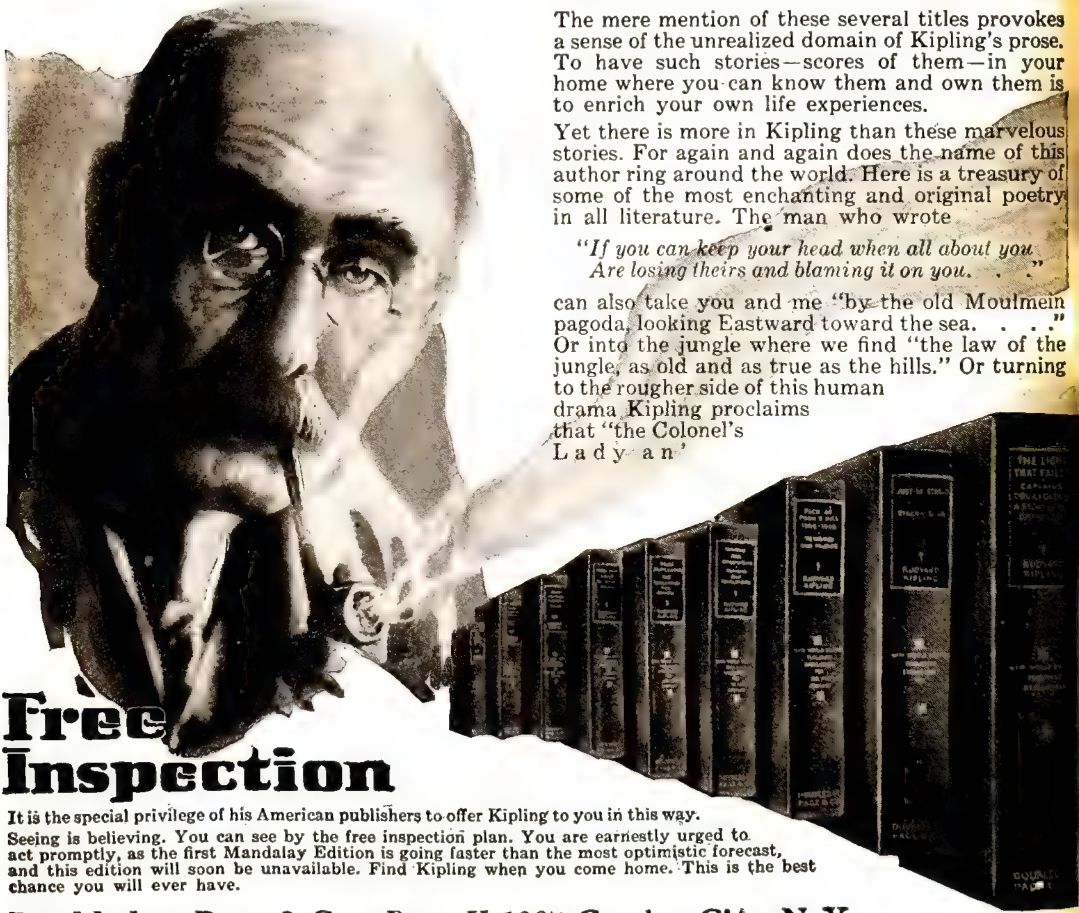

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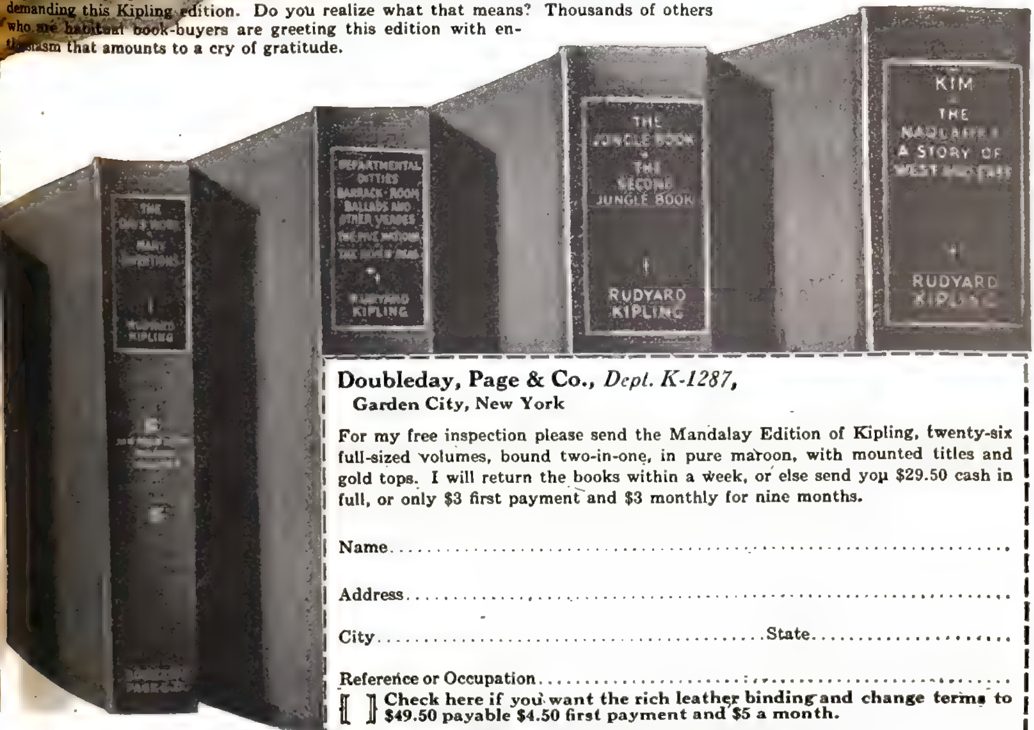
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THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

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Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

By the Investment Editor

One of the most popular forms of investment today is the first mortgage real estate bond. Its popularity is due to the successful careers of some of the houses selling it and to the effective advertising done by those houses.

These bonds are in most cases parts of large mortgages, secured, usually, on apartment houses, hotels or office buildings. Frequently the mortgages are created and the bonds sold before the buildings are built; in other words, they are usually construction loans. The money secured from the sale of bonds is held by the financing house and paid over to the borrower—the owner—as the building progresses. The cash which the owner puts up goes into the building first and the bondholders' money after. The financing house guarantees to the bondholders that the building will be completed and usually protects itself with a surety bond that the owner will fulfill his part of the contract.

During this construction period the bond buyer runs the risk that the financing house might fail and the money which he has paid for bonds might become involved in a receivership and not be available for carrying on the building operations. In that case the property which was to be the security for the bonds might not be completed. That is one reason why buyers of these bonds should inquire as to the financial strength as well as the experience and reputation of any real estate mortgage bond house from which they are thinking of buying construction bonds.

These loans are generally for a high percentage of the value of the properties. If the builder, or owner, did not want to borrow a high percentage, he could generally get his money at less cost from other lending institutions. High interest rates can be taken as a general indication in this field, as in others, of greater risks, although such matters as geographical location of properties and the demand for funds in relation to the local supply modify this rule.

As an offset to the high percentage of these loans it is provided that a certain amount shall be paid off each year after the first one or two years. This is the principle of amortization that has been applied so successfully by building and loan associations. In the case of such associations, starting with mortgages that are generally for a lower percentage of value than most construction loans, the payments are usually 6 per cent. the first year and steadily increase as the interest grows less. In the case of real estate mortgage bond issues of houses of the best reputation it starts around 5 per cent. and increases fairly steadily. If the amortization is not 5 per cent., unless the loan is for a lower percentage than usual, it might be well for investors not to buy bonds of the last maturity, even of houses of good reputation.

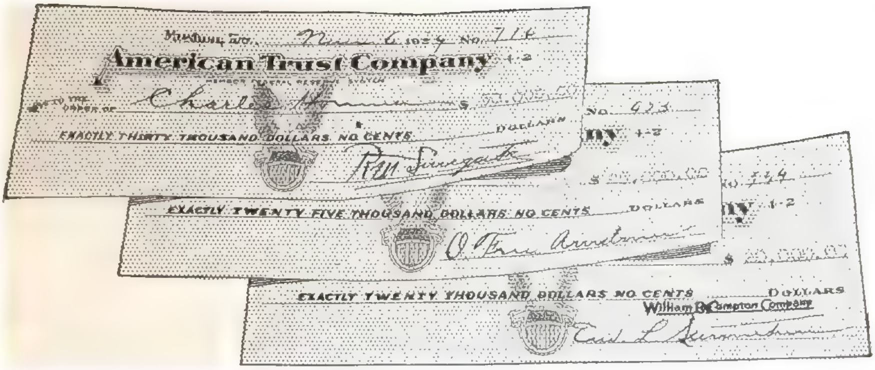
The earning power of the properties against which first mortgage real estate bonds are issued is a point taken into consideration by these financing houses and given more weight by them than by the older mortgage lending institutions. They work on the theory that they can safely lend a high percentage if the property is so located and so constructed that it can be expected to earn an ample margin over the interest and amortization charges. The best houses in the field have in their organizations men who are authorities on the trends of urban populations and on the economical planning of apartment, hotel and office buildings. The continued success of any house in this field depends to a considerable extent on the ability and judgment of these men.

One thing that investors should always keep in mind in considering this new type of real estate mortgage security is that during the past decade, when many new houses entered the field because of its growing popularity with investors and some of the older ones greatly extended their operations, we have been in a period of advancing real estate values. This means that none of the issues of these houses, or the houses themselves, have been tested by adversity during the period of greatest expansion of the business. Real estate values, in their upward progress, occasionally experience setbacks and in some places develop permanent back-waters that are difficult to foresee. It will be during the next period of depression that the real test will be applied to the real estate mortgage bond field.

But looking back on the successful past of these issues as made by houses of long experience in the field, one cannot but help look forward with optimism as to the future of the issues of these best houses. It is the issues of houses that have entered the business at the crest of the wave, who lack the experience and background of these others, about which one should feel apprehensive; but even in those cases it does not seem likely that the losses will be as great as they have been in many other fields of investment, or as great as some of the old mortgage lending institutions seem to fear.

When a comparison is made between the record of real estate mortgage bonds and bonds in other fields it is by no means to the discredit of the former securities. The houses that issue them have occasionally had to take over properties for one reason or another, but they have continued to pay principal and interest on their bonds and so far they have been able to work out these situations to their own advantage as

(Continued on page 16)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BONDS SHOULD BE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP

(*Continued from page 14*)

well as to their clients. This, of course, has been partly due to the steady advance in real estate values. When a depression comes, if one does, it will not be so easy to work out these problems. But the investor can feel assured that the leading houses will do everything in their power to work them out, as their very future depends on it.

If they fail, there is still most certain to be some value in the property against which the bonds are a first mortgage; how much, will depend on the judgment exercised in making the loan, the conservatism of it, and the adequateness of the amortization that has taken place. As compared to what happens to bondholders of many companies that go through reorganizations, the experience of real estate mortgage bondholders in such extreme cases, provided they have dealt with honest houses, seems likely to be less discouraging.

All these considerations probably give the investor the feeling that there is some risk in the modern high interest rate real estate mortgage bonds, particularly those of the construction type. That is the viewpoint he should have. There is risk in any investment. The United States may some day go the way of Russia, or Germany, or more likely ancient Rome. These considerations should convince the investor that his investments in this field should be confined to the offerings of houses of long experience and high reputation, which should have the ability to choose the best loans and the greatest incentive to do so and to watch out for them during the life of the bonds. If he does that the risk he takes will be largely measured by the rate of return he asks for and will be somewhat less than he would take with the same return in other fields.

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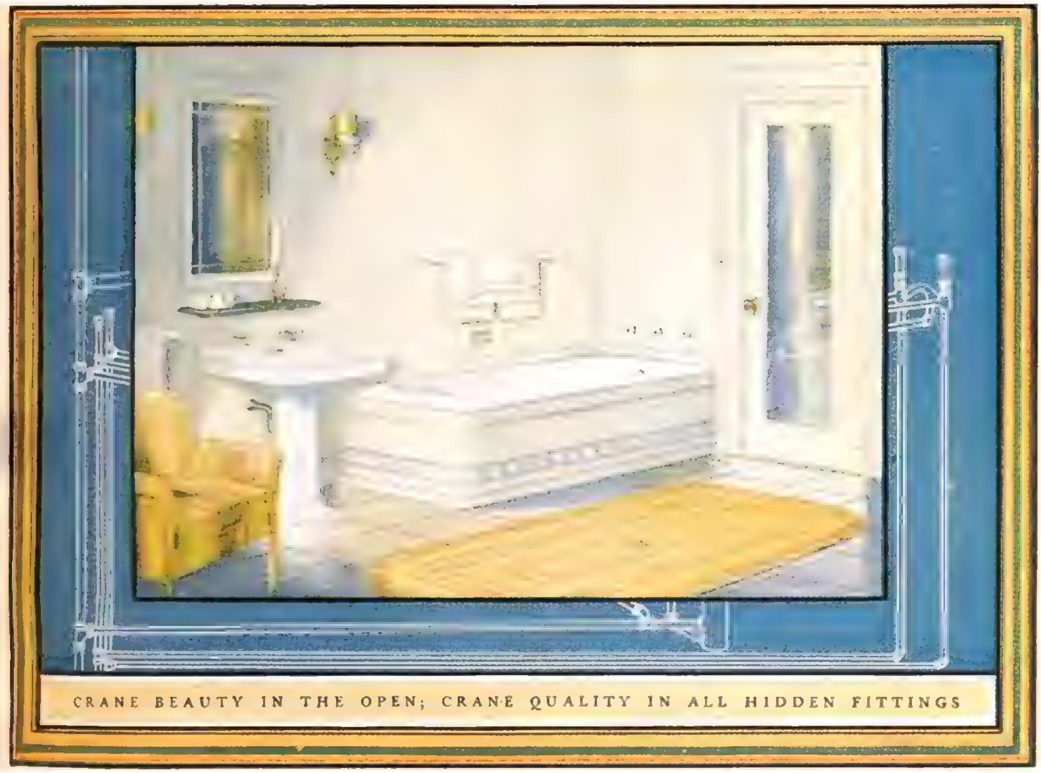
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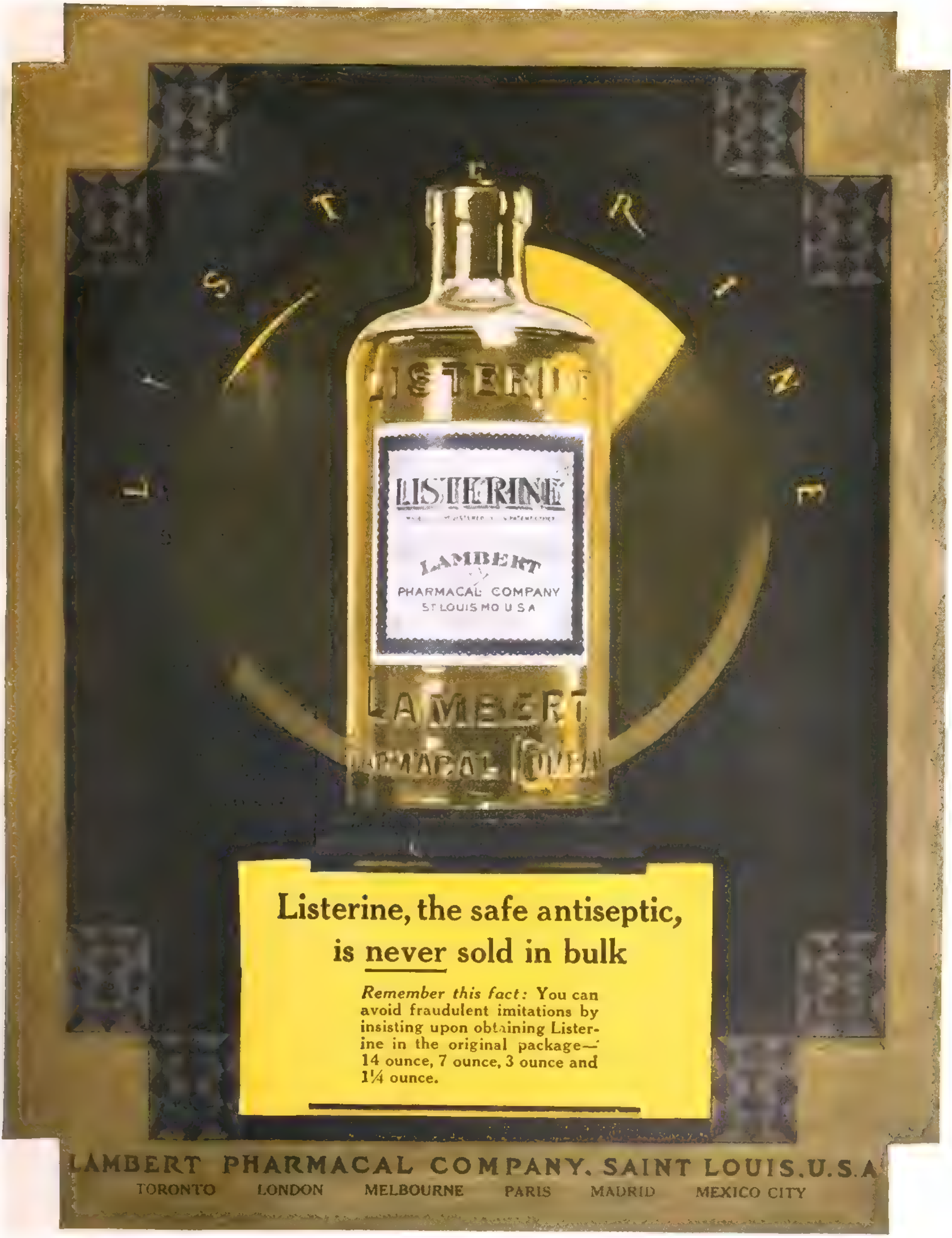
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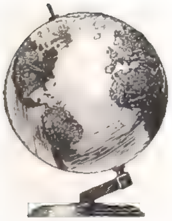

CONFIDENCE in Smith Bonds is World Wide

Smith Bonds are owned by investors in 48 states and 30 countries and territories abroad. This world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds is the result of our 52-year record of proven safety, meaning:

1. Prompt payment of interest on the date due;
2. Prompt payment of principal on the date due;
3. Freedom from worry, delay or loss to any investor.

Send NOW for these booklets

"Fifty-two years of Proven Safety" tells why Smith Bonds are safe bonds, how Smith Bonds are safeguarded, and how we have attained our record of no loss to any investor in 52 years.

"How to Build an Independent Income" tells how you can buy Smith Bonds with savings of $10 or more a month and get the full rate of bond interest on all payments. Also shows the results you can accomplish by investing systematically at 7%.

Mail the coupon for the booklets now.

No loss to any investor in 52 years is the record behind these strongly secured first mortgage investments

INVEST your July funds so that they will bring you a definite, dependable income of 7%. Invest in 7% Smith Bonds, which give you the protection of safeguards that have made possible our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

The strongly secured First Mortgage Bonds which we offer this month will pay you 7% for any period from 2 years to 15 years. And you may buy these bonds in any amount, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, either outright or under our Investment Savings Plan.

Interest coupons or dividends which you receive in July may be applied to the purchase of 7% Smith Bonds. Thus these odd sums immediately start to earn 7%.

Under our Investment Savings Plan, with 10 months to complete your purchase on any terms that are convenient to you, you receive the full rate of bond interest on every payment.

Mail the coupon now for circulars fully describing our July offerings, and learn for yourself the exceptional safety features which assure complete protection of your principal and prompt payment of 7% interest. We also will send you our two booklets, telling the facts you will want to know about Smith Bonds and explaining our Investment Savings Plan.

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

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(Please print name and address plainly)

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How to Make Use of the Investment Service of the GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You*

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same. If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. Adair 6½% First Mortgage Guaranteed Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Buying Bonds by Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Successful Investment by The Brookmire Method—Brookmire Economic Service.
5. Building an Estate—Caldwell & Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. The Importance of Safety—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
9. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
10. Miller First Mortgage Bonds—G. L. Miller & Co.
11. 8% Florida Real Estate First Mortgage Bonds—Securities Sales Co. of Florida.
12. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
13. Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety—F. H. Smith Co.
14. The Ideal Investment—Trust Company of Florida.
15. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.

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Please send to the undersigned literature numbered....

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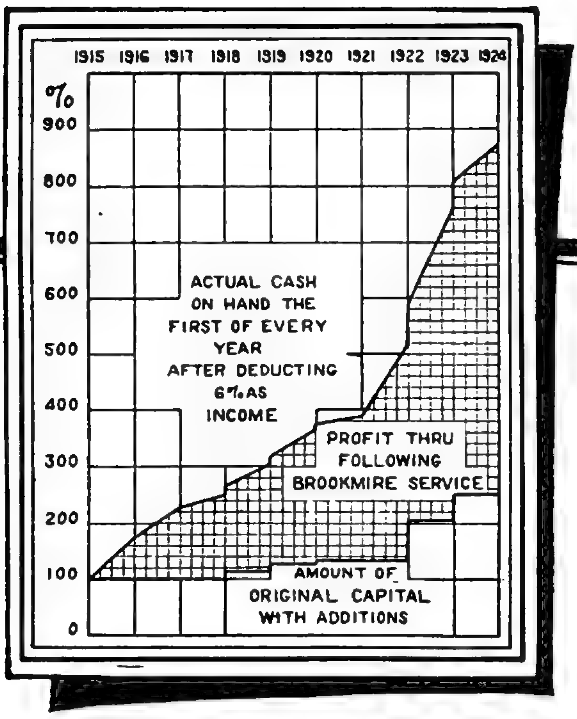
Address..

If agreeable, kindly state business..................

I do / I do not { object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."



A Typical Example
Through following Brookmire's advice, this investor, whose record is charted on the left, made total net profits of 700% in only 9 years.

26% Average Annual Profit—For Nine Years!

A Definite Answer to the Question "Can Investment Trends Be Foreseen?"

THE upper line of the chart shown above reproduces the actual record of a fund invested for nine years according to the recommendations of the Brookmire Economic Service. Income at the rate of 6% of the cash value of the fund was deducted and spent by the owner each year. The lower line shows the results that *usual* investment would have brought. The shaded area is the difference between the average investment and *Brookmire* guided investment.

The money was invested in stocks and bonds all purchased outright; no margins; no short sales.

Cash additions were made to the fund and are shown in both lines. Only in the last two years were these additions of sufficient size to have any appreciable effect.

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Here is an actual example of the reliability of the Brookmire Economic Service over a period of years sufficient to eliminate from the mind of the most skeptical the thought that Brookmire accuracy may be a matter of chance. The lean years of 1920-21; the prosperous years of 1918-19, all were profitable years to investors who followed the Brookmire Economic Service.

In accordance with the Brookmire policy of holding confidential the affairs of its clients no names are given and simply percentages are shown. Apply these percentages to your own capital and you will better understand what this record means. If your starting point was $5,000, your final result would be $40,019—in only 9 years!

You, Too, Can Profit

The Brookmire Economic Service is in a position to greatly assist you in building up your capital. It has a successful record of 21 years to prove this statement.

We encourage investigation through any bank, through our bankers—The Guaranty Trust Company, of N. Y.—or direct.

Let us tell you what the service is and does—without cost or obligation—merely mail the coupon.

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$300 more income on each $1,000

That is the difference between 6% and 8% on $1,000 invested in a 15-year bond.

The amount of money safely invested each year in first mortgage real estate bonds amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. The total invested by insurance companies, banks, trustees and private individuals extends well into the billions. Some get 5½%, some get 6%, some get 7% *and some send their money to Florida and get 8%.*

The difference between 5½% and 8% is more a matter of geography than of varying degrees of fundamental safety.

Write for Trust Company of Florida booklet explaining Florida's five reasons for 8% and safety.

TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus $500,000
1807 Trust Co. of Florida Bldg., Miami, Fla.

Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida
I want to know Florida's five reasons for 8% and safety.

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... *State*.......... 1807

SYMBOL OF SAFETY
MILLER BONDS

X means FULL INTEREST to the investor

If you want to be sure of getting the best possible rate of interest, the symbol above is a good thing to look for. It indicates the Fourth of the Four Distinguishing Marks of Miller First Mortgage Bonds—Full Interest—nothing deducted from the rate the mortgagor pays. Under this symbol you can safely get as much as 7%.

We would like to send you some facts about the Four Distinguishing Marks—guides to safe bond buying. Ask for Folder B-5307.

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ADAIR Protected Bonds, created and safeguarded by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, are backed by a record of 60 years without loss to any investor.

Each issue is secured by a direct first mortgage upon a centrally located income-producing property in a leading Southern city.

Offering a very attractive yield, with principal and interest unconditionally guaranteed by one of the strongest Surety Companies in the United States, Adair Protected Bonds are the ideal investment for your July funds.

Can be obtained without the guarantee to net a higher yield.

Mail the coupon for July offering sheet and full information.

Denominations: $1000, $500 and $100. Serial maturities.

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2. They are issued in the name of the investor in denominations of any multiple of $100. They are automatically registered.

3. Authenticated by an independent Trust Company, they cannot be overissued, duplicated or substituted.

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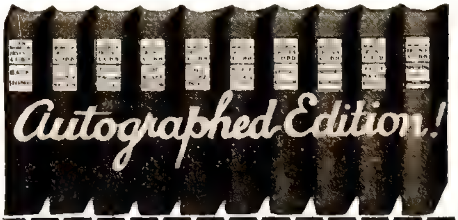

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78-U

Vie de Bohême

THE mere words of the title of this world-famous book have a curious and mysterious fascination. They haunt, just as Puccini's music of *La Bohême* does; and they usually bring to mind a glamorous vista of a charmed land ruled by what is perhaps best expressed as the romantic *au clair de la lune* sentiment that pervades the opera.

The opera is based on but a few episodes in the book, one of which, *Le Manchon de Francine*, has been called one of the saddest and most beautiful short stories ever written. The book describes in exquisitely graceful pose and with inexhaustible freshness of manner the fortunes and misfortunes, the joys and sorrows, of an impecunious group—a painter, a writer, a sculptor, and a musician—of the Latin Quarter where they, and Mimi, Francine, and Musette (and Trilby in a later day) lived and suffered—for the truth is that in the real bohemia wood is very dear and bread is hard to win. The moral in it all is the very old one—that hope, devotion, meanness, love, loyalty, despair, passion, and charity are plants that flourish side by side in all sorts of gardens. The talented author, Henri Murger, was one of a brilliant group of writers known as the

A WORK FINAL AND PERFECT

Murger's *Vie de Bohême* will always hold a position in literature. A work final and perfect. Strikes truly and skilfully a string which has vibrated at one time or another in the heart and brain of every man who has a brain or heart, and therefore deserves a place in the literature of humanity. DR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY, *Prof. of French Lit., Univ. of Oxford.*

Murger's works are characterized by humor and pathos. *Ency. Americana.*

In parts infinitely pathetic, in parts irresistibly amusing. . . . *Le Manchon de Francine* is one of the saddest, as it is one of the most beautiful, short stories ever penned. *Chambers' Encyclopædia.*

His masterpiece. Lively humor in drawing the follies of youth, frequently pathos, and not seldom a tender melancholy. *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

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De Musset was a writer of great genius. An extraordinary master of character and language. High literary merit. *Ency. Britannica.*

The best short stories French literature has yet produced. *Chambers' Encyclopædia.*

Romance and youth have their glorification in the work of de Musset. *The Literary Digest.*

RANKS AMONG THE IMMORTALS

Lamartine ranks among the immortals. *The Public Ledger, Philadelphia.*

A CONSUMMATE ARTIST

Gautier was a consummate artist. *Chambers' Encyclopædia.* Gautier has given the world some of the very best of the romantic literature it possesses. FREDERICK C. DE SUMICHRAST, *Associate Prof. of French in Harvard University.*

FRENCH ROMANCISTS

who led a movement in feeling and thought that transformed literature and art not only in France but in all civilized countries It was a force that, aided by the craving we all have for the romantic as opposed to the classical and to the commonplace in life, strove to combine sentiment and naturalism in literature.

The chief leaders of the romancists were Hugo and Balzac, the magnitude of whose work places them in a class by themselves and calls for separate collected editions. There were others: Lamartine, de Musset, Feuillet, and Claretie, members of the French Academy, writers of different qualities, each an exponent of the movement, who wrote books on the vital phases of human life and the ever increasing problems of our complex social system, that are acknowledged masterpieces.

THE BEST OF THESE BY UNIVERSAL CONSENT OF THE LEADING AUTHORITIES ARE:

Raphael. By Alphonse de Lamartine, of the Académie Française.
The Confession of a Child of the Century. By Alfred de Musset, of the Académie Française.
Gerfaut. By Charles de Bernard.
The Two Mistresses, The Son of Titian, Emmeline, Frédéric and Bernerette, and *Pierre and Camille.* By Alfred de Musset, of the Académie Française.
Militona. By Théophile Gautier.
Scenes of Bohemian Life. By Henri Murger.
Monsieur de Camors. By Octave Feuillet, of the Académie Française.
His Excellency the Minister. By Jules Claretie, of the Académie Française.
King of Camargue. By Jean Aicard.
The Devil's Pool. By George Sand.

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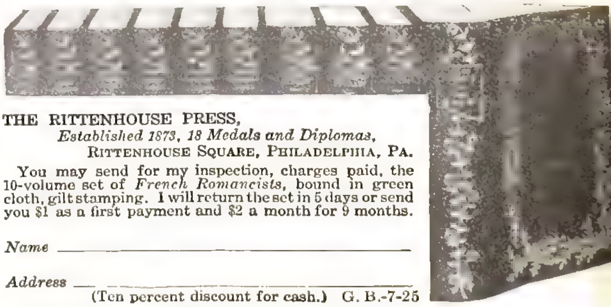

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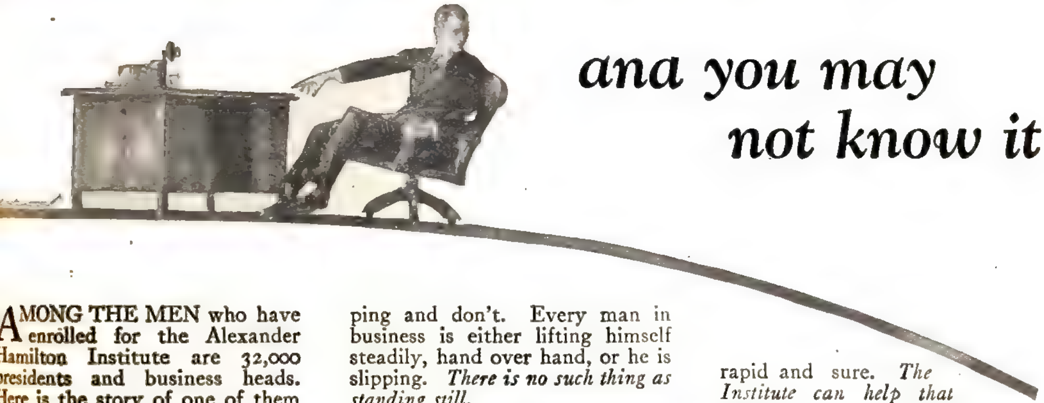

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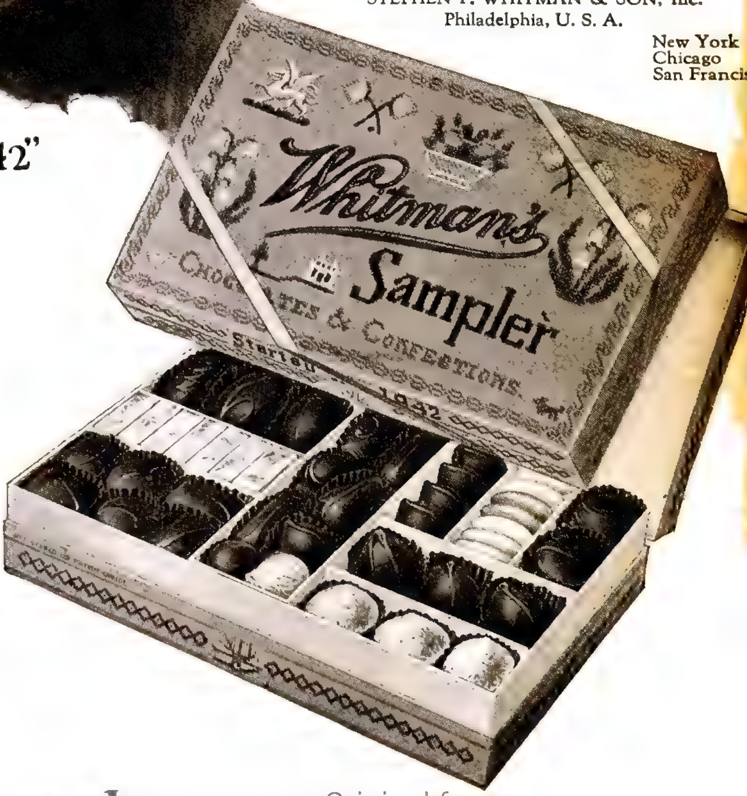

Whitman's
Sampler

Is Life a Dream?

In the world of dreams, I have chosen my part.
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird. Swinburne.

Surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think that we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next.
Sir Thomas Browne.

Life is an immense dream. Why toil? Li-Po.

Ephemeral man, a dream of a shadow. Pindar.

Living is only dreaming, and experience teaches me that man, while he lives, does but dream—our whole life is a dream, and dreams themselves are but a dream. Calderon.

Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream. Beaumont and Fletcher.

Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow. Chapman.

Life is a dream . . . waking to die. Beddoes.

He hath awakened from this dream of life. Shelley.

May I conclude this dream of life. Leconte de Lisle.

Life is a dream. . . . This world is a huge fancy. de Musset.

Our life is a light that passes,
Flickers an instant upon the sky,
And loses itself in space. Jean Lahor.

Are we asleep, and do we dream all that we think, or are we awake and talk to one another as in a dream in a waking state? Plato.

We live and move, mere imitations of dreams. Sophocles.

Creatures that fade in a day, strengthless and dreamlike, by weakness and blindness impeded. Æschylus.

The best as the worst are futile here:
We wake at the self-same point of the dream,—
All is here begun, and finished elsewhere. Victor Hugo.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Shakespeare.

Weak vessels of clay, shadowlike, creatures wingless and feeble, miserable mortals, dreamlike men. Aristophanes.

The Booklover's Calendar.

Roman: Originally Quintilis, the fifth month. Julius Cæsar added a day because it contained his birthday; after he was assassinated Antony changed the month's name to July in his honor.

Hebrew: Tammuz; Ab, the 11th month, begins on the 22nd. Black Fast, commemorating destruction of Jerusalem.

Mohammedan: Zu'l-Hijjah; Muharram, also a sacred month, begins on the 20th.

Chinese and Zodiacal: The sun enters Leo, which corresponds to the Horse station of the Yellow Road.

Anglo-Saxon: Hey monath, or Maed monath—from the hay harvest and the blooming meadows.

Persian: Murdad, after one of the Zoroastrian angels.

Hindu: Ashadh and part of Sawan; fast of Ekadashi; procession of Car of Vishnu; at new moon, worship of Lakshmi, goddess of love and beauty.

---

1 *Dominion Day, Canada. Casaubon died, 1614.*

Hymn to the Sun

The fishes on the river leap up before thee;
Thy rays are within the great waters.

King Akhenaten

2 *Visitation of Virgin. Died: Nostradamus, 1566; Rousseau, 1778.*

I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning which at once showed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. Emerson.

3 *Grattan born, 1746.*

At noon to dinner, where the remains of yesterday's venison and a couple of brave green geese, which we were fain to eat alone, because they will not keepe which troubled us. Pepys.

July.

4 *St. Martin of Bullion; St. Ulric. Independence Day, U. S. A.*

John Hancock (about to sign Declaration): "We must be unanimous: no pulling different ways; we must hang together."

Franklin: "Yes, we must all hang together or hang separately."

5 *Mrs. Siddons born, 1755. Tir Federal (rifle shooting match) in Soleure, Switzerland.*

St. Ulric

Wheresoever Huldryche hath his place
the people there bring in
Both Carpes and Pikes and Mullets
fat his favour here to win:
Amid the church there sitteth one
and to the aultar nie,
That selleth fish, and so good cheepe,
that every man may buie.

Barnaby Googe.

6 *Flaxman born, 1755. Sir Thomas More beheaded, 1535.*

I thought that it was snowing
Flowers. But no. It was this young girl
Coming towards me. Yori-Kito.

7 *Huss burned, 1415. Sheridan died, 1816.*

The first really foggy morning.
Yet before I rise, I hear the song of birds from out it like the bursting of its bubbles with music. Thoreau.

8 *La Fontaine born, 1621. Burke died, 1797.*

You ask vigour for your sinews, and a frame that will insure old age. Well, so be it.

But rich dishes and fat sausages prevent the gods from assenting to these prayers, and baffle Jove himself.

Persius.

9 *Born: Anne Radcliffe, 1764; Hallam, 1777. Braddock's defeat, 1755.*

In their first march they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants. . . . How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who during a march through the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near 700 miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

Franklin.

10 *Born: Calvin, 1509; Blackstone, 1723; Marryatt, 1792.*

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Joyce Kilmer.

11 *Hamilton killed by Burr, 1804.*

The aroused emotional conditions precipitate events where secret love meetings will be exposed; beware of being caught in your own trap.

Astrological Almanac.

12 *Cæsar born, 100 B. C. Erasmus died, 1536. Russian festival St. Peter and St. Paul: yearly fairs.*

So home, and there find my wife in a dogged humour for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words . . . that we fell extraordinarily out, insomuch, that I going to the office to avoid further anger, she followed me in a devilish manner thither. Pepys.

13 *Du Guesclin died, 1380.*

And I sit alone with the Chingting Peak, towering beyond.
We never get tired of each other, the
mountain and I. Li-Po.

14 *Cardinal Mazarin born, 1602. Mme. de Stael died, 1817. Bastille stormed, 1789.*

To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. Emerson.

15 *St. Swithin's Day, which determines weather for 40 days.*

The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul toward it, and there it rested, for pure colour is rest of heart. Jefferies.

16 *Margaret Fuller lost at sea, 1850. Béranger died, 1857.*

We were glad enough could we see bathing more generally practiced. Brooklyn would be a healthier city than it is, if the semi-weekly bath, during the summer, were a rigid rule for *all* our citizens—for all ages and both sexes. Walt Whitman.

17 *Dr. Watts born, 1674.*

Lovely rose, out splendouring
legions of roses,
How could the nightingale behold
you and not sing?

RUSTWELL OF GEORGIA.

18 *Gilbert White born, 1720. Petrarch died, 1374.*

Birds that sing in the night are but few: nightingale ("in shadiest covert hid"), woodlark (suspended in mid-air), and less reed-sparrow (among reeds and willows). GILBERT WHITE.

19 He died, however, satisfied with life.

Self-epitaph of WILLIAM BLONCOWE, the "decypherer."

20 The whale would . . . be considered a noble dish, were there not so much of him; but when you come to sit down before a meat-pie nearly one hundred feet long, it takes away your appetite. MELVILLE.

21 *Prior born, 1664. Burns died, 1796. Daniel Lambert died, 1809, "at advanced weight of 739 pounds."*

A formless moon soared through a white cloud wrack, and broken gold lay in the rising tide.

GEORGE MOORE.

22 *St. Mary Magdalen.*

The ancient Egyptians . . . daily wrought enchantments to bring back to the east in the morning the fiery orb which had sunk at evening in the crimson west. FRAZER.

23 *First newspaper, English Mercurie, 1588. First "Bloomers" worn at Lowell ball, 1851.*

You do everything, Melissa, that your namesake the flower-loving bee does. . . . You drop honey from your lips, when you sweetly kiss, and when you ask for money you sting me most unkindly.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

24 *Jane Austen died, 1817.*

The heats of the season impose the necessity of occasionally substituting a light vegetable diet for the more solid gratification of animal food . . . on festive occasions, venison and turtle retain their pre-eminent station at the tables of the opulent, where also the fawn forms an elegant dish, when roasted whole and served up with rich gravy. HONE.

25 *Died: Thomas à Kempis, 1471; Baron Trenck, 1794; Dibdin, 1814.*

Oh, spare the busy morning fly,
Spare the mosquitoes of the night!
And if their wicked trade they ply,
Let a partition stop their flight.

HAN YII.

26 *Blériot flew Channel, 1909.*

I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births,—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. HOLMES.

27 *Campbell born, 1777.*

The atmosphere of the flat vale hung heavy as an opiate over the dairy folk, the cows and the trees.

HARDY.

28 *Cowley died, 1667.*

The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep. DICKENS.

29 *Marvell died, 1678.*

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling
crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from
one lone cloud,
But every mountain now has found a
tongue. BYRON.

30 *Died: Bach, 1750; Gray, 1771.*

All nature smelt of the opulent summer-time, smelt of the season of fruit. THEOCRITUS.

31 *Loyola died, 1556.*

The *Gift of God* and the *Mary and John*, with 120 planters under Capt. George Popham, arrived at Monhegan, Maine, 1607.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME II JULY, 1925 NUMBER 7

A Grey Sleeve

Stephen Crane

I

"IT LOOKS as if it might rain this afternoon," remarked the lieutenant of artillery.

"So it does," the infantry captain assented. He glanced casually at the sky. When his eyes had lowered to the green-shadowed landscape before him, he said fretfully: "I wish those fellows out yonder would quit pelting at us. They've been at it since noon."

At the edge of a grove of maples, across wide fields, there occasionally appeared little puffs of smoke of a dull hue in this gloom of sky which expressed an impending rain. The long wave of blue and steel in the field moved uneasily at the eternal barking of the far-away sharpshooters, and the men, leaning upon their rifles, stared at the grove of maples. Once a private turned to borrow some tobacco from a comrade in the rear rank, but, with his hand still stretched out, he continued to twist his head and glance at the distant trees. He was afraid the enemy would shoot him at a time when he was not looking.

Suddenly the artillery officer said: "See what's coming!"

Along the rear of the brigade of infantry a column of cavalry was sweeping at a hard gallop. A lieutenant, riding some yards to the right of the column, bawled furiously at the four troopers just at the rear of the colours. They had lost distance and made a little gap, but at the shouts of the lieutenant they urged their horses forward. The bugler, careering along behind the captain of the troop, fought and tugged like a wrestler to keep his frantic animal from bolting far ahead of the column.

On the springy turf the innumerable hoofs thundered in a swift storm of sound. In the brown faces of the troopers their eyes were set like bits of flashing steel.

The long line of the infantry regiments standing at ease underwent a sudden movement at the rush of the passing squadron. The foot soldiers turned their heads to gaze at the torrent of horses and men.

The yellow folds of the flag fluttered back in silken, shuddering waves, as if it were a reluctant thing. Occasionally a giant spring of a charger would rear the firm and sturdy figure of a soldier suddenly head and shoulders above his comrades. Over the noise of the scudding hoofs could be heard the creaking of leather trappings, the jingle and clank of steel, and the tense, low-toned commands or appeals of the men to their horses. And the horses were mad with the headlong sweep of this movement.

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Powerful under jaws bent back and straightened so that the bits were clamped as rigidly as vises upon the teeth, and glistening necks arched in desperate resistance to the hands at the bridles. Swinging their heads in rage at the granite laws of their lives, which compelled even their angers and their ardours to chosen directions and chosen paces, their flight was as a flight of harnessed demons.

The captain's bay kept its pace at the head of the squadron with the lithe bounds of a thoroughbred, and this horse was proud as a chief at the roaring trample of his fellows behind him. The captain's glance was calmly upon the grove of maples whence the sharpshooters of the enemy had been picking at the blue line. He seemed to be reflecting. He stolidly rose and fell with the plunges of his horse in all the indifference of a deacon's figure seated plumply in church. And it occurred to many of the watching infantry to wonder why this officer could remain imperturbable and reflective when his squadron was thundering and swarming behind him like the rushing of a flood.

The column swung in a sabre-curve toward a break in a fence, and dashed into a roadway. Once a little plank bridge was encountered, and the sound of the hoofs upon it was like the long roll of many drums. An old captain in the infantry turned to his first lieutenant and made a remark which was a compound of bitter disparagement of cavalry in general and soldierly admiration of this particular troop.

Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the column halted with a jolting upheaval amid sharp, brief cries. A moment later the men had tumbled from their horses and, carbines in hand, were running in a swarm toward the grove of maples. In the road one of every four of the troopers was standing with braced legs, and pulling and hauling at the bridles of four frenzied horses.

The captain was running awkwardly in his boots. He held his sabre low, so that the point often threatened to catch in the turf. His yellow hair ruffled out from under his faded cap. "Go in hard now!" he roared, in a voice of hoarse fury. His face was violently red.

The troopers threw themselves upon the grove like wolves upon a great animal. Along the whole front of woods there was the dry crackling of musketry, with bitter, swift flashes and smoke that writhed like stung phantoms. The troopers yelled shrilly and spanged bullets low into the foliage.

For a moment, when near the woods, the line almost halted. The men struggled and fought for a time like swimmers encountering a powerful current. Then with a supreme effort they went on again. They dashed madly at the grove, whose foliage, from the high light of the field, was as inscrutable as a wall.

Then suddenly each detail of the calm trees became apparent, and with a few more frantic leaps the men were in the cool gloom of the woods. There was a heavy odour as from burned paper. Wisps of grey smoke wound upward. The men halted; and, grimy, perspiring, and puffing, they searched the recesses of the woods with eager, fierce glances. Figures could be seen flitting afar off. A dozen carbines rattled at them in an angry volley.

During this pause the captain strode along the line, his face lit with a broad smile of contentment. "When he sends this crowd to do anything, I guess he'll find we do it pretty sharp," he said to the grinning lieutenant.

"Say, they didn't stand that rush a minute, did they?" said the subaltern. Both officers were profoundly dusty in their uniforms, and their faces were soiled like those of two urchins.

Out in the grass behind them were three tumbled and silent forms.

Presently the line moved forward again. The men went from tree to tree like hunters stalking game. Some at the left of the line fired occasionally, and those at the right gazed curiously in that direction. The men still breathed heavily from their scramble across the field.

Of a sudden a trooper halted and said: "Hello! there's a house!" Every one paused. The men turned to look at their leader.

The captain stretched his neck and swung his head from side to side. "By George, it is a house!" he said.

Through the wealth of leaves there vaguely loomed the form of a large white house. These troopers, brown-faced from many days of campaigning, each feature of them telling of their placid confidence and courage, were stopped abruptly by the appearance of this house. There was some subtle suggestion—some tale of an unknown thing—which watched them from they knew not what part of it.

A rail fence girded a wide lawn of tangled grass. Seven pines stood along a driveway which led from two distant posts of a vanished gate. The blue-clothed troopers moved forward until they stood at the fence, peering over it.

The captain put one hand on the top rail and seemed to be about to climb the fence, when suddenly he hesitated and said in a low voice: "Watson, what do you think of it?"

The lieutenant stared at the house. "Derned if I know!" he replied.

The captain pondered. It happened that the whole company had turned a gaze of profound awe and doubt upon this edifice which confronted them. The men were very silent.

At last the captain swore and said: "We are certainly a pack of fools. Derned old deserted house halting a company of Union cavalry, and making us gape like babies!"

"Yes, but there's something—something——" insisted the subaltern in a half stammer.

"Well, if there's 'something—something' in there, I'll get it out," said the captain. "Send Sharpe clean around to the other side with about twelve men, so we will sure bag your 'something—something,' and I'll take a few of the boys and find out what's in the damned old thing!"

He chose the nearest eight men for his "storming party," as the lieutenant called it. After he had waited some minutes for the others to get into position, he said "Come ahead" to his eight men, and climbed the fence.

The brighter light of the tangled lawn made him suddenly feel tremendously apparent, and he wondered if there could be some mystic thing in the house which was regarding his approach. His men trudged silently at his back. They stared at the windows and lost themselves in deep speculations as to the probability of there being, perhaps, eyes behind the blinds—malignant eyes, piercing eyes.

Suddenly a corporal in the party gave vent to a startled exclamation and half threw his carbine into position. The captain turned quickly, and the corporal said: "I saw an arm move the blinds. An arm with a grey sleeve!"

"Don't be a fool, Jones, now," said the captain sharply.

"I swear t'——" began the corporal, but the captain silenced him.

When they arrived at the front of the house, the troopers paused, while the captain went softly up the front steps. He stood before the large front door and studied it. Some crickets chirped in the long grass, and the nearest pine could be heard in its endless sighs. One of the privates moved uneasily, and his foot crunched the gravel. Suddenly the captain swore angrily and kicked the door with a loud crash. It flew open.

II

The bright lights of the day flashed into the old house when the captain angrily kicked open the door. He was aware of a wide hallway carpeted with matting and extending deep into the dwelling. There was also an old walnut hat-rack and a little marble-topped table with a vase and two books upon it. Farther back was a great venerable fireplace containing dreary ashes.

But directly in front of the captain was a young girl. The flying open of the door had obviously been an utter astonishment to her, and she remained transfixed there in the middle of the floor, staring at the captain with wide eyes.

She was like a child caught at the time of a raid upon the cake. She wavered to and fro upon her feet, and held her hands behind her. There were two little points of terror in her eyes, as she gazed up at the young captain in dusty blue, with his reddish, bronze complexion, his yellow hair, his bright sabre held threateningly.

These two remained motionless and silent, simply staring at each other for some moments.

The captain felt his rage fade out of him and leave his mind limp. He had been violently angry, because this house had made him feel hesitant, wary. He did not like to be wary. He liked to feel confident, sure. So he had kicked the door open, and had been prepared to march in like a soldier of wrath.

But now he began, for one thing, to wonder if his uniform was so dusty and old in appearance. Moreover, he had a feeling that his face was covered with a compound of dust, grime, and perspiration. He took a step forward and said: "I didn't mean to frighten you." But his voice was coarse from his battle-howling. It seemed to him to have hempen fibres in it.

The girl's breath came in little, quick gasps, and she looked at him as she would have looked at a serpent.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he said again.

The girl, still with her hands behind her, began to back away.

"Is there any one else in the house?" he went on, while slowly following her. "I don't wish to disturb you, but we had a fight with some rebel skirmishers in the woods, and I thought maybe some of them might have come in here. In fact, I was pretty sure of it. Are there any of them here?"

The girl looked at him and said, "No!" He wondered why extreme agitation made the eyes of some women so limpid and bright.

"Who is here besides yourself?"

By this time his pursuit had driven her to the end of the hall, and she remained there with her back to the wall and her hands still behind her. When she answered this question, she did not look at him, but down at the floor. She cleared her voice and then said: "There is no one here."

"No one?"

She lifted her eyes to him in that appeal that the human being must make even to falling trees, crashing boulders, the sea in a storm, and said, "No, no, there is no one here." He could plainly see her tremble.

Of a sudden he bethought him that she continually kept her hands behind her. As he recalled her air when first discovered, he remembered she appeared precisely as a child detected at one of the crimes of childhood. Moreover, she had always backed away from him. He thought now that she was concealing something which was an evidence of the presence of the enemy in the house.

"What are you holding behind you?" he said suddenly.

She gave a little quick moan, as if some grim hand had throttled her.

"Oh, nothing—please. I am not holding anything behind me; indeed I'm not."

"Very well. Hold your hands out in front of you, then."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not holding anything behind me. Indeed I'm not."

"Well," he began. Then he paused, and remained for a moment dubious. Finally, he laughed. "Well, I shall have my men search the house, anyhow. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I feel that there is some one here whom we want." He turned to the corporal, who, with the other men, was gaping quietly in at the door, and said: "Jones, go through the house."

As for himself, he remained planted in front of the girl, for she evidently did not dare to move and allow him to see what she held so carefully behind her back. So she was his prisoner.

The men rummaged around on the ground floor of the house. Sometimes the captain called to them, "Try that closet," "Is there any cellar?" But they found no one, and at last they went trooping toward the stairs which led to the second floor.

But at this movement on the part of the men the girl uttered a cry—a cry of such fright and appeal that the men paused. "Oh, don't go up there! Please don't go up there!—ple-ease! There is no one there! Indeed—indeed there is not! Oh, ple-ease!"

"Go on, Jones," said the captain calmly.

The obedient corporal made a preliminary step, and the girl bounded toward the stairs with another cry.

As she passed him, the captain caught sight of that which she had concealed behind her back, and which she had forgotten in this supreme moment. It was a pistol.

She ran to the first step and, standing there, faced the men, one hand extended with perpendicular palm, and the other holding the pistol at her side. "Oh, please, don't go up there! Nobody is there—indeed, there is not! P-l-e-a-s-e!" Then suddenly she sank swiftly down upon the step and, huddling forlornly, began to weep in the agony and with the convulsive tremors of an infant. The pistol fell from her fingers and rattled down to the floor.

The astonished troopers looked at their astonished captain. There was a short silence.

Finally, the captain stooped and picked up the pistol. It was a heavy weapon of the army pattern. He ascertained that it was empty.

He leaned toward the shaking girl and said gently: "Will you tell me what you were going to do with this pistol?"

He had to repeat the question a number of times, but at last a muffled voice said, "Nothing."

"Nothing!" He insisted quietly upon a further answer. At the tender tones of the captain's voice, the phlegmatic corporal turned and winked gravely at the man next to him.

"Won't you tell me?"

The girl shook her head.

"Please tell me!"

The silent privates were moving their feet uneasily and wondering how long they were to wait.

The captain said: "Please, won't you tell me?"

Then this girl's voice began in stricken tones, half coherent, and amid violent sobbing: "It was grandpa's. He—he—he said he was going to shoot anybody who came in here—he didn't care if there were thousands of 'em. And—and I know he would, and I was afraid they'd kill him. And so—and—so I stole away his pistol—and I was going to hide it when you—you kicked open the door."

The men straightened up and looked at each other. The girl began to weep again.

The captain mopped his brow. He peered down at the girl. He mopped his brow again. Suddenly he said: "Ah, don't cry like that."

He moved restlessly and looked down at his boots. He mopped his brow again.

Then he gripped the corporal by the arm and dragged him some yards back from the others. "Jones," he said, in an intensely earnest voice, "will you tell me what in the devil I am going to do?"

The corporal's countenance became illuminated with satisfaction at being thus requested to advise his superior officer. He adopted an air of great thought, and finally said: "Well, of course, the feller with the grey sleeve must be upstairs, and we must get past the girl and up there somehow. Suppose I take her by the arm and lead her——"

"What!" interrupted the captain from between his clinched teeth. As he turned away from the corporal, he said fiercely over his shoulder: "You touch that girl and I'll split your skull!"

III

The corporal looked after his captain with an expression of mingled amazement, grief, and philosophy. He seemed to be saying to himself that there unfortunately were times, after all, when one could not rely upon the most reliable of men. When he returned to the group he found the captain bending over the girl and saying: "Why is it that you don't want us to search upstairs?"

The girl's head was buried in her crossed arms. Locks of her hair had escaped from their fastenings, and these fell upon her shoulder.

"Won't you tell me?"

The corporal here winked again at the man next to him.

"Because," the girl moaned—"because—there isn't anybody up there."

The captain at last said timidly: "Well, I'm afraid—I'm afraid we'll have to——"

The girl sprang to her feet again, and implored him with her hands. She looked deep into his eyes with her glance, which was at this time like that of the fawn when it says to the hunter, "Have mercy upon me!"

These two stood regarding each other. The captain's foot was on the bottom step, but he seemed to be shrinking. He wore an air of being deeply wretched and ashamed. There was a silence.

Suddenly the corporal said in a quick, low tone: "Look out, captain!"

All turned their eyes swiftly toward the head of the stairs. There had appeared there a youth in a grey uniform. He stood looking coolly down at them. No word was said by the troopers. The girl gave vent to a little wail of desolation, "Oh, Harry!"

He began slowly to descend the stairs. His right arm was in a white sling, and there were some fresh blood-stains upon the cloth. His face was rigid and deathly pale, but his eyes flashed like lights. The girl was again moaning in an utterly dreary fashion, as the youth came slowly down toward the silent men in blue.

Six steps from the bottom of the flight he halted and said: "I reckon it's me you're looking for."

The troopers had crowded forward a trifle and, posed in lithe, nervous attitudes, were watching him like cats. The captain remained unmoved. At the youth's question he merely nodded his head and said, "Yes."

The young man in grey looked down at the girl, and then, in the same even tone, which now, however, seemed to vibrate with suppressed fury, he said: "And is that any reason why you should insult my sister?"

At this sentence, the girl intervened, desperately, between the young man in grey and the officer in blue. "Oh, don't, Harry; don't! He was good to me! He was good to me, Harry—indeed he was!"

The youth came on in his quiet, erect fashion until the girl could have touched either of the men with her hand, for the captain still remained with his foot upon the first step. She continually repeated: "Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!"

The youth in grey manœuvred to glare into the captain's face, first over one shoulder of the girl and then over the other. In a voice that rang like metal, he said: "You are armed and unwounded, while I have no weapons and am wounded; but——"

The captain had stepped back and sheathed his sabre. The eyes of these two men were gleaming fire, but otherwise the captain's countenance was imperturbable. He said: "You are mistaken. You have no reason to——"

"You lie!"

All save the captain and the youth in grey started in an electric movement. These two words crackled in the air like shattered glass. There was a breathless silence.

The captain cleared his throat. His look at the youth contained a quality of singular and terrible ferocity, but he said in his stolid tone: "I don't suppose you mean what you say now."

Upon his arm he had felt the pressure of some unconscious little fingers. The girl was leaning against the wall as if she no longer knew how to keep her balance, but those fingers—he held his arm very still. She murmured: "Oh, Harry, don't! He was good to me—indeed he was!"

The corporal had come forward until he in a measure confronted the youth in grey, for he saw those fingers upon the captain's arm, and he knew that sometimes very strong men were not able to move hand or foot under such conditions.

The youth had suddenly seemed to become weak. He breathed heavily and clung to the rail. He was glaring at the captain, and apparently summoning all his will power to combat his weakness. The corporal addressed him with profound straightforwardness: "Don't you be a derned fool!" The youth turned toward him so fiercely that the corporal threw up a knee and an elbow like a boy who expects to be cuffed.

The girl pleaded with the captain. "You won't hurt him, will you? He don't know what he's saying. He's wounded, you know. Please don't mind him!"

"I won't touch him," said the captain, with rather extraordinary earnestness; "don't you worry about him at all. I won't touch him!"

Then he looked at her, and the girl suddenly withdrew her fingers from his arm.

The corporal contemplated the top of the stairs, and remarked without surprise: "There's another of 'em coming!"

An old man was clambering down the stairs with much speed. He waved a cane wildly. "Get out of my house, you thieves! Get out! I won't have you cross my threshold! Get out!" He mumbled and wagged his head in an old man's fury. It was plainly his intention to assault them.

And so it occurred that a young girl became engaged in protecting a stalwart captain, fully armed, and with eight grim troopers at his back, from the attack of an old man with a walking-stick!

A blush passed over the temples and brow of the captain, and he looked particularly savage and weary. Despite the girl's efforts, he suddenly faced the old man.

"Look here," he said distinctly; "we came in because we had been fighting in the woods yonder, and we concluded that some of the enemy were in this house, especially when we saw a grey sleeve at the window. But this young man is wounded, and I have nothing to say to him. I will even take it for granted that there are no others like him upstairs. We will go away, leaving your damned old house just as we found it! And we are no more thieves and rascals than you are!"

The old man simply roared: "I haven't got a cow nor a pig nor a chicken on the place! Your soldiers have stolen everything they could carry away. They have torn down half my fences for firewood. This afternoon some of your accursed bullets even broke my window panes!"

The girl had been faltering: "Grandpa! Oh, grandpa!"

The captain looked at the girl. She returned his glance from the shadow of the old man's shoulder. After studying her face a moment, he said: "Well, we will go now." He strode toward the door, and his men clanked docilely after him.

At this time there was the sound of harsh cries and rushing footsteps from without. The door flew open, and a whirlwind composed of blue-coated troopers came in with a swoop. It was headed by the lieutenant. "Oh, here you are!" he cried, catching his breath. "We thought— Oh, look at the girl!"

The captain said intensely: "Shut up, you fool!"

The men settled to a halt with a clash and a bang. There could be heard the dulled sound of many hoofs outside of the house.

"Did you order up the horses?" inquired the captain.

"Yes. We thought——"

"Well, then, let's get out of here," interrupted the captain morosely.

The men began to filter out into the open air. The youth in grey had been hanging dismally to the railing of the stairway. He now was climbing slowly up to the second floor. The old man was addressing himself directly to the serene corporal.

"Not a chicken on the place!" he cried.

"Well, I didn't take your chickens, did I?"

"No, maybe you didn't, but——"

The captain crossed the hall and stood before the girl in rather a culprit's fashion.

"You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked timidly.

"No," she said. She hesitated a moment, and then suddenly held out her hand. "You were good to me—and I'm—much obliged."

The captain took her hand, and then he blushed, for he found himself unable to formulate a sentence that applied in any way to the situation.

She did not seem to heed that hand for a time.

He loosened his grasp presently, for he was ashamed to hold it so long without saying anything clever. At last, with an air of charging an entrenched brigade, he contrived to say: "I would rather do anything than frighten or trouble you."

His brow was warmly perspiring. He had a sense of being hideous in his dusty uniform and with his grimy face.

She said, "Oh, I'm so glad it was you instead of somebody who might have—might have hurt brother Harry and grandpa!"

He told her, "I wouldn't have hurt 'em for anything!"

There was a little silence.

"Well, good-bye!" he said at last.

"Good-bye!"

He walked toward the door past the old man, who was scolding at the vanishing figure of the corporal. The captain looked back. She had remained there watching him.

At the bugle's order, the troopers standing beside their horses swung briskly into the saddle. The lieutenant said to the first sergeant:

"Williams, did they ever meet before?"

"Hanged if I know!"

"Well, say——"

The captain saw a curtain move at one of the windows. He cantered from his position at the head of the column and steered his horse between two flower-beds.

"Well, good-bye!"

The squadron trampled slowly past.

"Good-bye!"

They shook hands.

He evidently had something enormously important to say to her, but it seems that he could not manage it. He struggled heroically. The bay charger, with his great mystically solemn eyes, looked around the corner of his shoulder at the girl.

The captain studied a pine tree. The girl inspected the grass beneath the window. The captain said hoarsely: "I don't suppose—I don't suppose—I'll ever see you again!"

She looked at him affrightedly and shrank back from the window. He seemed to have woefully expected a reception of this kind for his question. He gave her instantly a glance of appeal.

She said: "Why, no, I don't suppose we will."

"Never?"

"Why, no, 'tain't possible. You—you are a—Yankee!"

"Oh, I know it, but——" Eventually he continued: "Well, some day, you know, when there's no more fighting, we might ——" He observed that she had again withdrawn suddenly into the shadow, so he said: "Well, good-bye!"

When he held her fingers she bowed her head, and he saw a pink blush steal over the curves of her cheek and neck.

"Am I never going to see you again?"

She made no reply.

"Never?" he repeated.

After a long time, he bent over to hear a faint reply: "Sometimes—when there are no troops in the neighbourhood—grandpa don't mind if I—walk over as far as that old oak tree yonder—in the afternoons."

It appeared that the captain's grip was very strong, for she uttered an exclamation and looked at her fingers as if she expected to find them mere fragments. He rode away.

The bay horse leaped a flower-bed. They were almost to the drive, when the girl uttered a panic-stricken cry.

The captain wheeled his horse violently, and upon his return journey went straight through a flower-bed.

The girl had clasped her hands. She beseeched him wildly with her eyes. "Oh, please, don't believe it! I never walk to the old oak tree. Indeed I don't! I never—never—never walk there."

The bridle drooped on the bay charger's neck. The captain's figure seemed limp. With an expression of profound dejection and gloom he stared off at where the leaden sky met the dark green line of the woods. The long-impending rain began to fall with a mournful patter, drop and drop. There was a silence.

At last a low voice said, "Well—I might—sometimes I might—perhaps—but only once in a great while—I might walk to the old tree—in the afternoons."

A Digression on Wit

By LAURENCE STERNE

WHAT IS WIT?—'Tis not a manufacture—it is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of study and labor, as sense, reason, and science are. Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the least manner of reflection.

Even I have sometimes said things without design, unconscious of any kind of wit in them myself, till the sound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and so it might, for any great harm it would do—I should then have incurred the penalty of a sort of *chance-medley* treason. It would have required time and thought to have expressed myself worse—or according to law—upon such occasions.

What is the reason, that between two persons of equal sense and learning, an imagery shall generally strike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, stocked with new shorn sheep, one man shall see nothing there, but grass and mutton, and that another shall resemble it to a *tansey*, stuck with almonds?

That one person shall *plainly* say, of a fine day, in winter, that the sun shines, but does not warm—while another shall, at the same instant, compare it to *a jewel, at once both bright and cold?* &c.

Thus, you see, that wit is only a *double entendre*. What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double entendres* are not always wit also?

Nay, the prudish Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

"Much less can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face—"

THIS point has been questioned by some. One Biographer Triglyph, calls me an *anomalous heteroclite* writer—words, by the bye, that signify the same thing;—says, that *I have more sauce than pig*, &c.—They allow me oddness, originality, and humour—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expression they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may have but little of it. But, let wit be sauce, according to the good master Triglyph. Must sauces always be poignant? Is not that esteemed the best cookery where the ingredients are so equally blended, that no one particular flavor predominates upon the palate? Decayed appetites only require the sharper seasonings. . . .

The ancients styled wit *ingenium*—capacity, invention, powers.—Martial was the first person who reduced it to a *point*—and too many of the writings, since that era of the *faux brilliants*, have been so very eager, that they have almost set one's teeth on edge.

So far I am easy on this score, whether they allow me wit, or no.

I FORMERLY used to prefer Pliny's Epistles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—because of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former. I remember, when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and insipid—but it was when I admired Martial and Cowley. . . .

I find myself moralizing here, somewhat in the very style I have been reprehending—but I have not strained my pen—for, when we condemn a fault—to carry on the vein—we should endeavor to make an example of it. And it may be applied to me, what was said of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, "that he was declaiming against wit, with all the wit he could muster."

But witty I am henceforth resolved to be for the rest of my life. Lord, sir, resolution is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaste. Let us try now, whether this same miraculous faculty cannot make one parson witty—for a wonder.

The Ambassador

By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

yours sincerely
Arthur Sherburne Hardy

M. DE SADE was visibly disturbed. Somewhat late in life he had conceived for Diane de Wimpffen one of those admirations untainted by the desire of possession. He concealed this admiration under an affectation of cynicism which almost deceived himself. But it did not deceive Madame de Wimpffen. Well aware both of the admiration and of its character, she counted upon him as upon an ally with whom a formal treaty is unnecessary.

Like many alliances, this one had had its birth in hostility. But that was long ago.

There had been a wedding at the Madeleine. M. de Sade stood upon the steps as the guests dispersed, thoughtful and undecided. As a man of the world he made light of all expansions of the heart—while secretly cherishing one. During the pauses of the service Madame de Balloy had confided to him that she had the day before asked on behalf of her son the hand of Anne—and Anne was the daughter of Madame de Wimpffen. He was not the guardian of that hand. That some one would some day aspire to it was inevitable. He had foreseen that contingency, but never in the person of M. de Balloy—that idiot who was squandering his fortune at baccarat and flaunting Mademoiselle Luna of the Variétés in the face of all Paris except his mother. The fact that Madame de Balloy's confidential communication had been made at a wedding rendered it the more disagreeable. Anne, so young, so fearless, so innocent—and so like her mother! The thought that if he were younger—but that was only the shadow of a thought which traversed his mind without leaving a trace, as the shadow of a bird passes over a landscape.

Slowly descending the steps, too preoccupied with the enumeration of M. de Balloy's disqualifications even to acknowledge a friendly greeting, he turned up the Boulevard in the direction of the Parc Monceau. To the shop-windows, which generally attracted him, he paid no heed. Absorbed, his cane dangling from the hands crossed behind him, he had the air of a man going nowhere in particular—an appearance often presented by one who, knowing well his destination, has not yet confessed it.

Adjoining the park, its tiny garden protected by an iron grille whose gilded spikes were barely visible above the enveloping ivy, was the small hôtel of which M. de Sade was the proprietor. He had recently offered it to his friend de Wimpffen, who, since his promotion to the grade of colonel, had been assigned to duty at the War Office. For M. de Sade, not being burdened with duties, was going to get rid of the summer, and incidentally some of the boredom of living, at the seaside. On reaching the park entrance he took out his watch. It was eleven o'clock. He had no more time than was necessary for breakfast and a change of costume. His seat was reserved in the express which left at two. He had already said farewell. But there was the key to the garden gate, which he had forgotten to deliver. He had intended to send this key by messenger, but fortunately it was still in his pocket—to serve his present purpose. Yes, certainly, he would deliver it in person.

Just within the ivy screen, at the little table laid for breakfast near the foot of the steps leading to the salon windows, M. de Wimpffen was reading "Le Matin." That he was waiting for something more important than breakfast was evident from the glances he directed toward these windows. His orderly had gone for the morning mail. There was also the Abbé d'Arlot, whom Madame de Wimpffen had persuaded to visit her and who might arrive at any moment from Freyr. But it was neither the orderly nor the abbé for whom he was waiting. Only yesterday Madame de Balloy had formally asked for her son the hand of Anne. He had proposed to settle the matter offhand in the blunt, straightforward manner characteristic of him, M. de Balloy's reputation not being such as to render a favourable answer within even the range of discussion. But Madame de Wimpffen had said, "No, Raoul, leave it to me"; and he had left it to her, with a good nature as characteristic as the bluntness and a confidence justified by long experience.

It was the footstep of Diane he was listening for, and in spite of the confidence, her prolonged absence was beginning to engender misgivings. He had read for the third time the political article in "Le Matin" without comprehending a word of it, when the glass doors opened and Diane came lightly down the steps.

She was smiling. It was a good sign.

"Well," he said confidently.

She was sitting now opposite him, her hands crossed before her on the white cloth, tranquil as the June morning itself.

"She loves him"—"Le Matin" fell to the gravel—"madly, with all her soul."

He stared into the blue eyes, stupefied. Their smile, contrasted with the finality of the reply, perplexed him.

"Not possible—not possible," he repeated.

"But true," said Diane.

Speechless, he continued to search the blue eyes. Twenty years of practice had not enabled him to read them with certainty. As M. de Sade said, "They are too clear."

It was at this instant that the lock grated in the iron gate and M. de Sade himself entered.

"Good-morning, my friends," he said gayly; "I bring you the garden key. I am off by the express at—" He stopped, fingering his gray mustache and looking from one to the other. "What has happened—a quarrel?"

"De Sade," exclaimed Raoul, bringing his fist down on the table, "what has happened is this—that fellow De Balloy has asked for the hand of Anne."

M. de Sade deposited his overcoat carefully on the back of a chair, seated himself with deliberation, and took out his cigarette-case.

"I see nothing strange in that," he said. "Monsieur le Préfet has done his best, but the race of beggars is not yet extinct." And, lighting his cigarette, he turned to Diane, "With your permission, madame."

"I was telling Raoul when you came," said Diane.

"Begin at the beginning," interrupted her husband. "I wish de Sade to hear also."

"Well, she was at the piano. 'Anne,' I said, standing beside her, 'I have something to say to you.' She looked up quickly and I knew that she knew. Therefore I went straight to the point. 'Monsieur de Balloy,' I said, 'has asked for your hand.' She took both mine in hers and covered her face. Looking down on her bent head, I laughed to myself."

"Diane!" exclaimed Raoul reproachfully.

She spread out her hands.

"At myself, in her. Do you remember nothing? The English express certain things better than we do. They say 'to *fall* in love'—which is the fact. It is a precipice."

"And no parapet," nodded M. de Sade.

"De Sade," cried Raoul resentfully, "I beg of you."

Diane resumed.

"'Anne,' I said, 'you have seen Monsieur de Balloy twice—once at the opera and once at Madame Texier's ball.' 'Mamma, dear little mamma,' she replied, looking up into my face, 'I adore him.' 'And you are ready to give yourself to a man you have seen but twice?' 'Yes, mamma, I am ready—tomorrow.' 'But, Anne,' I said, 'do you know that this man is a roué and a gambler?' 'To-morrow,' she repeated, burying her face again in my hands."

Raoul made a gesture of incredulity.

"And then you said——"

"I said nothing," replied Diane

M. de Sade nodded again in approval.

"You did not reason with her—you——"

"Raoul, years ago, in Algeria, if my father had said, 'No, she is not for you——'"

"The case was different," he interrupted. "It would have made no difference."

"Well, then, you see," she replied quietly.

"But, Diane," he protested, "between Monsieur de Balloy and myself——"

"Oh, I know that very well, there is a difference. Confess now, you would like to run him through with your sword this very instant. But"—she hesitated a moment—"between Anne and myself the difference is not so—enormous."

Behind his gray mustache M. de Sade smiled.

"What I wish to know is this," persisted Raoul, tapping the table with his forefinger: "did you tell her plainly, in so many words, what manner of man——"

"Yes, I told her."

"And what answer did she make?"

"Oh, she had an answer. 'Mamma,' she said, 'you once told me that you loved papa without knowing why, without a reason.'"

"You had the imprudence to tell her that!"

"Why not? It is true, isn't it?"

"Diane"—he reached across the table and took her hands—"be serious, you are laughing."

"No, I am not laughing. I am quite serious. You think you have to deal only with Monsieur de Balloy. But you see I was right. We have also to deal with Anne—that is, with you and with me. With her truthfulness and obstinacy, which is you, and with—all the rest, which is me. Do you remember when we were at Freyr how passionately, a mere child, she became attached to the Countess Anne? How she insisted she would no longer be called Diane, but Anne, and wept with rage whenever we said Diane, till we yielded? And now," she said, appealing to M. de Sade, "he wishes me to play the tyrant with her affections, the one liberty tyrants have never been able to suppress!"

"But a roué, a gambler!" expostulated Raoul. "How is it possible!"

"Bah!" said M. de Sade, "the words are not in the catechism. I warrant you she does not know what they mean. Think what a fascination exists in things which we do not understand."

Raoul, walking to and fro on the gravel, stopped abruptly.

"And you wish Monsieur de Balloy to teach Anne the meaning of these words," he exclaimed scornfully.

"My dear friend," replied M. de Sade, "you have not asked me what I wish. But ask madame if there exists a woman who would not prefer to learn from experience what she might learn with less trouble from the dictionary. If you ask my opinion——"

"Yes, we ask it," said Madame de Wimpffen, observing him closely.

M. de Sade looked up from the blue eyes to the blue sky above the roofs, as if his opinion were not within immediate reach.

"Let us recapitulate," he said, addressing Raoul. "There is, on the one hand, Mademoiselle Anne, who, thanks to her mother, has her good points—not to mention the *dot* promised her by the Countess Anne. And there is Monsieur de Balloy, who possesses all the good qualities of his defects—not to mention his debts. He is young, he is handsome, he is witty, he dances well, and he has the good fortune to present himself precisely at the moment when one feels the imperious necessity of loving some one. What does it matter to the tendrils of the vine what offers! A tree, a leaden gutter, a bit of broken tile—it touches and it clings."

"De Sade," broke forth Raoul impetuously, "you know very well this marriage is impossible—and you, Diane, you know it also."

"Why, of course, Raoul, dear. I am absolutely of your opinion. The idea of it is so monstrous that you wish to stamp on it with your foot. But let us not stamp at the same time on the heart of Anne. Monsieur de Balloy wishes to marry her—well, let him wish. To wish and to have are not the same thing. I will say to Anne: 'You love Monsieur de Balloy. That being the case, it only remains to be seen whether he loves you. On that point it is better to satisfy yourself, as I did, beforehand. And when you are satisfied you will tell me.' And I will say to Madame de Balloy, 'Let us wait and see if these young birds are ready to fly.' Meantime it is possible that that angel who is said to tell a woman that she is beautiful will tell Anne some of those less obvious things which are far more important."

Raoul gave a sigh of relief.

"You see," he said to de Sade. "Diane and I agree absolutely."

"I foresaw it," he replied dryly, resuming his cane and overcoat. "And, now that we are all agreed, I must be going. Might I see the dear child?" he asked, lifting Diane's hand to his lips. "If you will allow me I will pass out through the salon. Ah, the garden key—I had forgotten it. Here it is. Au revoir, my friends." And he went up the steps.

The salon was empty. But in the mirror between the windows he saw a man, tall, correct, with thin, iron-gray hair. For a long minute he surveyed this man critically, then touched the bell.

"Say to mademoiselle that I have come to take my leave."

Then the door opened and Anne entered. She came forward eagerly, her hands extended.

"You are going! You will not breakfast with us?"

"No, mademoiselle," he said, taking the extended hands and touching the forehead with his lips, "but I could not go without seeing you, without——"

"But you must not go this minute, dear Monsieur de Sade." The clear blue eyes were like her mother's. "I wish to speak to you." She drew him to the sofa. "Tell me, have you seen mamma?"

"Yes, certainly, just now."

"Did she tell you anything?"

"Did she tell me anything? What should she tell me?"

"Nothing." The eyes fell, then rose to his again. "Monsieur, do you gamble?"

"I?" he laughed. "What a question!"

"Answer me, please. I wish to know what it is—it is very important that I should know what it is—to gamble."

"To gamble," he replied, twisting the ends of his gray mustache thoughtfully, "is to risk what one has in the hope of gaining more."

"Does papa gamble?"

"I think not," he said doubtfully. "One must have something to risk—to gamble properly."

"Do not laugh, please. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you why I wish to know about this. Then you will understand how necessary it is. Tell me truly, is it a sin to gamble?"

"A sin to gamble? That depends. There is no sin in moderation. For example, you are about to breakfast, which in itself is quite harmless. But if you should eat to excess——"

"Of course. What is it to gamble to excess?"

"To gamble to excess"—M. de Sade thought for a moment—"is to risk what one cannot afford to lose, to incur a debt one cannot pay."

"Oh, that is frightful," cried Anne. "I should die if I could not pay what I owe."

"That is what happens to some gamblers, my child. They go to some quiet spot and end their lives—or else, sometimes, they look about for a young girl with a *dot*—in order to commence again."

Anne was silent. Then she said, gravely, "You know that the Countess Anne is to give me a *dot* when I marry."

"Yes, I know it; and you think I am that gambler," he laughed, "who wishes to pay his debts with it!"

"Oh, no, monsieur," blushing furiously. "What an idea! I only wished to know."

"You will never know truly till you gamble a little yourself, Anne."

She burst into laughter.

"Why, I have only the gold-pieces which the Countess Anne gives me on my birthdays!"

"Ah, she gives you gold-pieces on your birthday? What an excellent idea! Why did I not also think of that?"

"But you gave me my doll Nanette, which I love far better."

"Anne," said M. de Sade, "what a memory you have! It is not possible that you still play with Nanette!"

"I do not exactly play with her," she replied, thoughtfully. "Formerly I played with her, but now—now she is, I would not say a plaything, but a companion. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. But what I do not understand is that you should love Nanette at all—a thing of papier-mâché and sawdust."

"One does not think of those things. I assure you Nanette has quite the appearance of a real person."

"I admit that in the case of dolls it is permissible to trust to appearances." He made a movement to go.

"Dear Monsieur de Sade"—she seized his hand, holding him fast—"please, just one little minute more. I have something to tell you."

"I know it. That is why I am going."

She looked at him dismayed, the colour deepening in her cheeks again.

"Anne," he said, holding to the hand which was slipping away, "you know that I love you."

"I know that you are always kind to me."

"That is not the same thing. No, if I listen to you, if you should tell me that you are about to gamble with what is more precious than the gold-pieces of the Countess Anne—with yourself—I should have to tell you what would cause you to say, 'He is unkind to me, he loves me no longer': and to hear that I have not the courage."

The clear, unflinching eyes filled with tears. "Monsieur, I will have the courage for two."

"Oh, Anne, my child," he cried, "how like your mother you are!" He had risen and stood looking down on the rigid little figure on the sofa. One of those expansions of the heart which he affected to despise had nearly mastered him. "But no, believe me, I am right. Tell me nothing.

I should bring against you all that belongs to my age—experience, knowledge, prudence—and you would answer me with all that belongs to yours—faith, and ignorance, and enthusiasm, and, alas! also indignation, and I should be defeated." Midway across the room he turned. "Anne, you have said you would die if you could not pay what you owe. You cost the woman whom you call mother pain and blood and tears—do not forget to pay that debt—it is a debt of honour."

She spoke as one stunned. "No, monsieur, I will not forget it."

"I am sure of it. Good-bye, my child."

She followed him with her eyes to the door. But he did not turn again.

Pain and blood and tears! What did it mean?

Precisely at the moment M. de Sade's valet was frantically searching for his master in the northern station, the latter was standing hat in hand in a little Louis XV salon, admiring the taste of its decoration. At the door the servant had said, "Madame is not receiving"; and M. de Sade had replied, "Take in my card just the same"; and the servant, with that fine instinct which knows when to disobey orders, had bowed in acquiescence.

M. de Sade in the mean time examined the territory of the enemy. An open book on the *canapé* bore the title "Causeries du Lundi," an indication which both surprised and reassured him. A vitrine filled with Sèvres and Saxe figurines interested him immensely, for he was a connoisseur of precious trifles. Its pendant on the other side of the console was devoted to jade amid whose curious branched designs elephants with jewelled eyes paraded and Buddhas slept on teakwood pedestals.

At the rustle of a dress he turned to see a little figure with Venetian hair, whose complexion rivalled that of the shepherdess in the cabinet, holding his card in its hand and inspecting him with a frank curiosity. For a moment he was possessed by the illusion that one of the figurines in the vitrine had stepped down from its glass shelf to confront him.

"Madame," he said, bowing, "I owe you a thousand apologies for disturbing you at this hour."

The little figure dropped into the chair of Aubusson tapestry, self-poised and expectant.

"I have not the honour to know you, monsieur," it said.

"That happens often in the case of celebrities," replied M. de Sade gallantly. "I am only one of the orchestra chairs. But I have something serious to say to you, and when I have a serious thought in my head I have no peace till its ghost is laid."

"Monsieur," the little figure replied in a business-like manner foreign to Dresden shepherdesses, "I give you fifteen minutes to lay your ghost, for I also have a serious matter in hand. At half-past two I have an appointment at Drécoll's for a last fitting."

"Let us, then, come quickly to the point," said M. de Sade, sitting down beside the morocco-bound "Causeries." "But first I must confess to you that I am an ambassador without credentials. For when one is deeply interested in the welfare of any one, in an emergency one does not wait for the formality of documents. Moreover, in this case they would not be forthcoming."

"Monsieur counts, then, on his superior judgment."

"And on your indulgence. Imagine a young girl, fearless, innocent, at that age when one defies the world in order to commit a folly. For madame who is herself so near that age, to imagine such a——"

"They exist in every forest. Proceed, I beg of you."

"Into the forest in question," continued M. de Sade, "comes a man—I might even say a hunter——"

"And the folly is committed."

"Oh, no, madame, you proceed too rapidly. But on some bright morning, at Saint-Roch, or under the patronage of some other distinguished member of the company of saints——"

"I understand. But I? Why should this folly interest me?"

"Because, madame, the name of this hunter is Monsieur de Balloy."

The figure in the Aubusson chair did not move, but a look of quick intelligence passed over the face.

"Ah! So you wish me to assume the role of la Dame aux Camélias—to surrender Monsieur de Balloy to Mademoiselle Innocence."

"On the contrary, madame, I wish you to keep him."

"Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, you come too late. Monsieur de Balloy and I have quarrelled."

Here M. de Sade lost one of his precious minutes in reflection.

"Pardon me," he said at last—"pardon me if I am about to commit an indiscretion.

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But quarrels proceed from grievances. Those of Monsieur de Balloy do not interest me—but yours, if perchance they were of such a nature as to excite in you a sympathy for those who have not yet quarrelled but are sure to do so hereafter—if you whose eyes are opened would consent to touch those that are yet blind——"

"Monsieur, there remain exactly eleven minutes. What do you wish of me?"

"Madame," said M. de Sade, "if your charity toward Monsieur de Balloy does not exceed that for my friend—I say friend because, as you perceive, I am too old for the role of lover——"

"Really, Monsieur de Sade, I believe you would make an excellent one."

"On the stage possibly. But permit me to remind you that we have but ten minutes left. You have had the grace to ask what I wish of you. In so doing you use a word which is not in the vocabulary of suppliants—but if you will allow me——" He went to the desk by the window, took a sheet of note-paper from the portfolio, and began to write rapidly, conscious meanwhile that the figurine had left its seat and was standing over him.

"Mademoiselle,—Monsieur de Balloy aspires to your hand. In exchange he offers you—what! A heart without honour. But black as is that heart, it is mine, and I will not surrender it to you."

"You wish me to sign that?" said a voice over his shoulder. "Oh, how little you understand us! Give me the pen."

She took his place and wrote in turn:—

"'Mademoiselle,—Monsieur de Balloy aspires to your hand. The heart which he offers you I, who once believed in its promises, give you willingly. It is too black for even me."

"There," she said, looking up into his face, "is what I will sign. Are you satisfied?"

Tears are not becoming to Dresden complexions, but the lips quivered.

"Madame," said M. de Sade, whose voice also trembled a little, "if in the three minutes which remain to us you would consent to sign the other also—a mother will know better than we which to deliver."

"Willingly—since you are a man of honour."

She rewrote the first, signed and folded both and gave them to him.

"Madame," said M. de Sade, whose voice still trembled, "you have left me but one minute in which to do what is more difficult than to ask—to thank you. Whatever the result of your"—he hesitated a moment for a word—"of your charity——"

"Oh, as to that I am indifferent."

"No, I do not believe it."

"Monsieur de Sade," she said, pointing to the clock, "the *mauvais quart-d'heure de Rabelais* is over."

"You are right. I renounce the effort—to thank you is useless."

For the first time a faint smile came into the eyes.

"Since you are one of the orchestra chairs, you might come to-morrow night to admire my new costume."

"No—after realities one does not seek illusions. But——"

She raised her hand. "No promises, I beg of you. One can do everything with promises but rely upon them." And before he could reply she had vanished through the portières.

M. de Sade took up his hat and cane, glanced once more at the desk by the window, the open book, the figurines on the glass shelves of the cabinet, at the still swaying portières. No, it was not an illusion—he held the two notes in his hand.

On the beach at Ostend M. de Sade had found a Bath chair which sheltered him from the fresh breeze off the Channel. Children were playing in the sand, erecting bastions against the invading sea. Men and women sat in groups in the warm sun or strolled along the seawall to meet the incoming steamer. But none of these attracted his attention. One by one he took up the letters on his knee, reading them leisurely and consigning them again to their envelopes, till one—the one long waited for—remained unopened. For a long time he looked at the firm, clear handwriting of the superscription, like one who listens to a voice calling from out the past. The mere address of a letter may contain a message. Then he broke the seal.

"My Friend,—What did you say to Anne that after you had gone she should fling herself into my arms with such a passion of weeping and affection? She has gone with the Abbé d'Arlot to make a visit in Freyr. Do not worry about her. At her age hearts bleed, but do not break.

"Oh, my friend—No, I will not attempt to—my heart is too full.

"Of curiosity also! By what process did you extract from that *drôlesse*—Ah, I know what you are saying—that my world never forgives that other. It is true.

"There was a time when your sarcasm, your irony, your nature, oppressed and fascinated me. You produced in me a kind of pain of which you alone possessed the secret—which stings and yet gives pleasure. How is it that you reverse the order of time? that years soften instead of hardening you? Would for your sake—oh, and Anne's also—that these years——

"Forgive me—what is written is written. Do you know what Raoul said to me to-day? 'There is more good in De Sade than I imagined!'

"DIANE."

Far beyond the sea flecked with white sails, beyond the horizon banded with trails of smoke, he saw the writer as plainly as he saw the written.

"Would monsieur," said the voice of a boatman, "like to take a sail? I have a good boat and the sea is fine."

"No, my friend," said M. de Sade; "at my age one prefers havens to horizons."

The letter which he mailed that evening contained a single sentence:—

"Oh, woman, woman! not to tell me which note you made use of!"

". . . Equality, Fraternity"

By JEAN LAHORS (Henry Cazalis)

Translated by Bertram Galbraith

[*This poem was the inspiration of Saint Saëns' "Danse Macabre"*]

CLICK, click, click . . . Death is prancing
Death, at midnight, goes a-dancing,
Tapping on a tomb with a talon thin,
Click, click, clack, goes the grisly violin.

The cold wind howls, the trees are stark,
The grim, white skeletons glide in the dark.
They run and leap, in their ghastly shrouds,
'Neath the gloom of the lowering tempest clouds.

Click, click, click, the thin arms toss . . .
And the wraiths pair off on the slimy moss
Who were swains of yore . . . there's a crackling noise
As they seek in vain for forgotten joys.

Click, click, clack . . . the Eternal Riddle
Is the theme Death rasps on his dreary fiddle.
The drapery falls . . . the dancer's nude
But her partner clips her with clasp more rude.

Click, click, click . . . what a saraband!
They form a gaunt ring . . . hand in hand!
Click, click, click, on the weedy turf,
And a king is frisking with a serf.

Hark! in a trice they are hushed and flown
For the morn is at hand and the cock has crown.
'Twas a gala night for the souls set free,
Then hail Death and Equality!

A Corner in Horses

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White

IT WAS dark night. The stray-herd bellowed frantically from one of the big corrals; the cow-and-calf-herd from a second. Already the remuda, driven in from the open plains, scattered about the thousand acres of pasture. Away from the conveniences of fence and corral, men would have had to patrol all night. Now, however, everyone was gathered about the camp fire.

Probably forty cowboys were in the group, representing all types, from old John, who had been in the business forty years, and had punched from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, to the Kid, who would have given his chance of salvation if he could have been taken for ten years older than he was. At the moment Jed Parker was holding forth to his friend Johnny Stone in reference to another old crony who had that evening joined the round-up.

"Johnny," inquired Jed with elaborate gravity, and entirely ignoring the presence of the subject of conversation, "what is that thing just beyond the fire, and where did it come from?"

Johnny Stone squinted to make sure.

"That?" he replied. "Oh, this evenin' the dogs see something run down a hole, and they dug it out, and that's what they got."

The newcomer grinned.

"The trouble with you fellows," he proffered, "is that you're so plumb alkalied you don't know the real thing when you see it."

"That's right," supplemented Windy Bill drily. "*He* come from New York."

"No!" cried Jed. "You don't say so? Did he come in one box or in two?"

Under cover of the laugh, the newcomer made a raid on the dutch ovens and pails. Having filled his plate, he squatted on his heels and fell to his belated meal. He was a tall, slab-sided individual, with a lean, leathery face, a sweeping white moustache, and a grave and sardonic eye. His leather chaps were plain and worn, and his hat had been fashioned by time and wear into much individuality. I was not surprised to hear him nicknamed Sacatone Bill.

"Just ask him how he got that game foot," suggested Johnny Stone to me in an undertone, so, of course, I did not.

Later someone told me that the lameness resulted from his refusal of an urgent invitation to return across a river. Mr. Sacatone Bill happened not to be riding his own horse at the time.

The Cattleman dropped down beside me a moment later.

"I wish," said he in a low voice, "we could get that fellow talking. He is a queer one. Pretty well educated apparently. Claims to be writing a book of memoirs. Sometimes he will open up in good shape, and sometimes he will not. It does no good to ask him direct, and he is as shy as an old crow when you try to lead him up to a subject. We must just lie low and trust to Providence."

A man was playing on the mouth organ. He played excellently well, with all sorts of variations and frills. We smoked in silence. The deep rumble of the cattle filled the air with its diapason. Always the shrill coyotes raved out in the mesquite. Sacatone Bill had finished his meal, and had gone to sit by Jed Parker, his old friend. They talked together low-voiced. The evening grew, and the eastern sky silvered over the mountains in anticipation of the moon.

Sacatone Bill suddenly threw back his head and laughed.

"Reminds me of the time I went to Colorado!" he cried.

"He's off!" whispered the Cattleman.

A dead silence fell on the circle. Everybody shifted position the better to listen to the story of Sacatone Bill.

About ten year ago I got plumb sick of punchin' cows around my part of the country. She hadn't rained since Noah, and I'd forgot what water outside a pail or a trough looked like. So I scouted around inside of me to see what part of the world I'd jump to, and as I seemed to know as little of Colorado and minin' as anything else, I made up the pint of bean soup I call my brains to go there. So I catches me a buyer at Benson and turns over my pore little bunch of cattle and prepared to fly. The last day I hauled up about twenty good buckets of water and threw her up against the cabin. My buyer was settin' his hoss waitin' for me to get ready. He didn't say nothin' until we'd got down about ten mile or so.

"Mr. Hicks," says he, hesitatin' like, "I find it a good rule in this country not to overlook other folks' plays, but I'd take it mighty kind if you'd explain those actions of yours with the pails of water."

"Mr. Jones," says I, "it's very simple. I built that shack five years ago, and it's never rained since. I just wanted to settle in my mind whether or not that damn roof leaked."

So I quit Arizona, and in about a week I see my reflection in the winders of a little place called Cyanide in the Colorado mountains.

Fellows, she was a bird. They wasn't a pony in sight, nor a squar' foot of land that wasn't either street or straight up. It made me plumb lonesome for a country where you could see a long ways even if you didn't see much. And this early in the evenin' they wasn't hardly anybody in the streets at all.

I took a look at them dark, gloomy, old mountains, and a sniff at a breeze that would have frozen the whiskers of hope, and I made a dive for the nearest lit winder. They was a sign over it that just said:

THIS IS A SALOON

I was glad they labelled her. I'd never have known it. They had a fifteen-year-old kid tendin' bar, no games goin', and not a soul in the place.

"Sorry to disturb your repose, bub," says I, "but see if you can sort out any rye among them collections of sassapariller of yours."

I took a drink, and then another to keep it company—I was beginnin' to sympathize with anythin' lonesome. Then I kind of sauntered out to the back room where the hurdy-gurdy ought to be. Sure enough, there was a girl settin' on the pianner stool, another in a chair, and a nice shiny Jew drummer danglin' his feet from a table. They looked up when they see me come in, and went right on talkin'.

"Hello, girls!" says I.

At that they stopped talkin' complete.

"How's tricks?" says I.

"Who's your woolly friend?" the shiny Jew asks of the girls.

I looked at him a minute, but I see he'd been raised a pet, and then, too, I was so hungry for sassiety I was willin' to pass a bet or two.

"Don't you *admire* these cow agents?" snickers one of the girls.

"Play somethin', sister," says I to the one at the pianner.

She just grinned at me.

"Interdooce me," says the drummer in a kind of a way that made them all laugh a heap.

"Give us a tune," I begs, tryin' to be jolly, too.

"She don't know any pieces," says the Jew.

"Don't you?" I asks pretty sharp.

"No," says she.

"Well, I do," says I.

I walked up to her, jerked out my guns, and reached around both sides of her to the pianner. I run the muzzles up and down the keyboard two or three times, and then shot out half a dozen keys.

"That's the piece I know," says I.

But the other girl and the Jew drummer had punched the breeze.

The girl at the pianner just grinned, and pointed to the winder where they was some ragged glass hangin'. She was dead game.

"Say, Susie," says I, "you're all right, but your friends is tur'ble. I may be rough, and I ain't never been curried below the knees, but I'm better to tie to than them sons of guns."

"I believe it," says she.

So we had a drink at the bar, and started out to investigate the wonders of Cyanide.

Say, that night *was* a wonder. Susie faded after about three drinks, but I didn't seem to mind that. I hooked up to another saloon kept by a thin Dutchman. A fat Dutchman is stupid, but a thin one is all right.

In ten minutes I had more friends in Cyanide than they is fiddlers in hell. I begun to conclude Cyanide wasn't so lonesome. About four o'clock in comes a little Irishman about four foot high, with more upper lip than a muley cow, and enough red hair to make an artificial aurorer borealis. He had big red hands with freckles pasted onto them, and stiff red hairs standin' up separate and lonesome like signal stations. Also his legs was bowed.

He gets a drink at the bar, and stands back and yells:

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!"

Now, this was none of my town, so I just stepped back of the end of the bar quick where I wouldn't stop no lead. The shootin' didn't begin.

"Probably Dutchy didn't take no note of what the locoed little dogie *did* say," thinks I to myself.

The Irishman bellied up to the bar again, and pounded on it with his fist.

"Look here!" he yells. "Listen to what I'm tellin' ye! God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle! Do ye hear me?"

"Sure, I hear ye," says Dutchy, and goes on swabbin' his bar with a towel.

At that my soul just grew sick. I asked the man next to me why Dutchy didn't kill the little fellow.

"Kill him!" says this man. "What for?"

"For insultin' of him, of course."

"Oh, he's drunk," says the man, as if that explained anythin'.

That settled it with me. I left that place, and went home, and it wasn't more than four o'clock, neither. No, I don't call four o'clock late. It may be a little late for night before last, but it's just the shank of the evenin' for to-night.

Well, it took me six weeks and two days to go broke. I didn't know sic em' about minin'; and before long I *knew* that I didn't know sic 'em. Most all day I poked around them mountains—not like our'n—too much timber to be comfortable. At night I got to droppin' in at Dutchy's. He had a couple of quiet games goin', and they was one fellow among that lot of grubbin' prairie dogs that had heerd tell that cows had horns. He was the wisest of the bunch on the cattle business. So I stowed away my consolation, and made out to forget comparing Colorado with God's country.

About three times a week this Irishman I told you of—name O'Toole—comes bulgin' in. When he was sober he talked minin' high, wide, and handsome. When he was drunk he pounded both fists on the bar and yelled for action, tryin' to get Dutchy on the peck.

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!" he yells about six times. "Say, do you hear?"

"Sure," says Dutchy, calm as a milk cow, "sure, I hear ye!"

I was plumb sorry for O'Toole. I'd like to have given him a run; but, of course, I couldn't take it up without makin' myself out a friend of this Dutchy party, and I couldn't stand for that. But I did tackle Dutchy about it one night when they wasn't nobody else there.

"Dutchy," says I, "what makes you let that bow-legged cross between a bulldog and a flamin' red sunset tromp on you so? It looks to me like you're plumb spiritless."

Dutchy stopped wipin' glasses for a minute.

"Just you hold on," says he. "I ain't ready yet. Bimeby I make him sick; also those others who laugh with him."

He had a little grey flicker in his eye, and I thinks to myself that maybe they'd get Dutchy on the peck yet.

As I said, I went broke in just six weeks and two days. And I was broke a plenty. No hold-outs anywhere. It was a heap long ways to cows; and I'd be teetotally chawed up and spit out if I was goin' to join these minin' terrapins defacin' the bosom of nature. It sure looked to me like hard work.

While I was figurin' what next, Dutchy came in. Which I was tur'ble surprised at that, but I said good-mornin' and would he rest his poor feet.

"You like to make some money?" he asks.

"That depends," says I, "on how easy it is."

"It is easy," says he. "I want you to buy hosses for me."

"Hosses! Sure!" I yells, jumpin' up. "You bet you! Why, hosses is where I live! What hosses do you want?"

"All hosses," says he, calm as a faro dealer.

"What?" says I. "Elucidate, my bucko. I don't take no such blanket order. Spread your cards."

"I mean just that," says he. "I want you to buy all the hosses in this camp, and in the mountains. Every one."

"Whew!" I whistles. "That's a large order. But I'm your meat."

"Come with me, then," says he. I hadn't but just got up, but I went with him to his little old poison factory. Of course, I hadn't had no breakfast; but he staked me to a Kentucky breakfast. What's a Kentucky breakfast? Why, a Kentucky breakfast is a three-pound steak, a bottle of whisky, and a setter dog. What's the dog for? Why, to eat the steak, of course.

We come to an agreement. I was to get

two-fifty a head commission. So I started out. There wasn't many hosses in that country, and what there was the owners hadn't much use for unless it was to work a whim. I picked up about a hundred head quick enough, and reported to Dutchy.

"How about burros and mules?" I asks Dutchy.

"They goes," says he. "Mules same as hosses; burros four bits a head to you."

At the end of a week I had a remuda of probably two hundred animals. We kept them over the hills in some "parks," as these sots call meadows in that country. I rode into town and told Dutchy.

"Got them all?" he asks.

"All but a cross-eyed buckskin that's mean, and the bay mare that Noah bred to."

"Get them," says he.

"The bandits want too much," I explains.

"Get them anyway," says he.

I went away and got them. It was scand'lous; such prices.

When I hit Cyanide again I ran into scenes of wild excitement. The whole passel of them was on that one street of their'n, talkin' sixteen ounces to the pound. In the middle was Dutchy, drunk as a soldier—just plain foolish drunk.

"Good Lord!" thinks I to myself, "he ain't celebratin gettin' that bunch of buzzards, is he?"

But I found he wasn't that bad. When he caught sight of me, he fell on me drivellin'.

"Look there!" he weeps, showin' me a letter.

I was the last to come in; so I kept that letter—here she is. I'll read her.

> Dear Dutchy:—I suppose you thought I'd flew the coop, but I haven't and this is to prove it. Pack up your outfit and hit the trail. I've made the biggest free gold strike you ever see. I'm sending you specimens. There's tons just like it, tons and tons. I got all the claims I can hold myself; but there's heaps more. I've writ to Johnny and Ed at Denver to come on. Don't give this away. Make tracks. Come in to Buck Cañon in the Whetstones and oblige. Yours truly,
>
> Henry Smith.

Somebody showed me a handful of white rock with yeller streaks in it. His eyes was bulgin' until you could have hung your hat on them. That O'Toole party was walkin' around, wettin' his lips with his tongue and swearin' soft.

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!" says he. "And the fool had to get drunk and give it away!"

The excitement was just started, but it didn't last long. The crowd got the same notion at the same time, and it just melted. Me and Dutchy was left alone.

I went home. Pretty soon a fellow named Jimmy Tack come around a little out of breath.

"Say, you know that buckskin you bought off'n me?" says he, "I want to buy him back."

"Oh, you do," says I.

"Yes," says he. "I've got to leave town for a couple of days, and I got to have somethin' to pack."

"Wait and I'll see," says I.

Outside the door I met another fellow.

"Look here," he stops me with. "How about that bay mare I sold you? Can you call that sale off? I got to leave town for a day or two and——"

"Wait," says I. "I'll see."

By the gate was another hurryin' up.

"Oh, yes," says I when he opens his mouth. "I know all your troubles. You have to leave town for a couple of days, and you want back that lizard you sold me. Well, wait."

After that I had to quit the main street and dodge back of the hog ranch. They was all headed my way. I was as popular as a snake in a prohibition town.

I hit Dutchy's by the back door.

"Do you want to sell hosses?" I asks. "Everyone in town wants to buy."

Dutchy looked hurt.

"I wanted to keep them for the valley market," says he, "but—— How much did you give Jimmy Tack for his buckskin?"

"Twenty," says I.

"Well, let him have it for eighty," says Dutchy; "and the others in proportion."

I lay back and breathed hard.

"Sell them all, but the one best hoss," says he— "no, the *two* best."

"Holy smoke!" says I, gettin' my breath. "If you mean that, Dutchy, you lend me another gun and give me a drink."

He done so, and I went back home to where the whole camp of Cyanide was waitin'.

I got up and made them a speech and told them I'd sell them hosses all right, and to come back. Then I got an Injin boy to help, and we rustled over the remuda and held them in a blind cañon. Then I called up these miners one at a time, and made bargains with them. Roar! Well, you could hear them at Denver, they tell me, and the weather reports said, "Thunder in the mountains." But it was cash on delivery, and they all paid up. They had seen that white quartz with the gold stickin' into it, and that's the same as a dose of loco to miner gents.

Why didn't I take a hoss and start first? I did think of it—for about one second. I wouldn't stay in that country then for a million dollars a minute. I was plumb sick and loathin' it, and just waitin' to make high jumps back to Arizona. So I wasn't aimin' to join this stampede, and didn't have no vivid emotions.

They got to fightin' on which should get the first hoss; so I bent my gun on them and made them draw lots. They roared some more, but done so; and as fast as each one handed over his dust or dinero he made a rush for his cabin, piled on his saddle and pack, and pulled his freight in a cloud of dust. It was sure a grand stampede, and I enjoyed it no limit.

So by sundown I was alone with the Injin. Those two hundred head brought in about twenty thousand dollars. It was heavy, but I could carry it. I was about alone in the landscape; and there were the two best hosses I had saved out for Dutchy. I was sure some tempted. But I had enough to get home on anyway; and I never yet drank behind the bar, even if I might hold up the saloon from the floor. So I grieved some inside that I was so tur'ble conscientious, shouldered the sacks, and went down to find Dutchy.

I met him headed his way, and carryin' of a sheet of paper.

"Here's your dinero," says I, dumpin' the four big sacks on the ground.

He stooped over and hefted them. Then he passed one over to me.

"What's that for?" I asks.

"For you," says he.

"My commission ain't that much," I objects.

"You've earned it," says he, "and you might have skipped with the whole wad."

"How did you know I wouldn't?" I asks.

"Well," says he, and I noted that jag of his had flew. "You see, I was behind that rock up there, and I had you covered."

I saw; and I began to feel better about bein' so tur'ble conscientious.

We walked a little ways without sayin' nothin'.

"But ain't you goin' to join the game?" I asks.

"Guess not," says he, jinglin' of his gold. "I'm satisfied."

"But if you don't get a wiggle on you, you are sure goin' to get left on those gold claims," says I.

"There ain't no gold claims," says he.

"But Henry Smith——" I cries.

"There ain't no Henry Smith," says he. I let that soak in about six inches.

"But there's a Buck Cañon," I pleads, "Please say there's a Buck Cañon."

"Oh, yes, there's a Buck Cañon," he allows. "Nice limestone formation—make good hard water."

"Well, you're a marvel," says I.

We walked on together down to Dutchy's saloon. We stopped outside.

"Now," says he, "I'm goin' to take one of those hosses and go somewheres else. Maybe you'd better do likewise on the other."

"You bet I will," says I.

He turned around and tacked up the paper he was carryin'. It was a sign. It read:

THE DUTCH HAS RUSTLED

"Nice sentiment," says I. "It will be appreciated when the crowd comes back from that little *pasear* into Buck Cañon. But why not tack her up where the trail hits the camp? Why on this particular door?"

"Well," said Dutchy, squintin' at the sign sideways, "you see I sold this place day before yesterday—to Mike O'Toole."

In Other Days

From *The American Citizen*
July 17, 1806

Joseph Tyler takes the liberty of informing the public in general & his friends in particular, that he has taken the handsome house at Far Rockaway, formerly inhabited by Mr. Wm. Mott.

For beauty of situation & salubrity of air this place cannot be surpassed, & it will be the constant endeavour of Mr. & Mrs. Tyler, to render it perfectly commodious to those who may retire there for the restoration of health or rational recreations.

Wines, spirits, cordials & London Porter of the first quality are laid in for the accommodation of the public, with teas, coffee & chocolate of the richest flavours.

N. B. Dinner will be served up at the shortest notice, in a style of neatness & allurement; & the beds will be kept in preparation, well-aired, clean and consolatory.

Convenient carriages will be kept in readiness to convey from Brooklyn to the Far Rockaway Hotel.

Grettir at Drangey

By FRANK NORRIS

Frank Norris

I—How Grettir Came to the Island

A LONG slant of rain came from out the northwest, and much fog; and the sea, still swollen by the last of the winter gales—now two days gone—raced by the bows of their boat in great swells, quiet, huge.

It was cold, and the wind, like a hound at fault, hunted along through the gorges between the wave heads, casting back and forth swiftly in bulging, sounding blasts that made an echo between the walls of water. At times the wind discovered the boat and leaped upon it suddenly with a gush of fierce noise, clutching at the sail and bearing it down as the dog bears down the young elk.

The sky, a vast reach of broken grey, slid along close overhead, sometimes even dropping flat upon the sea, blotting the horizon and whirling about like geyser mist or the reek and smoke from the mouth of *jokuls*. Then, perhaps, out of the fog and out of the rain, suddenly great and fearful came towering and dipping a mighty berg, the waves breaking like surf about its base, spires of grey ice lifting skywards, all dripping and gashed and jagged; knobs and sharp ridges thrusting from under beneath the water, full of danger to ships. At such moments they must put the helm over quickly, sheering off from the colossus before it caught and trampled them.

But no living thing did they see through all the day. Sea birds there were none; no porpoises played about the boat, no seals barked from surge to surge. There was nothing but the silent gallop of the waves, the flitting of the leaden sky, the uneven panting of the wind, and the rattle of the rain on the half-frozen sail. The sea was very lonely, barren, empty of all life.

Towards the middle of the day, when Iceland lay far behind them,—a bar of black on the ocean's edge,—they were little by little aware of the roll and thunder of breakers, and the cries and calls of very many sea birds and —very faint—the bleating of sheep. The fog and the scud of rain and the spindrift that the wind whipped from off the wave-tops shut out all sight beyond the cast of a spear. But they knew that they must be driving hard upon the island, and Grettir, from his place at the helm, bent himself to look under the curve of the sail. He called to Illugi, his brother, and to Noise, the thrall, who stood peering at the bows of the boat (their eyes made small to pierce the mist), to know if they saw aught of the island.

"I see," answered Illugi, "only wrack and drift of wreck and streamers of kelp, but we are close upon it."

Then all at once Grettir threw the boat up into the wind, and shouted aloud:

"Look overhead! Quick! Above there! We are indeed close."

And for all that the foot and mid-most part of the island were unseen because of the mist, there, far above them, between sea and sky, looming, as it were, out of heaven, rose suddenly the front of the cliff, rearing the forehead of it, high from out all that din of surf and swirl of mist and rain, bare to the buffet of storms, iron-strong, everlasting, a mighty rock.

They lowered the sail and ran out the sweeps, and for an hour skirted the edge of the island searching for the landing-place, where the rope-ladder hung from the cliff's edge. When they had found it, they turned the nose of the boat landward, and, caught by the set of the surf, were drawn inwards, and at last flung up on the beaches. Waist-deep in the icy undertow, they ran the boat up and made her fast, rejoicing that they had won to land without ill-fortune.

The wind for an instant tore in twain the veils of fog, and they saw the black cliff towering above them, as well as the ladder that hung from its summit clattering against the rock as the wind dashed it to and fro, and as they turned from the boat to look about them, lo, at their feet, stranded at make of the ebb, a great walrus, crushed between two ice-floes, lay dead, the rime of the frost encrusting its barbels.

So Grettir Asmundson, called The Strong, outlawed throughout Iceland, came with his brother Illugi, and the thrall Noise, to live on the Island of Drangey.

II—HOW GRETTIR AND ILLUGI HIS BROTHER KEPT THE ISLAND

On top of the cliff (to be reached only by climbing the rope-ladder) were sheep-walks, where the shepherds from the mainland kept their flocks. Grettir and Illugi took over these, for food and for the sake of their pelts which were to make them coverings. They built themselves a house out of the driftwood that came ashore at the foot of the cliff with every tide, and throughout the rest of the winter days lived in peace.

But in the early spring a fisherman carried the news to the mainland that he had seen men on the top of Drangey, and that the ladder was up.

Forthwith came the farmers and shepherds in their boats to know if such were the truth. They found, indeed, the ladder up, and after calling and shouting a long time, brought the hero and his brother to the cliff's edge.

"What now?" they cried. "Give a reckoning of our sheep. Is it peace or war between you and us? Why have you come to our island? Answer, Grettir—outlaw."

"What I have, I hold," called Grettir. "Outlawed I am, indeed, and no man is there in all Iceland that dare help me to home or hiding. Mine is the Island of Drangey, and mine are the sheep and the goats."

"Robber!" shouted the shepherds, "since when have you bought the island? Show the title."

For answer Grettir drew his sword from its sheath, and held it high.

"That is my title," he cried. "When that you shall take from me, the Island of Drangey is yours again."

"At least render up our sheep," answered the shepherds.

"What I have said, I have said!" cried Grettir, and with that he and Illugi drew back from the cliff's edge and were no more seen.

The shepherds sailed back to the mainland, and could think of no way of ridding the island of Grettir and his brother.

The summer waned, and finding themselves no further along than at the beginning they struck hands with a certain Thorbjorn, called The Hook, and sold him their several claims.

So it came about that Thorbjorn the Hook was also an enemy of Grettir, for he swore that foul or fair, ill or well, he would have the head of the hero, and the price that was upon it, as well as the sheepwalks and herds of Drangey.

This Thorbjorn had an old foster-mother named Thurid, who, although the law of Christ had long since prevailed through all the country, still made witchcraft, and by this means promised The Hook that he should have the island, and with it the heads of Illugi and Grettir. She herself was a mumbling, fumbling carline of a sour spirit and fierce temper. Once when The Hook and his brother were at tail-game, she, looking over his shoulder, taunted him because he had made a bad move. On his answering in surly fashion, she caught up one of the pieces, and drove the tail of it so fiercely against his eye that the ball had started from the socket. He had sprung up with a mighty oath, and dealt her so strong a blow that she had taken to her bed a month, and thereafterward must walk with a stick. There was no love lost between the two.

Meanwhile, Grettir and Illugi lived in peace upon the top of Drangey. Illugi was younger than the hero; a fine lad with yellow hair and blue eyes. The brothers loved each other, and could not walk or sit together, but that the arm of one was about the shoulder of the other. The lad knew very well that neither he nor Grettir would ever leave Drangey alive; but in spite of that he abode on the island, and was happy in the love and comradeship of his older brother. As for Grettir, hunted and hustled from Norway to Skaptar Jokul, he could trust Illugi only. The thrall Noise was meet for little but to gather driftwood to feed the fire. But Illugi, of all men in the world, Grettir had chosen to stay at his side in this, the last stand of his life, and to bear him company in the night when he waked and was afraid.

For the weird that the Vampire had laid upon Grettir, when he had fought with him through the night at Thorhall-stead, lay heavy upon him. As the Vampire had said, his strength was never greater than at the moment when, spent and weary with the grapple, he had turned the monster under him; and, moreover, as the dead man had foretold, the eyes of him—the sightless, lightless dead eyes of him—grew out of the darkness in the late watches of the night, and stared at Grettir whichever way he turned.

For a long time all went well with the two. Bleak though it was, the brothers grew to love the Island of Drangey. Not all the days were so bitter as the one that witnessed their arrival. Throughout the summer—when the daylight lengthened and lengthened, till at last the sun never set at all—the weather held fair. The crust of soil on the top of the great rock grew green and brilliant with gorse and moss and manzelwursel. Blackberries flourished on southern exposures and in crevices between the bowlders, and wild thyme and heather bloomed and billowed in the sea wind.

Day after day the brothers walked the edge of the cliff, making the rounds of the snares they had set for sea fowl. Day after day, descending to the beaches, they fished in the offing or with ready spears crept from rock to rock, stalking the great bull-walruses that made the land to sun themselves. Day after day in a cloudless sky the sun shone; day after day the sea, deep blue, coruscated and flashed in his light; day after day the wind blew free, the flowers spread, and the surf shouted hoarsely on the beaches, and the sea fowl clamoured, cried, and rose and fell in glinting hordes. The air was full of the fine, clean aroma of the ocean, even the perfume of the flowers was crossed with a tang of salt, and the seaweed at low tide threw off, under the heat of the sun, a warm, sweet redolence of its own.

It was a brave life. They were no man's men. The lonely, rock-ribbed island, the grass, the growths of green, the blue sea, and the blessed sunlight were their friends, their helpers; they held what of the world they saw in fief. They made songs to the morning, and sang them on the cliff's edge, looking off over the sea beneath, standing on a point of rock, the wind in their faces, the taste of salt in their mouths, their long braids of yellow hair streaming from their foreheads.

They made songs to their swords, and swung the ponderous blades in cadence as they sang—wild, unrhymed, metrical chants, monotonous, turning upon but few notes; savage songs, full of man-slayings and death-fights against great odds, shouted out in deep-toned, male voices, there, far above the world, on that airy, wind-swept, lonely rock. A brave life!

The end they knew must come betimes. They were in nowise afraid. They made a song to their death—the song they would sing when they had turned Berserk in the crash of swords, when the great grey blades were rising and falling, death, like lightning, leaping from their edges; when shield rasped shield, and the spears sank home and wrenched out the life in a spurt of scarlet, and the massive axes rang upon helmet and hauberk, and men, heroes all, met death with a cheer, and went out into the Dark with a shout. A brave life!

III—OF THE WEIRD OF THURID, FOSTER-MOTHER TO THORBJORN HOOK

TWICE during that summer The Hook made attempts to secure the island. Once he sailed over to Drangey, and standing up in the prow of his boat near the beach, close by where the ladder hung, talked long with Grettir, who came to the rim of the cliff in answer to his shouts. He promised the Outlaw (so only that he would yield up the island) full possession of half the sheep that yet remained and a free passage in one of his ships to any port within fifty leagues. But the hero had but one answer to all persuadings.

"Drangey is mine," he said. "There is no rede whereby you can get me hence. Here do I bide, whatso may come to hand, to the day of my death and my undoing," and The Hook must sail home in evil mind, gnawing his nails in his fury, and vowing that he would yet gain the island and lay Grettir to earth, and get the best out of the bad bargain he had made.

Another time The Hook hired a man named Hœring, a great climber, to try, by night, to scale the hinder side of Drangey where the cliff was not so bold. But halfway up the man lost either his wits or his footing, for he fell dreadfully upon the rocks far below, and brake the neck of him, so that the spine drave through the skin.

And after that, certainly Grettir and Illugi were let alone. The fame of them and of their seizure of Drangey and the blood feud between them and Thorbjorn, called The Hook, went wide through all that part of Iceland, and many the man that put off from the mainland and sailed to the island, just to hail the Outlaw, at the head of the ladder, and wish him well. Thus the summer and the next winter passed.

At about the break-up of the winter night, The Hook began to importune his foster-mother, Thurid, that she should make good her promise as to the winning of Grettir. At last she said: "If you are to have my rede, I must have my will. Strike hands with my hand then, and swear to me to do those things that I shall say." And The Hook struck hands and sware the oath.

Then, though he was loath to visit the island again, she bade him man an eight-oared boat and flit her out to Drangey.

When they had reached the island, and after much shouting had brought Grettir and Illugi to the edge of the rock, Thorbjorn again renewed his offer, saying further that if there were now but few sheep left upon the island, he would add a bag of silver pennies to make the difference good.

"Bootless be your quest," answered Grettir. "Wot this well. What I have said, I have said. My bones shall rot upon Drangey ere I set foot on other soil."

But at his words the carline, who till now had sat huddled in rags and warps in the bow of the boat, stirred herself and screamed out:

"An ill word for a fair offer. The wits are out of these men that they may not know the face of their good fortune, and upon an evil time have they put their weal from them. Now this I cast over thee, Grettir; that thou be left of all health and good-hap, all good heed and wisdom, and that the longer ye live the less shall be thy luck. Good hope have I, Grettir, that thy days of gladness shall be fewer in time to come than in time gone by."

And at the words behold, Grettir the Strong, whose might no two men could master, staggered as though struck, and then a rage came upon him, and plucking up a stone from the earth, he flung it at the heap of rags in the boat, so that it fell upon the hag's leg and brake it.

"An evil deed, brother," said Illugi. "Surely no good will come of that."

"Nor none from the words of that hell-cat yonder," answered Grettir. "Not over-much were-gild were paid for us, though the price should be one carline's life."

The Hook sailed back to the mainland after this, and sat at home while the leg of his foster-mother mended. But when she was able to walk again, she bade him lead her forth upon the shore. For a time she hobbled up and down till she had found a piece of driftwood to her liking. She turned it over, now upon this side, now upon that, mumbling to herself the while, till The Hook, puzzled, said:

"What work ye there, foster-mother?"

"The bane of Grettir," answered the witch, and with that she crouched herself down by the log and cut runes upon it. Then she stood upright and walked backwards about the log, and went widdershins around it, and then, after carving more runes, bade Thorbjorn cast it into the sea.

The Hook scoffed and jeered, but, mindful of his oath, set the log adrift. Now the flood tide made strongly at the time, and the wind set from off the ocean.

"It will come to shore," he said.

"Ay, that I hope," said the witch; "to the shore of Drangey."

On the beaches, where the torn scum and froth of the waves shuddered and tumbled to and fro in the wind, The Hook and the old witch stood watching. Thrice the surf flung the log landward, thrice the undertow sucked it back. It was carried under the curve of a great hissing comber, disappeared, then rose dripping on the far side. The hag, bent upon her crutch, her toothless jaws fumbling and working, her grey hair streaming in the wind, fixed a glittering eye, malevolent, iniquitous, far out to sea where Drangey showed itself, a block of misty blue over the horizon's edge.

"A strong spell for a strong man," she muttered, "and an ill curse for an evil deed. Blighted be the breasts that sucked ye, and black and bitter the bread ye eat. Look thou now, foster-son." she cried, raising her voice.

The Hook crossed himself, and his head crouched fearfully between his shoulders. Under his bent brows the glance of him shot uneasily from side to side.

"A bad business," he whispered, and he trembled as he spoke. For the log was riding the waves like a skiff, headed seawards, making way against tide and wind, veering now east, now west, but in the main working steadily toward Drangey. "A bad business, and peril of thy life is toward if the deed thou hast done this day be told of at Thingvalla."

IV—The Night-Flitting of Thorbjorn Hook

By candle-lighting time that day the storm had reached such a pitch and so mighty was the fury and noise raging across the top of Drangey, that Grettir and Illugi must needs put their lips to one another's ears when they spoke. There was no rain as yet, and the wind that held straight as an arrow's flight over the ocean, had blown away all mists and clouds, so that the atmosphere was of an ominous clearness, and the coasts of Iceland showed livid white against the purple black of the sky.

There were strange sounds about: the prolonged alarums of the gale; blast trumpeting to blast all through the hollow upper spaces of the air; the metallic slithering of the frozen grasses, writhing and tormented; the minute whistle of driving sand; the majestic diapason of the breakers, and the wild piping of bewildered sea-mews and black swans, as, helpless in the sudden gusts, they drove past, close overhead with slanted wings stretched tense and taut.

Towards evening Grettir and Illugi regained the hut, their bodies bent and inclined against the wind. They bore between them the carcass of a slaughtered sheep, the last on the island, for by now they had killed and eaten all of the herd, with the exception of one old ram, whom they had spared because of his tameness. This one followed the brothers about like a dog, and each night came to the door of the hut and butted against it till he was allowed to come in.

Earlier in the day Grettir, foreseeing that the weather would be hard, had sent Noise, the servant, to gather in a greater supply of drift. The thrall now met the brothers at the door of the hut, staggering under the weight of a great log. He threw his burden down at Grettir's feet and spoke surlily, for he was but little pleased with his lot:

"There be that which I hold will warm you enough. Hew it now yourself, for I am spent with the toil of getting it in on such a night as this."

But as Grettir heaved up the axe, Illugi sprang forward with a hand outstretched and a warning cry. He had glanced at the balk of drift, and had seen it to be one that Grettier had twice discarded, suspicious of the runes that he saw were cut into it. Even Noise had been warned and forbidden to bring it to the hut. Doubtless on this day the thrall had found it close by the foot of the ladder, and being too slothful and too ill-tempered to seek farther, had fetched it in despite of Grettir's commands.

"Brother," cried Illugi, "have a heed what ye do!"

But he spoke too late. Grettir hewed strong upon the balk, and the axe flipped from it and drave into his leg below the knee, so that the blade hung in the bone. Grettir flung down the axe, and staggered into the hut and sank upon the bed.

"Ill-luck is to us-ward," he cried, "and now wot I well that my death is upon me. For no good thing was this drift-timber sent thrice to us. Noise, evilly hast thou done, and ill hast thou served us. Go now and draw the ladder, and let thy faithful service henceforth make good the ill-turn thou hast done me to-day." And with the words the brothers drove him out into the night.

Grumbling, the thrall made his way to the ladder-head, and sat down cursing.

"A fine life," he muttered, "hounded like a house-carle from dawn to dark. Because the son of Asmund swings awkwardly his axe and notches the skin of him, I must be driven from house and hearthstone on so hard a night as this. Draw the ladder! Ay, draw the ladder, says he. By God! it were no man's deed to risk whether he could win to the island in such a storm as this."

For all that, he made at least one attempt to draw the ladder up. But it was heavy, and the wind, thrashing it to and fro, made it hard to manage. Noise soon gave over, and, out of spite refusing to return to the hut, drew his cloak over his head, and crawling in behind a bowlder addressed himself to sleep. He was awakened by a blow.

He sprang up. The night was overcast; it had been raining; his cloak was drenched. Men were there; dark figures crowding together, whispering. There was a click and clash of steel, and against the pale blur of the sky he saw, silhouetted, the moving head of a spear. Again some one struck him. He wrenched about terrified, and a score of hands gripped him close, while at his throat sprang the clutch of fingers iron-strong. Then a voice:

"Fool, and son of a fool, and worse than a fool! It is I, Thorbjorn, called The Hook. Speak as he should speak who is nigh to death, true words and few words. What of Grettir?"

"Sore bestead," Noise made shift to answer, through the grip upon his throat. "Crippled with his own axe as he hewed upon a log of firewood but this very day. Down upon his back he is, and none to stand at his side, when the need is on him, but the boy Illugi."

"A log, say you?" whispered The Hook. Then turning to a comrade: "Mark you that, Hialfi Thinbeard."

"A log cut with runes," insisted Noise.

"Ay, with runes," repeated The Hook.

"With runes, I say, Hialfi Thinbeard. My mind misgave me when the carline urged this flitting to-night, and only for my oath's sake I would have foregone it. But an old she-goat knows the shortest path to the byre. As for you"—he turned to Noise: "Grettir is mine enemy, and the feud of blood lies between us, but he deserves a better thrall than so foul a bird as thou."

Thereat he gave the word, and his carles set upon Noise and beat him till no breath was left in his body. Then they bound him hand and foot, and dragged him behind a rock, and left him.

Noise watched them as they drew to one side and whispered together. There were at least twenty of them. For a long moment they conferred together in low voices, while the wind shrilled fiercely in the cluster of their spear-blades. Then there was a movement. The group broke up. Silently and with cautious steps the dark figures of the men moved off in the direction of the hut. Twice, as The Hook gave the word, they halted to listen. Then they moved on again. They disappeared. A pebble clicked under foot, a sword struck faintly against a rock.

There was no more sound. The rain urged by the wind held steadily across the top of the Island of Drangey. It wanted about three hours till dawn.

V—Of the Man-Slaying on Drangey

In the hut, his head upon his brother's lap, Grettir lay tossing with pain. From the thigh down the leg was useless, and from the thigh down it throbbed with anguish, yet the Outlaw gave no sign of his sufferings, and even to speed the slow passing of the night had sung aloud.

It was a song of the old days, when all men were friendly to him, when he was known as Grettir Asmundson and not Grettir the Outlaw; and as he sang, his mind went back through the years of all that wild, troubled life of his, and he remembered many things. Back again in the old home at Biarg, free and happy once more he saw himself as he should have been, head of his mother's household, his foot upon his own hearthstone, his head under his own roof-tree. And there should be no more foes to fight, and no more hiding and night-riding; no noontime danger to be faced down; no enemies that struck in the dark to be baffled. And he would be free again; he would be among his fellows; he would touch the hand of friends, would know the companionship of brave and honest men and the love of good and honest women. Would it all be his again some day? Would the old, old times come back again? Would there ever be a home-coming for him? Fighter though he was, a hero and a warrior, and though battles and man-slayings more than he could count had been his portion, even though the shock of swords was music to him, there were other things that made life glad. The hand the sword-hilt had calloused could yet remember the touch of a maiden's fingers, and at times, such as this, strange thoughts grew with a strange murmuring in his brain. He was a young man yet; could he but make head against his enemies and his untoward fortune till the sentence of outlawry was overpassed, he might yet begin his life all new again. A wife should be his, and a son should be born to him—a little son to watch at play, to love, to cherish, to boast of, to be proud of, to laugh over, to weep over, to be held against that mighty breast of his, to be enfolded ever so gently in those mighty sword-scarred arms of his. Strange thoughts; strange, indeed, for a wounded outlaw, on that storm-swept, barren rock in the dark, dark hours before the dawn.

"I think," said Grettir after a while, "that now I may sleep a little."

Illugi made him comfortable upon the sheep-pelts, and put his rolled-up cloak under his head; then, when Grettir had closed his eyes, put a new log upon the fire and sat down nigh at hand.

Long time the lad sat thus watching his brother's face as sleep smoothed from it the lines of pain; as the lips under the long, blond mustaches relaxed a little, and the frown went from the forehead.

It was a kindly face, after all; none of the harshness in it, none of the fierceness in it that so bitter a life as his should have stamped it with—a kindly face, serious, grave even, the face of a big-hearted, generous fellow who bore no malice, who feared no evil, who uttered no complaint, and who looked fate fearless between the eyes.

Something shocked heavily at the door of the hut, and the Outlaw stirred uneasily, and his blue eyes opened a little.

"It is only the old ram, brother," said Illugi. "He butts hard to get in."

"Hard and over hard," muttered Grettir, and as he spoke the door split in twain, and the firelight flashed upon the face of Thorbjorn Hook.

Instantly Illugi was on his feet, his spear in hand. It had come at last, the end of everything. Fate at last was knocking at the door. Grettir was to fight the Last Fight there in that narrow hut, there on that night of storm, in the rain and under the scudding clouds.

Behind him, as he stood facing the riven door and the men that were crowding into the doorway, he heard Grettir struggling to his feet. The fire flared and smoked in the wind, and the rain, as it swept in from without, hissed as it fell among the hot embers. From far down on the beaches came the booming of the surf.

The onset hung poised. After that first splintering of the door The Hook and his men made no move. No man spoke. Illugi, his spear held ready, was a statue in the midst of the hut; Grettir, upon one knee, with his great sword in his fist, one hand holding by Illugi's belt, did not move. His eyes, steady, earnest, were upon those of The Hook, and the two men held each other's glances for a moment that seemed immeasurably long. Then at last:

"Who showed thee the way hither?" said Grettir quietly.

"God showed us the way," The Hook made answer.

"Nay, nay, it was the hag, thy foster-mother."

But the sound of voices broke the spell. In an instant the great fight—the fight that would be told of in Iceland for hundreds of years to come—burst suddenly forth like the bursting of a dyke. Illugi had leaped forward, and through the smoke of the weltering fire his spear-blade flashed, curving like the curving leap of a salmon in the rapids of the Jokulsa. There was a cry, a rush of many feet, a parting of the group in the doorway, and Hialfi Thinbeard's hands shut their death-grip upon the shaft of Illugi's spear as the blade of it tore out between his shoulders.

But now men were upon the roof—Karr, son of Karr, thrall of Tongue-stone, Vikaar and Haldarr of the household of Eirik of Good-dale, Hafr of Meadness in the Fleets and Thorwald of Hegraness—tearing away the thatch and thrusting madly downward with sword and spear. Illugi dropped the haft of the weapon that had slain Hialfi, and catching up another one, made as if to drive it through the hatch. But even as he did so the whole roof cracked and sagged; then it gave way at one corner, and Karr, son of Karr, fell headlong from above. Grettir caught him on his sword-point as he fell, and at the same moment The Hook drave a small boar-spear clean through Illugi's head.

And from that moment all semblance of consecutive action was lost. Yelling, shouting, groaning, cursing, the men rushed together in one blurred and furious grapple. The wrecked hut collapsed, crashing upon their heads; the fire, kicked and trampled as the fight raged back and forth, caught the thatch and sheep-pelts, and flamed up fiercely in and around the combat. They fought literally in fire—in fire and thick smoke and driving rain. The arms that thrust with spear or hewed with sword rose and fell all ablaze. Those who fell, fell among hot coals and fought their fellows—their own friends—to make way that they might escape the torment.

Twice Grettir, dying though he was, flung the fight from him and rose to his full height, a dreadful figure, alone for an instant, bloody, dripping, charred with ashes, half naked, his clothes all burning; and twice again they flung themselves upon him, and bore him down, so that he disappeared beneath their mass. And ever and again from out the swirl of the onset, from that unspeakable jam of men, mad with the battle-madness that was upon them, crawled out some horrid figure, staggering, gashed, and maimed, or even dying, done to death by the great Outlaw in the last fight of his life. Thorfin, Gamli's man, had both arms broken at the very shoulders; Krolf of Drontheim reeled back from the battle with a sword-thrust through his hip that made him go on crutches the rest of his life; Kolbein, churl of Svein, died two days later of a spear-thrust through the bowels; Ognund, Hakon's son, never was able to use his right arm after that night.

Hardly a man of all the twenty that did not for all the rest of his life bear upon his body the marks of Grettir's death-fight. Still Grettir bore up. He had with one arm caught Thorir, The Hook's stoutest house-carle, around the throat, while his other arm, that wielded his sword, hewed and hewed and smote and thrust as though it would never tire. Even above the din of the others rose the clamour of Thorir's agony. Once again Grettir cleared a space around him, and stood with dripping sword, his left arm still crushing Thorir in that awful embrace. Thorir was weaponless, his face purple. No thought of battle was left in him, and frantic, he stretched out a hand to his fellows, his voice a wail:

"Help me, Thorbjorn. He is killing me. For Christ's sake——"

And Grettir's blade nailed the words within his throat. The wretch slid to the ground doubled in a heap, the blood gushing from his mouth.

Then those that yet remained alive, drawn off a little, panting, spent, saw a terrible sight—the death of Grettir.

For a moment in that flicker of fire he seemed to grow larger. Alone, unassailable, erect among those heaps of dead and dying enemies, his stature seemed as it were suddenly to increase. He towered above them, his head in swirls of smoke, the great bare shoulders gleaming with his blood, the long braids of yellow hair soaked with it. Awful, gigantic, suddenly a demigod, he stood colossal, a man made more than human. The eyes of him fixed, wide open, looked out into the darkness above their heads, unwinking, unafraid—looked into the darkness and into the eyes of Death, unafraid, unshaken.

There he stood already dead, yet still upon his feet, rigid as iron, his back unbent, his neck proud; while they cowered before him holding their breaths waiting, watching. Then, like a mighty pine tree, stiff, unbending, he swayed slowly forward. Stiff as a sword-blade the great body leaned over farther and farther; slowly at first, then with increased momentum inclined swiftly earthward. He fell, and they could believe that the crash of that fall shook the earth beneath their feet. He died as he would have wished to die, in battle, his harness on, his sword in his grip. He lay face downward amid the dead ashes of the trampled fire and moved no more.

The Faithless Shepherdess

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchéd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, Untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
—Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

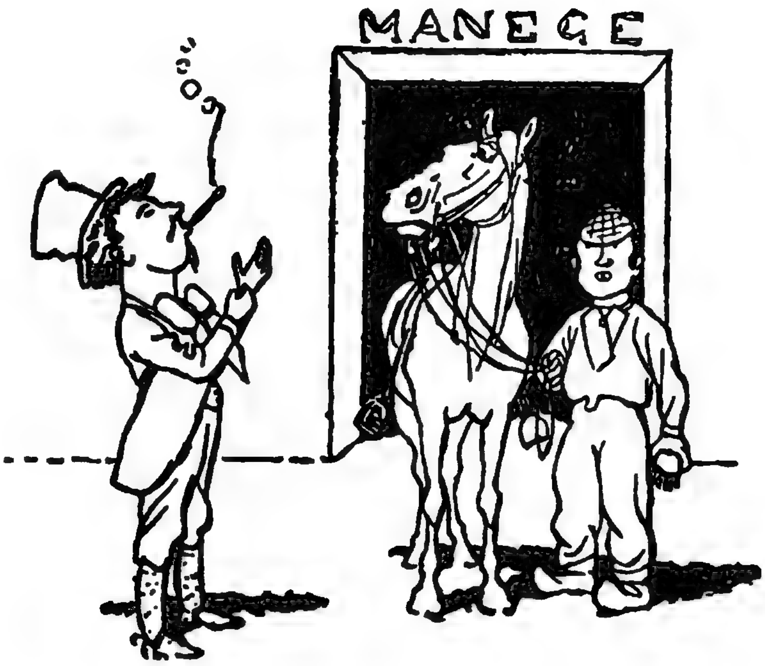
Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon enchainèd;
Full soon your love was leapt from me!
Full soon my place he had obtainèd.
Soon came a third your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removèd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovèd:
For all my love was past and done
Two days before it was begun.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

William Byrd's
Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589.

The Horse Who Knew What's What

By CARAN D'ACHE (Emmanuel Poiré)



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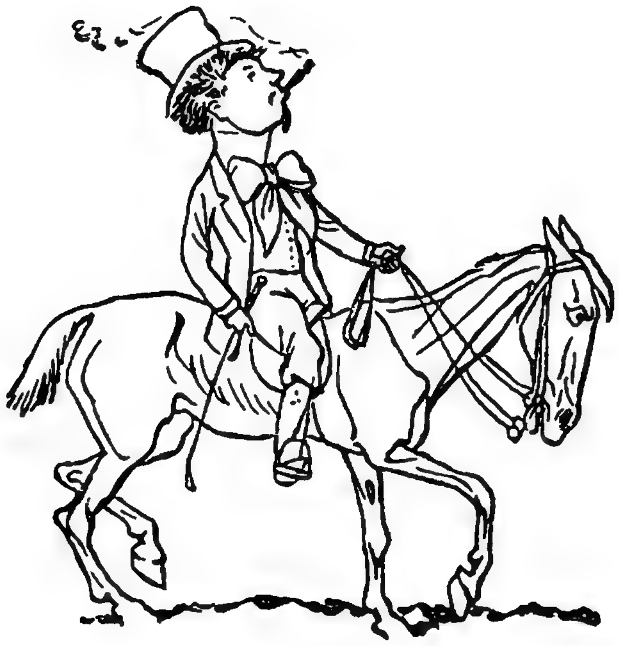

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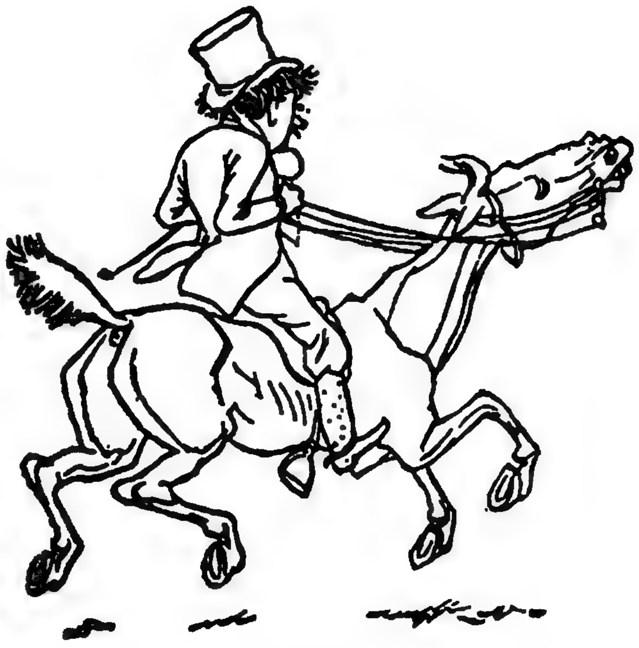

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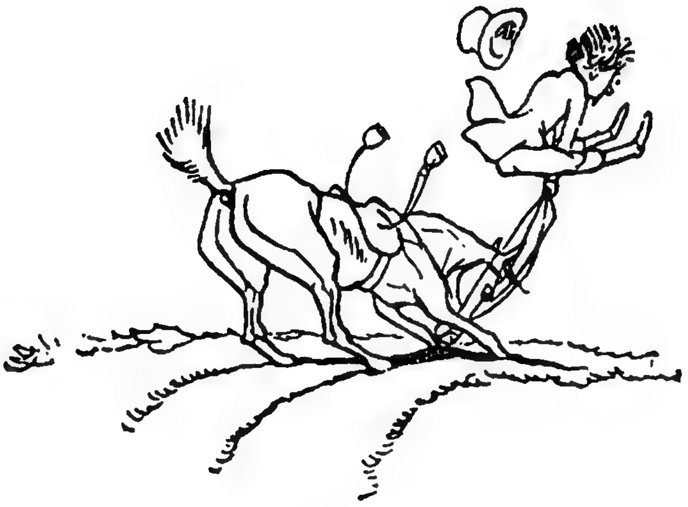

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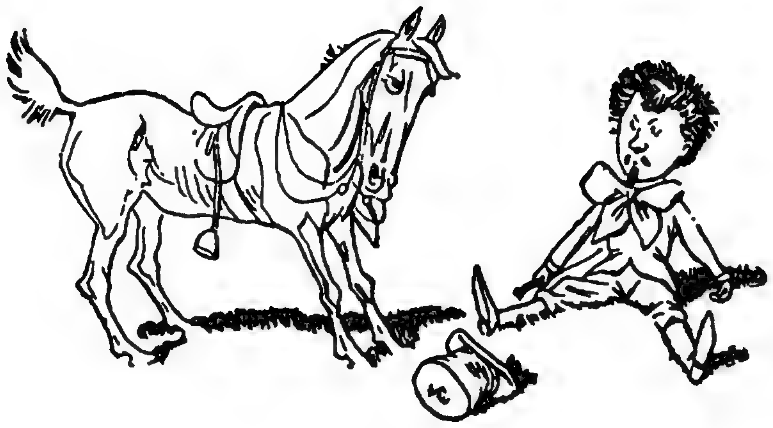

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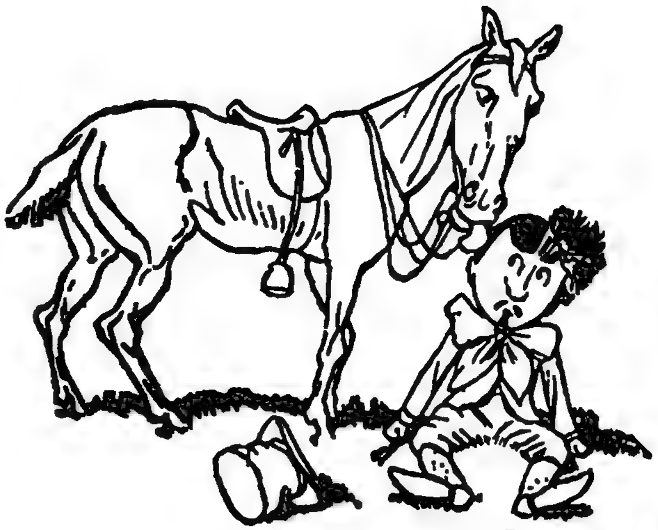

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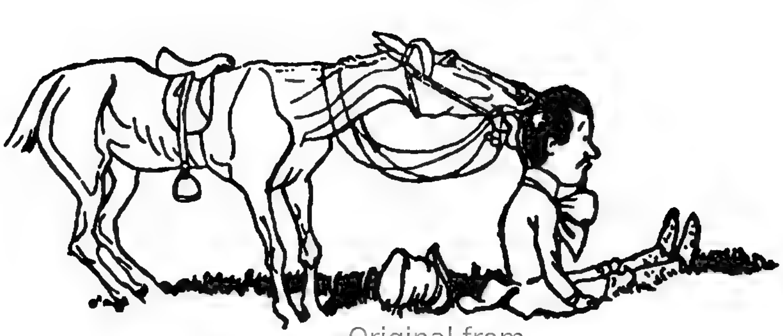

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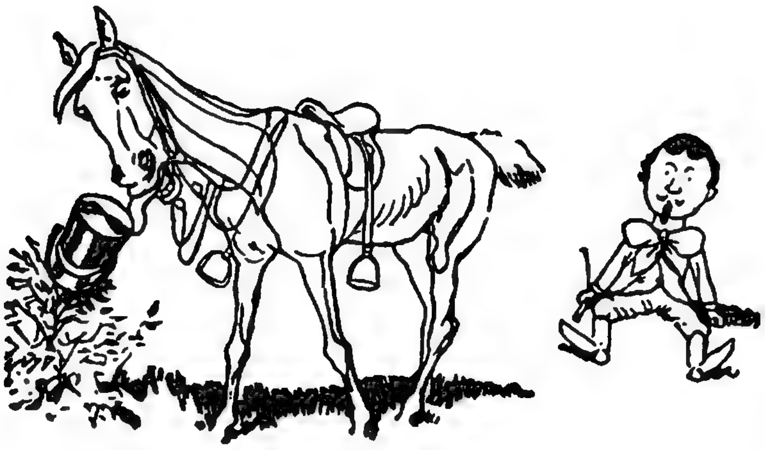

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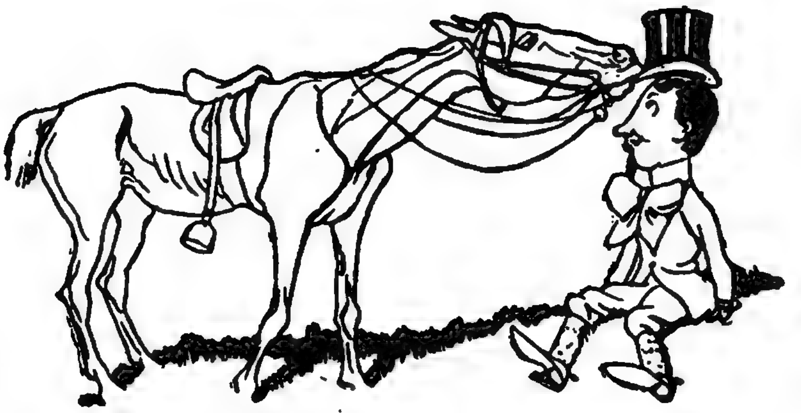

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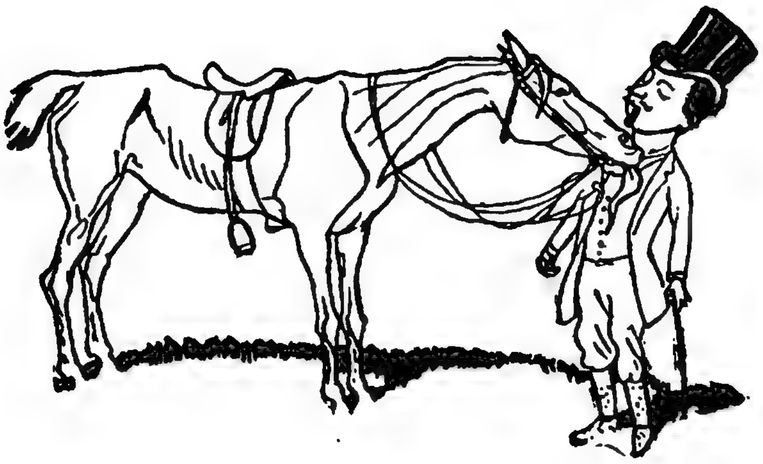

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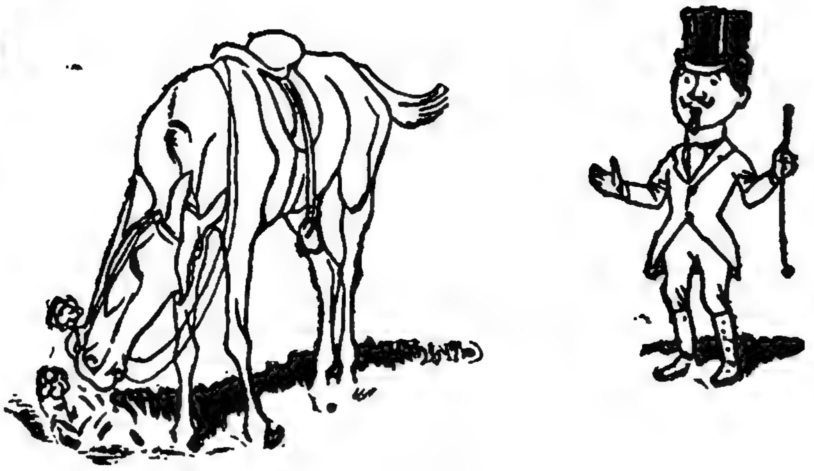

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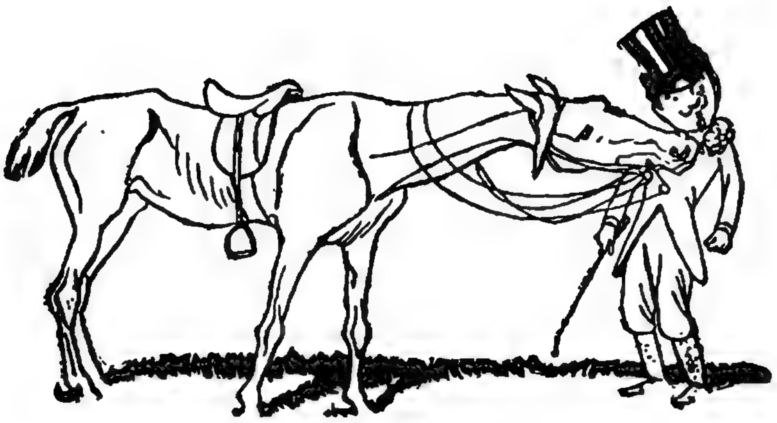

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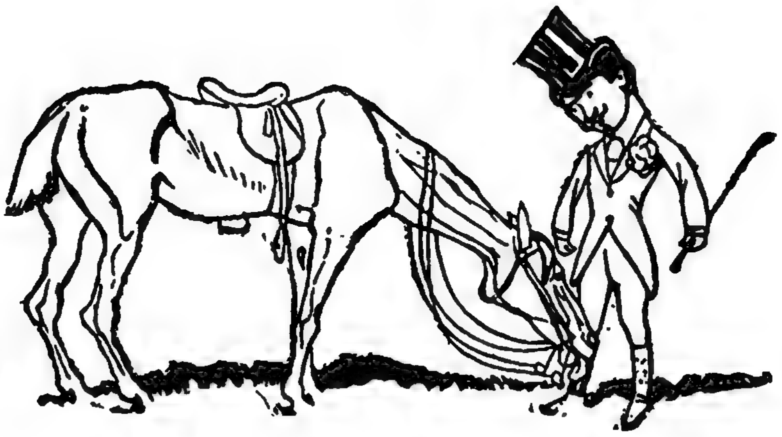

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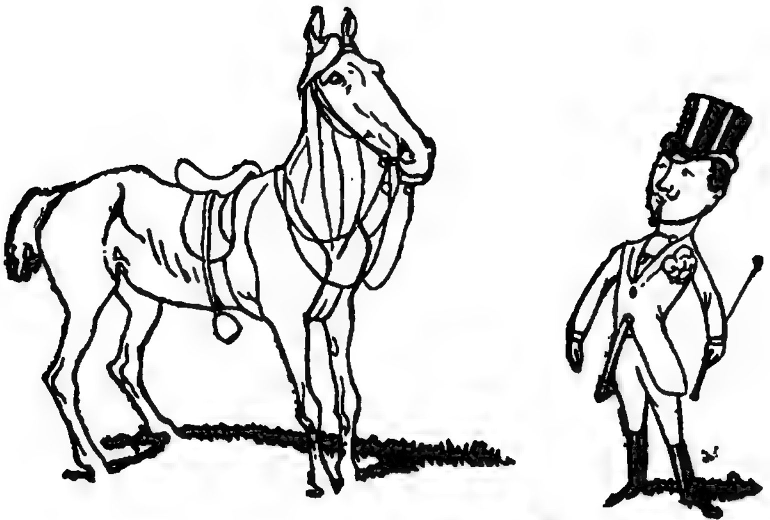

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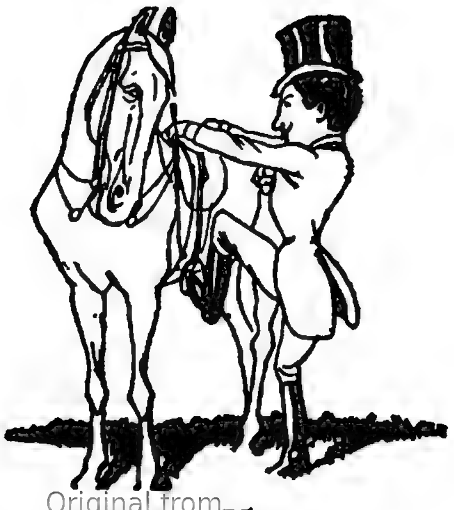

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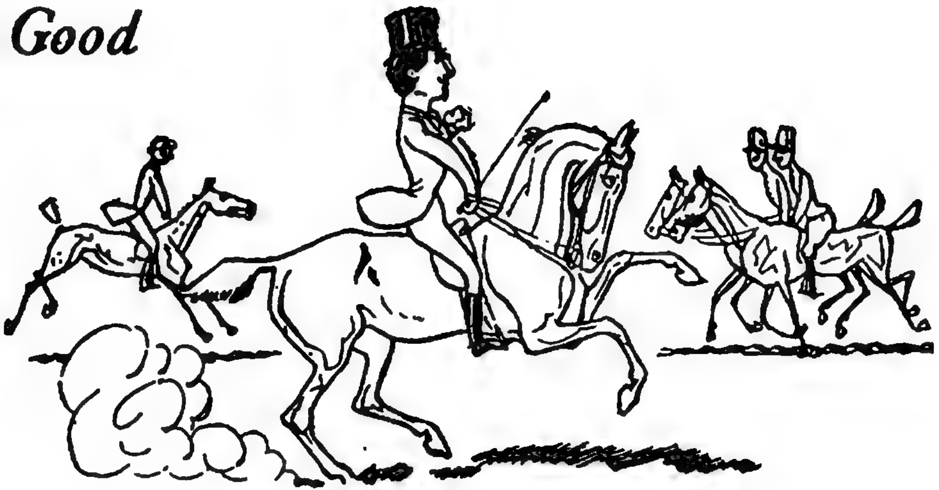

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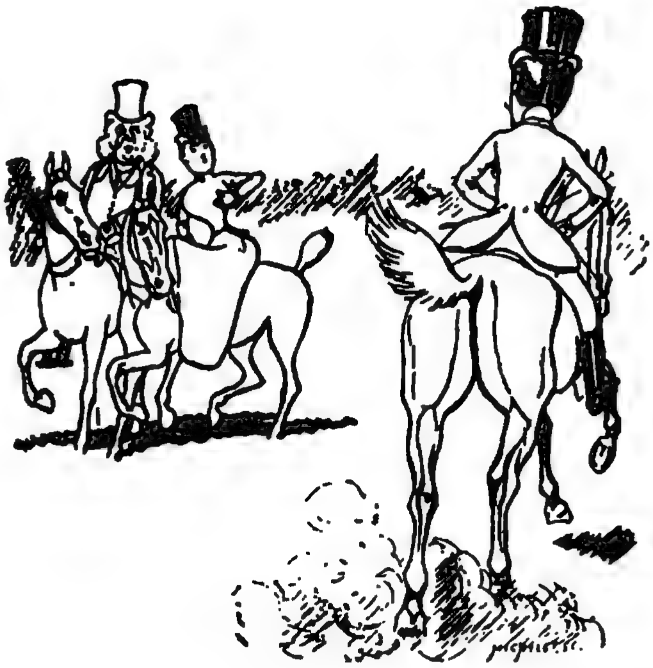

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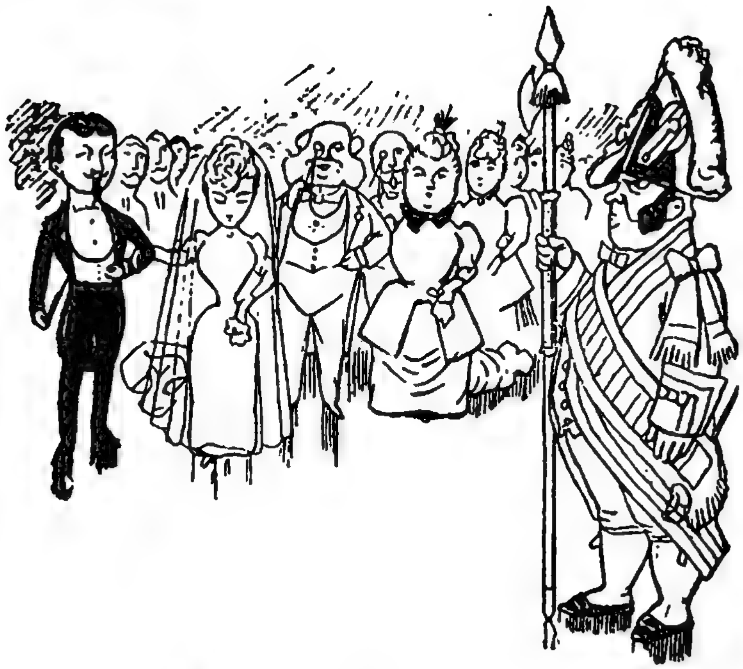

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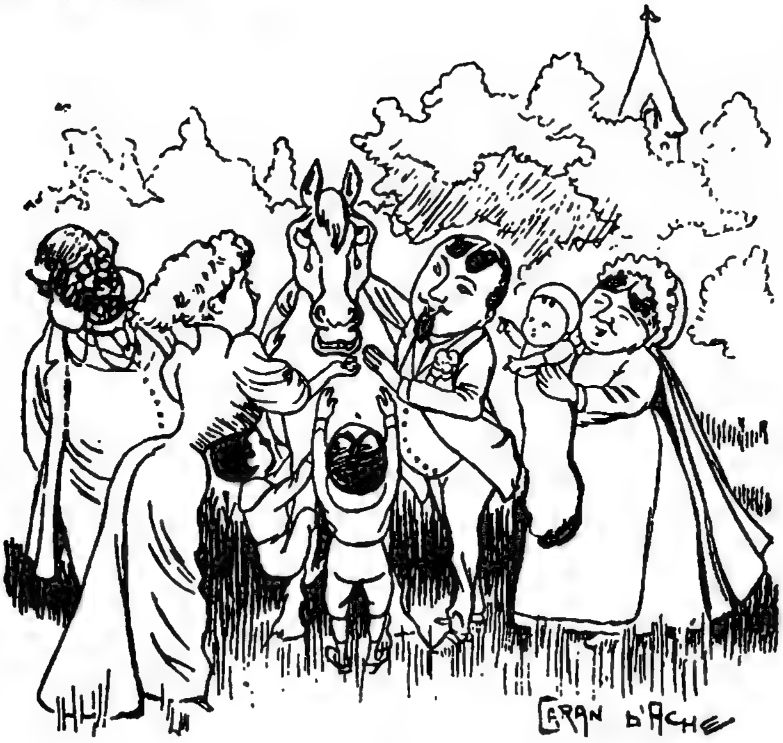

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Origin of the Good

IT IS not surprising that the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey, but that is no reason for blaming the great birds of prey for taking the little lambs. And when the lambs say among themselves, "Those birds of prey are evil, and he who is as far removed as possible from being a bird of prey, who is rather its opposite, a lamb—is he not good?" then there is nothing to cavil at in the setting up of this ideal, though it may also be that the birds of prey will regard it a little sneeringly, and perchance say to themselves, "*We* bear no grudge against them, these good lambs, we even like them: nothing is tastier than a tender lamb."

To require of strength that it should *not* express itself as strength, that it should not be a wish to overpower, a wish to overthrow, a wish to become master, a thirst for enemies and antagonisms and triumphs, is just as absurd as to require of weakness that it should express itself as strength. NIETZSCHE.

The Perils of Certain English Prisoners

By WILKIE COLLINS

Wilkie Collins

[To be completed in Three Parts. Chapters I and III by Charles Dickens]

CHAPTER II

THE PRISON IN THE WOODS

THERE we all stood, huddled up on the beach under the burning sun, with the pirates closing us in on every side—as forlorn a company of helpless men, women, and children as ever was gathered together out of any nation in the world. I kept my thoughts to myself; but I did not in my heart believe that any one of our lives was worth five minutes' purchase.

The man on whose will our safety or our destruction depended was the Pirate Captain. All our eyes, by a kind of instinct, fixed themselves on him—excepting in the case of the poor children, who, too frightened to cry, stood hiding their faces against their mothers' gowns. The ruler who held all the ruffians about us in subjection, was, judging by appearances, the very last man I should have picked out as likely to fill a place of power among any body of men, good or bad, under heaven. By nation, he was a Portuguese; and, by name, he was generally spoken of among his men as The Don. He was a little, active, weazen, monkey-faced man, dressed in the brightest colours and the finest-made clothes I ever saw. His three-cornered hat was smartly cocked on one side. His coat-skirts were stiffened and stuck out, like the skirts of the dandies in the Mall in London. When the dance was given at the Island, I saw no such lace on any lady's dress there as I saw on his cravat and ruffles. Round his neck he wore a thick gold chain, with a diamond cross hanging from it. His lean, wiry, brown fingers were covered with rings. Over his shoulders, and falling down in front to below his waist, he wore a sort of sling of broad scarlet cloth, embroidered with beads and little feathers, and holding, at the lower part, four loaded pistols, two on a side, lying ready to either hand. His face was mere skin and bone, and one of his wrinkled cheeks had a blue scar running all across it, which drew up that part of his face, and showed his white shining teeth on that side of his mouth. An uglier, meaner, weaker, man-monkey to look at, I never saw; and yet there was not one of his crew, from his mate to his cabin-boy, who did not obey him as if he had been the greatest monarch in the world. As for the Sambos, including especially that evil-minded scoundrel, Christian George King, they never went near him without seeming to want to roll before him on the ground, for the sake of winning the honour of having one of his little dancing-master's feet set on their black bullock bodies.

There this fellow stood, while we were looking at him, with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar. His mate (the one-eyed Englishman) stood by him; a big, hulking fellow he was, who might have eaten the Captain up, pistols and all, and looked about for more afterwards. The Don himself seemed, to an ignorant man like me, to have a gift of speaking in any tongue he liked. I can testify that his English rattled out of his crooked lips as fast as if it was natural to them; making allowance, of course, for his foreign way of clipping his words.

"Now, Captain," says the big mate, running his eye over us as if we were a herd of cattle, "here they are. What's to be done with them?"

"Are they all off the Island?" says the Pirate Captain.

"All of them that are alive," says the mate.

"Good, and very good," says the captain. "Now, Giant-Georgy, some paper, a pen, and a horn of ink."

Those things were brought immediately.

"Something to write on," says the Pirate Captain. "What? Ha! why not a broad nigger back?"

He pointed with the end of his cigar to one of the Sambos. The man was pulled forward, and set down on his knees with his shoulders rounded. The Pirate Captain laid the paper on them, and took a dip of ink—then suddenly turned up his snub-nose with a look of disgust, and, removing the paper again, took from his pocket a fine cambric handkerchief edged with lace, smelt at the scent on it, and afterwards laid it delicately over the Sambo's shoulders.

"A table of black man's back, with the sun on it, close under my nose—ah, Giant-Georgy, pah! pah!" says the Pirate Captain, putting the paper on the handkerchief, with another grimace expressive of great disgust.

He began to write immediately, waiting from time to time to consider a little with himself; and once stopping, apparently, to count our numbers as we stood before him. To think of that villain knowing how to write, and of my not being able to make so much as a decent pothook, if it had been to save my life!

When he had done, he signed to one of his men to take the scented handkerchief off the Sambo's back, and told the sailor he might keep it for his trouble. Then, holding the written paper open in his hand, he came forward a step or two closer to us, and said, with a grin, and a mock bow, which made my fingers itch with wanting to be at him: "I have the honour of addressing myself to the ladies. According to my reckoning they are fifteen ladies in all. Does any one of them belong to the chief officer of the sloop?"

There was a momentary silence.

"You don't answer me," says the Pirate Captain. "Now, I mean to be answered. Look here, women." He drew one of his four pistols out of his gay scarlet sling, and walked up to Tom Packer, who happened to be standing nearest to him of the men prisoners. "This is a pistol, and it is loaded. I put the barrel to the head of this man with my right hand, and I take out my watch with my left. I wait five minutes for an answer. If I don't get it in five minutes, I blow this man's brains out. I wait five minutes again, and if I don't get an answer, I blow the next man's brains out. And so I go on, if you are obstinate, and your nerves are strong, till not one of your soldiers or your sailors is left. On my word of honour, as a gentleman-buccanier, I promise you that. Ask my men if I ever broke my word."

He rested the barrel of the pistol against Tom Packer's head, and looked at his watch, as perfectly composed, in his cat-like cruelty, as if he was waiting for the boiling of an egg.

"If you think it best not to answer him, ladies," says Tom, "never mind me. It's my trade to risk my life; and I shall lose it in a good cause."

"A brave man," said the Pirate Captain, lightly. "Well, ladies, are you going to sacrifice the brave man?"

"We are going to save him," said Miss Maryon, "as he has striven to save us. *I* belong to the captain of the sloop. I am his sister." She stopped, and whispered anxiously to Mrs. Macey, who was standing with her. "Don't acknowledge yourself, as I have done—you have children."

"Good!" said the Pirate Captain. "The answer is given, and the brains may stop in the brave man's head." He put his watch and pistol back, and took two or three quick puffs at his cigar to keep it alight—then handed the paper he had written on, and his penfull of ink, to Miss Maryon.

"Read that over," he said, "and sign it for yourself, and the women and children with you."

Saying those words, he turned round briskly on his heel, and began talking, in a whisper, to Giant-Georgy, the big English mate. What he was talking about, of course, I could not hear; but I noticed that he motioned several times straight into the interior of the country.

"Davis," said Miss Maryon, "look at this."

She crossed before her sister, as she spoke, and held the paper which the Pirate Captain had given to her, under my eyes—my bound arms not allowing me to take it myself. Never to my dying day shall I forget the shame I felt, when I was obliged to acknowledge to Miss Maryon that I could not read a word of it!

"There are better men than me, ma'am," I said, with a sinking heart, "who can read it, and advise you for the best."

"None better," she answered, quietly. "None, whose advice I would so willingly take. I have seen enough, to feel sure of that. Listen, Davis, while I read."

Her pale face turned paler still, as she fixed her eyes on the paper. Lowering her voice to a whisper, so that the women and children near might not hear, she read me these lines:

> "To the Captains of English men-of-war, and to the commanders of vessels of other nations, cruising in the Caribbean Seas.
>
> "The precious metal and the jewels laid up in the English Island of Silver-Store, are in the possession of the Buccaniers, at sea.
>
> "The women and children of the Island of Silver-Store, to the number of Twenty-Two, are in the possession of the Buccaniers, on land.
>
> "They will be taken up the country, with fourteen men prisoners (whose lives the Buccaniers have private reasons of their own for preserving), to a place of confinement, which is unapproachable by strangers. They will be kept there until a certain day, previously agreed on between the Buccaniers at sea, and the Buccaniers on land.
>
> "If, by that time, no news from the party at sea reaches the party on land, it will be taken for granted that the expedition which conveys away the silver and jewels has been met, engaged, and conquered by superior force; that the Treasure has been taken from its present owners; and that the Buccaniers guarding it, have been made prisoners, to be dealt with according to the law.
>
> "The absence of the expected news at the appointed time, being interpreted in this way, it will be the next object of the Buccaniers on land to take reprisals for the loss and the injury inflicted on their companions at sea. The lives of the women and children of the Island of Silver-Store are absolutely at their mercy; and those lives will pay the forfeit, if the Treasure is taken away, and if the men in possession of it come to harm.
>
> "This paper will be nailed to the lid of the largest chest taken from the Island. Any officer whom the chances of war may bring within reading distance of it, is warned to pause and consider, before his conduct signs the death-warrant of the women and children of an English colony.
>
> "Signed, under the Black Flag,
>
> "Pedro Mendez,
>
> "Commander of the Buccaniers, and Chief of the Guard over the English Prisoners."
>
> "The statement above written, in so far as it regards the situation we are now placed in, may be depended on as the truth.
>
> "Signed, on behalf of the imprisoned women and children of the Island of Silver-Store."

"Beneath this last line," said Miss Maryon, pointing to it, "is a blank space, in which I am expected to sign my name."

"And in five minutes' time," added the Pirate Captain, who had stolen close up to us, "or the same consequences will follow which I had the pleasure of explaining to you a few minutes ago."

He again drew out his watch and pistol; but, this time, it was my head that he touched with the barrel.

"When Tom Packer spoke for himself, miss, a little while ago," I said, "please to consider that he spoke for me."

"Another brave man!" said the Pirate Captain, with his ape's grin. "Am I to fire my pistol this time, or am I to put it back again as I did before?"

Miss Maryon did not seem to hear him. Her kind eyes rested for a moment on my face, and then looked up to the bright Heaven above us.

"Whether I sign, or whether I do not sign," she said, "we are still in the hands of God, and the future which His wisdom has appointed will not the less surely come."

With those words she placed the paper on my breast, signed it, and handed it back to the Pirate Captain.

"This is our secret, Davis," she whispered. "Let us keep the dreadful knowledge of it to ourselves as long as we can."

I have another singular confession to make—I hardly expect anybody to believe me when I mention the circumstance—but it is not the less the plain truth that, even in the midst of that frightful situation, I felt, for a few moments, a sensation of happiness while Miss Maryon's hand was holding the paper on my breast, and while her lips were telling me that there was a secret between us which we were to keep together.

The Pirate Captain carried the signed paper at once to his mate.

"Go back to the Island," he says, "and nail that with your own hands on the lid of the largest chest. There is no occasion to hurry the business of shipping the Treasure, because there is nobody on the Island to make signals that may draw attention to it from the sea. I have provided for that; and I have provided for the chance of your being outmanœuvred afterwards, by English, or other cruisers. Here are your sailing orders" (he took them from his pocket while he spoke), "your directions for the disposal of the Treasure, and your appointment of the day and the place for communicating again with me and my prisoners. I have done my part—go you, now, and do yours."

Hearing the clearness with which he gave his orders; knowing what the devilish scheme was that he had invented for preventing the recovery of the Treasure, even if our ships happened to meet and capture the pirates at sea; remembering what the look and the speech of him had been, when he put his pistol to my head and Tom Packer's; I began to understand how it was that this little, weak, weazen, wicked spider had got the first place and kept it among the villains about him.

The mate moved off, with his orders, towards the sea. Before he got there, the Pirate Captain beckoned another of the crew to come to him; and spoke a few words in his own, or in some other foreign language. I guessed what they meant, when I saw thirty of the pirates told off together, and set in a circle all round us. The rest were marched away after the mate. In the same manner the Sambos were divided next. Ten, including Christian George King, were left with us; and the others were sent down to the canoes. When this had been done, the Pirate Captain looked at his watch; pointed to some trees, about a mile off, which fringed the land as it rose from the beach; said to an American among the pirates round us, who seemed to hold the place of second mate, "In two hours from this time"; and then walked away briskly, with one of his men after him, to some baggage piled up below us on the beach.

We were marched off at once to the shady place under the trees, and allowed to sit down there, in the cool, with our guard in a ring round us. Feeling certain from what I saw, and from what I knew to be contained in the written paper signed by Miss Maryon, that we were on the point of undertaking a long journey up the country, I anxiously examined my fellow prisoners to see how fit they looked for encountering bodily hardship and fatigue: to say nothing of mental suspense and terror, over and above.

With all possible respect for an official gentleman, I must admit that Mr. Commissioner Pordage struck me as being, beyond any comparison, the most helpless individual in our unfortunate company. What with the fright he had suffered, the danger he had gone through, and the bewilderment of finding himself torn clean away from his safe Government moorings, his poor unfortunate brains seemed to be as completely discomposed as his Diplomatic coat. He was perfectly harmless and quiet, but also perfectly light-headed—as anybody could discover who looked at his dazed eyes or listened to his maundering talk. I tried him with a word or two about our miserable situation; thinking that, if any subject would get a trifle of sense out of him, it must surely be that.

"You will observe," said Mr. Pordage, looking at the torn cuffs of his Diplomatic coat instead of at me, "that I cannot take cognizance of our situation. No memorandum of it has been drawn up; no report in connexion with it has been presented to me. I cannot possibly recognize it until the necessary minutes and memorandums and reports have reached me through the proper channels. When our miserable situation presents itself to me, on paper, I shall bring it under the notice of Government; and Government, after a proper interval, will bring it back again under my notice; and then I shall have something to say about it. Not a minute before,—no, my man, not a minute before!"

Speaking of Mr. Pordage's wanderings of mind, reminds me that it is necessary to say a word next, about the much more serious case of Sergeant Drooce. The cut on his head, acted on by the heat of the climate, had driven him, to all appearance, stark mad. Besides the danger to himself, if he broke out before the Pirates, there was the danger to the women and children, of trusting him among them—a misfortune which, in our captive condition, it was impossible to avoid. Most providentially, however (as I found on inquiry), Tom Packer, who had saved his life, had a power of controlling him, which none of the rest of us possessed. Some shattered recollection of the manner in which he had been preserved from death, seemed to be still left in a corner of his memory. Whenever he showed symptoms of breaking out, Tom looked at him, and repeated with his hand and arm the action of cutting out right and left which had been the means of his saving the sergeant. On seeing that, Drooce always huddled himself up close to Tom, and fell silent. We,—that is, Packer and I—arranged it together that he was always to keep near Drooce, whatever happened, and however far we might be marched before we reached the place of our imprisonment.

The rest of us men—meaning Mr. Macey, Mr. Fisher, two of my comrades of the Marines, and five of the sloop's crew—were, making allowance for a little smarting in our wounds, in tolerable health, and not half so much broken in spirit by troubles, past, present, and to come, as some persons might be apt to imagine. As for the seamen, especially, no stranger who looked at their jolly brown faces would ever have imagined that they were prisoners, and in peril of their lives. They sat together, chewing their quids, and looking out good-humouredly at the sea, like a gang of liberty-men resting themselves on shore. "Take it easy, soldier," says one of the six, seeing me looking at him. "And, if you can't do that, take it as easy as you can." I thought, at the time, that many a wiser man might have given me less sensible advice than this, though it was only offered by a boatswain's mate.

A movement among the Pirates attracted my notice to the beach below us, and I saw their Captain approaching our halting-place, having changed his fine clothes for garments that were fit to travel in.

His coming back to us had the effect of producing unmistakable signs of preparation for a long journey. Shortly after he appeared, three Indians came up, leading three loaded mules; and these were followed, in a few minutes, by two of the Sambos, carrying between them a copper full of smoking meat and broth. After having been shared among the Pirates, this mess was set down before us, with some wooden bowls floating about in it, to dip out the food with. Seeing that we hesitated before touching it, the Pirate Captain recommended us not to be too mealy-mouthed, as that was meat from our own stores on the Island, and the last we were likely to taste for a long time to come. The sailors, without any more ado about it, professed their readiness to follow this advice, muttering among themselves that good meat was a good thing, though the devil himself had cooked it. The Pirate Captain then, observing that we were all ready to accept the food, ordered the bonds that confined the hands of us men to be loosened and cast off, so that we might help ourselves. After we had served the women and children, we fell to. It was a good meal—though I can't say that I myself had much appetite for it. Jack, to use his own phrase, stowed away a double allowance. The jolly faces of the seamen lengthened a good deal, however, when they found there was nothing to drink afterwards but plain water. One of them, a fat man, named Short, went so far as to say that, in the turn things seemed to have taken, he should like to make his will before we started, as the stoppage of his grog and the stoppage of his life were two events that would occur uncommonly close together.

When we had done, we were all ordered to stand up. The Pirates approached me and the other men, to bind our arms again; but the Captain stopped them.

"No," says he. "I want them to get on at a good pace; and they will do that best with their arms free. Now, prisoners," he continued, addressing us, "I don't mean to have any lagging on the road. I have fed you up with good meat, and you have no excuse for not stepping out briskly—women, children, and all. You men are without weapons and without food, and you know nothing of the country you are going to travel through. If you are mad enough, in this helpless condition, to attempt escaping on the march, you will be shot, as sure as you all stand there—and if the bullet misses, you will starve to death in forests that have no path and no end."

Having addressed us in those words, he turned again to his men. I wondered then, as I had wondered once or twice already, what those private reasons might be, which he had mentioned in his written paper, for sparing the lives of us male prisoners. I hoped he would refer to them now—but I was disappointed.

"While the country allows it," he went on, addressing his crew, "march in a square, and keep the prisoners inside. Whether it is man, woman, or child, shoot any one of them who tries to escape, on peril of being shot yourselves if you miss. Put the Indians and mules in front, and the Sambos next to them. Draw up the prisoners all together. Tell off seven men to march before them, and seven more for each side; and leave the other nine for the rear-guard. A fourth mule for me, when I get tired, and another Indian to carry my guitar."

His guitar! To think of the murderous thief having a turn for strumming tunes, and wanting to cultivate it on such an expedition as ours! I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the guitar brought forward in a neat green case, with the piratical skull and cross-bones and the Pirate Captain's initials painted on it in white.

"I can stand a good deal," whispers Tom Packer to me, looking hard at the guitar; "but confound me, Davis, if it's not a trifle too much to be taken prisoner by such a fellow as that!"

The Pirate Captain lights another cigar.

"March!" says he, with a screech like a cat, and a flourish with his sword, of the sort that a stage-player would give at the head of a mock army.

We all moved off, leaving the clump of trees to the right, going, we knew not whither, to unknown sufferings and an unknown fate. The land that lay before us was wild and open, without fences or habitations. Here and there, cattle wandered about over it, and a few stray Indians. Beyond, in the distance, as far as we could see, rose a prospect of mountains and forests. Above us, was the pitiless sun, in a sky that was too brightly blue to look at. Behind us, was the calm murmuring ocean, with the dear island home which the women and children had lost, rising in the distance like a little green garden on the bosom of the sea. After half-an-hour's walking, we began to descend into the plain, and the last glimpse of the Island of Silver-Store disappeared from our view.

The order of march which we prisoners now maintained among ourselves, being the order which, with certain occasional variations, we observed for the next three days, I may as well give some description of it in this place, before I get occupied with other things, and forget it.

I myself, and the sailor I have mentioned under the name of Short, led the march. After us came Miss Maryon, and Mr. and Mrs. Macey. They were followed by two of my comrades of the Marines, with Mrs. Pordage, Mrs. Belltott, and two of the strongest of the ladies to look after them. Mr. Fisher, the ship's boy, and the three remaining men of the sloop's crew, with the rest of the women and children came next; Tom Packer, taking care of Sergeant Drooce, brought up the rear. So long as we got on quickly enough, the pirates showed no disposition to interfere with our order of march; but, if there were any signs of lagging—and God knows it was hard enough work for a man to walk under that burning sun!—the villains threatened the weakest of our company with the points of their swords. The younger among the children gave out, as might have been expected, poor things, very early on the march. Short and I set the example of taking two of them up, pick-a-back, which was followed directly by the rest of the men. Two of Mrs. Macey's three children fell to our share; the eldest, travelling behind us on his father's back. Short hoisted the next in age, a girl, on his broad shoulders. I see him now as if it was yesterday, with the perspiration pouring down his fat face and bushy whiskers, rolling along as if he was on the deck of a ship, and making a sling of his neck-handkerchief, with his clever sailor's fingers, to support the little girl on his back. "I expect you'll marry me, my darling, when you grow up," says he, in his oily, joking voice. And the poor child, in her innocence, laid her weary head down on his shoulder, and gravely and faithfully promised that she would.

A lighter weight fell to my share. I had the youngest of the children. the pretty little boy, already mentioned, who had been deaf and dumb from his birth. His mother's voice trembled sadly, as she thanked me for taking him up, and tenderly put his little dress right while she walked behind me. "He is very little and light of his age," says the poor lady, trying hard to speak steady. "He won't give you much trouble, Davis—he has always been a very patient child from the first." The boy's little frail arms clasped themselves round my neck while she was speaking; and something or other seemed to stop in my throat the cheerful answer that I wanted to make. I walked on with what must have looked, I am afraid, like a gruff silence; the poor child humming softly on my back, in his unchanging, dumb way, till he hummed himself to sleep. Often and often, since that time, in dreams, I have felt those small arms round my neck again, and have heard that dumb murmuring song in my ear, dying away fainter and fainer, till nothing was left but the light breath rising and falling regularly on my cheek, telling me that my little fellow-prisoner had forgotten his troubles in sleep.

We marched, as well as I could guess, somewhere about seven miles that day—a short spell enough, judging by distance, but a terribly long one judging by heat. Our halting place was by the banks of a stream, across which, at a little distance, some wild pigs were swimming as we came up. Beyond us, was the same view of forests and mountains that I have already mentioned; and all round us, was a perfect wilderness of flowers. The shrubs, the bushes, the ground, all blazed again with magnificent colours, under the evening sun. When we were ordered to halt, wherever we set a child down, there that child had laps and laps full of flowers growing within reach of its hand. We sat on flowers, ate on flowers, slept at night on flowers—any chance handful of which would have been well worth a golden guinea among the gentlefolks in England. It was a sight not easily described, to see niggers, savages, and Pirates, hideous, filthy, and ferocious in the last degree to look at, squatting about grimly upon a natural carpet of beauty, of the sort that is painted in pictures with pretty fairies dancing on it.

The mules were unloaded, and left to roll among the flowers to their hearts' content. A neat tent was set up for the Pirate Captain, at the door of which, after eating a good meal, he lay himself down in a languishing attitude, with a nosegay in the bosom of his waistcoat, and his guitar on his knees, and jingled away at the strings, singing foreign songs, with a shrill voice and with his nose conceitedly turned up in the air. I was obliged to caution Short and the sailors—or they would, to a dead certainty, have put all our lives in peril by openly laughing at him.

We had but a poor supper that night. The Pirates now kept the provisions they had brought from the Island, for their own use; and we had to share the miserable starvation diet of the country, with the Indians and the Sambos. This consisted of black beans fried, and of things they call Tortillas, meaning, in plain English, flat cakes made of crushed Indian corn, and baked on a clay griddle. Not only was this food insipid, but the dirty manner in which the Indians prepared it, was disgusting. However, complaint was useless; for we could see for ourselves that no other provision had been brought for the prisoners. I heard some grumbling among our men, and some little fretfulness among the children, which their mothers soon quieted. I myself was indifferent enough to the quality of the food; for I had noticed a circumstance, just before it was brought to us, which occupied my mind with more serious considerations. One of the mules was unloaded near us, and I observed among the baggage a large bundle of new axes, doubtless taken from some ship. After puzzling my brains for some time to know what they could be wanted for, I came to the conclusion that they were to be employed in cutting our way through, when we came to the forests. To think of the kind of travelling which these preparations promised—if the view I took of them was the right one—and then to look at the women and children, exhausted by the first day's march, was sufficient to make any man uneasy. It weighed heavily enough on my mind, I know, when I woke up among the flowers, from time to time, that night.

Our sleeping arrangements, though we had not a single civilized comfort, were, thanks to the flowers, simple and easy enough. For the first time in their lives, the women and children lay down together, with the sky for a roof, and the kind earth for a bed. We men shook ourselves down, as well as we could, all round them; and the Pirates, relieving guard regularly, ranged themselves outside of all. In that tropical climate, and at that hot time, the night was only pleasantly cool. The bubbling of the stream, and, now and then, the course of the breeze through the flowers, was all we heard. During the hours of darkness, it occurred to me—and I have no doubt the same idea struck my comrades—that a body of determined men, making a dash for it, might now have stood a fair chance of escaping. We were still near enough to the sea-shore to be certain of not losing our way; and the plain was almost as smooth, for a good long run, as a natural race-course. However, the mere act of dwelling on such a notion, was waste of time and thought, situated as we were with regard to the women and children. They were, so to speak, the hostages who insured our submission to captivity, or to any other hardship that might be inflicted on us; a result which I have no doubt the Pirate Captain had foreseen, when he made us all prisoners together on taking possession of the Island.

We were roused up at four in the morning, to travel on before the heat set in; our march under yesterday's broiling sun having been only undertaken for the purpose of getting us away from the sea-shore, and from possible help in that quarter, without loss of time. We forded the stream, wading through it waist-deep: except the children, who crossed on our shoulders. An hour before noon, we halted under two immense wild cotton-trees, about half a mile from a little brook, which probably ran into the stream we had passed in the morning. Late in the afternoon we were on foot again, and encamped for the night at three deserted huts, built of mud and poles. There were the remains of an enclosure here, intended, as I thought, for cattle; and there was an old well, from which our supply of water was got. The greater part of the women were very tired and sorrowful that night; but Miss Maryon did wonders in cheering them up.

On the third morning, we began to skirt the edge of a mountain, carrying our store of water with us from the well. We men prisoners had our full share of the burden. What with that, what with the way being all up-hill, and what with the necessity of helping on the weaker members of our company, that day's march was the hardest I remember to have ever got through. Towards evening, after resting again in the middle of the day, we stopped for the night on the verge of the forest. A dim, lowering, awful sight it was, to look up at the mighty wall of trees, stretching in front, and on either side of us without a limit and without a break. Through the night, though there was no wind blowing over our encampment, we heard deep, moaning, rushing sounds rolling about, at intervals, in the great inner wilderness of leaves; and, now and then, those among us who slept, were startled up by distant crashes in the depths of the forest—the death-knells of falling trees. We kept fires alight, in case of wild animals stealing out on us in the darkness; and the flaring red light, and the thick, winding smoke, alternately showed and hid the forest-prospect in a strangely treacherous and ghostly way. The children shuddered with fear; even the Pirate Captain forgot, for the first time, to jingle his eternal guitar.

When we were mustered in the morning for the march, I fully expected to see the axes unpacked. To my surprise they were not disturbed. The Indians drew their long chopping-knives (called machetes in the language of that country); made for a place among the trees where I could see no signs of a path; and began cutting at the bushes and shrubs, and at the wild vines and creepers, twirling down together in all sorts of fantastic forms, from the lofty branches. After clearing a few dozen yards inwards they came out to us again, whooping and showing their wicked teeth, as they laid hold of the mules' halters to lead them on. The Pirate Captain, before we moved after, took out a pocket compass, set it, pondered over it for some time, shrugged his shoulders, and screeched out "March," as usual. We entered the forest, leaving behind us the last chance of escape, and the last hope of ever getting back to the regions of humanity and civilization. By this time, we had walked inland, as nearly as I could estimate, about thirty miles.

The order of our march was now, of necessity, somewhat changed. We all followed each other in a long line, shut in, however, as before, in front and in rear, by the Indians, the Sambos, and the pirates. Though none of us could see a vestige of any path, it was clear that our guides knew where they were going; for, we were never stopped by any obstacles, except the shrubs and wild-vines which they could cut through with their chopping-knives. Sometimes, we marched under great branches which met like arches high over our heads. Sometimes, the boughs were so low that we had to stoop to pass under them. Sometimes, we wound in and out among mighty trunks of trees, with their gnarled roots twisting up far above the ground, and with creepers in full flower twining down in hundreds from their lofty branches. The size of the leaves and the countless multitude of the trees shut out the sun, and made a solemn dimness which it was awful and without hope to walk through. Hours would pass without our hearing a sound but the dreary rustle of our own feet over the leafy ground. At other times, whole troops of parrots, with feathers of all the colours of the rainbow, chattered and shrieked at us; and procession of monkeys, fifty or sixty at a time, followed our progress in the boughs overhead: passing through the thick leaves with a sound like the rush of a steady wind. Every now and then, the children were startled by lizard-like creatures, three feet long, running up the trunks of the trees as we passed by them; more than once, swarms of locusts tormented us, startled out of their hiding-places by the monkeys in the boughs. For five days we marched incessantly through this dismal forest-region, only catching a clear glimpse of the sky above us, on three occasions in all that time. The distance we walked each day seemed to be regulated by the positions of springs and streams in the forest, which the Indians knew of. Sometimes those springs and streams lay near together; and our day's work was short. Sometimes they were far apart; and the march was long and weary. On all occasions, two of the Indians, followed by two of the Sambos, disappeared as soon as we encamped for the night; and returned, in a longer or shorter time, bringing water with them. Towards the latter part of the journey, weariness had so completely mastered the weakest among our company, that they ceased to take notice of anything. They walked without looking to the right or to the left, and they ate their wretched food and lay down to sleep with a silent despair that was shocking. Mr. Pordage left off maundering now, and Sergeant Drooce was so quiet and biddable, that Tom Packer had an easy time of it with him at last. Those among us who still talked, began to get a habit of dropping our voices to a whisper. Short's jokes languished and dwindled; Miss Maryon's voice, still kind and tender as ever, began to lose its clearness; and the poor children, when they got weary and cried, shed tears silently, like old people. It seemed as if the darkness and the hush of the endless forest had cast its shadow on our spirits, and had stolen drearily into our inmost hearts.

On the sixth day, we saw the blessed sunshine on the ground before us, once more. Prisoners as we were, there was a feeling of freedom on stepping into the light again, and on looking up, without interruption, into the clear blue Heaven, from which no human creature can keep any other human creature, when the time comes for rising to it. A turn in the path brought us out suddenly at an Indian village—a wretched place, made up of two rows of huts built with poles, the crevices between them stopped with mud, and the roofs thatched in the coarsest manner with palm-leaves. The savages, squatted about, jumped to their feet in terror as we came in view; but, seeing the Indians at the head of our party, took heart, and began chattering and screeching, just like the parrots we had left in the forest. Our guides answered in their gibberish; some lean, half-wild dogs yelped and howled incessantly; and the Pirates discharged their muskets and loaded them again, to make sure that their powder had not got damp on the march. No want of muskets among them now! The noise and the light and the confusion, after the silence, darkness, and discipline we had been used to for the last five days, so bewildered us all, that it was quite a relief to sit down on the ground and let the guard about us shut out our view on every side.

"Davis! Are we at the end of the march?" says Miss Maryon, touching my arm.

The other women looked anxiously at me, as she put the question. I got on my feet, and saw the Pirate Captain communicating with the Indians of the village. His hands were making signs in the fussy foreign way, all the time he was speaking. Sometimes, they pointed away to where the forest began again beyond us; and sometimes they went up both together to his mouth, as if he was wishful of getting a fresh supply of the necessaries of life.

My eyes next turned towards the mules. Nobody was employed in unpacking the baggage; nobody went near that bundle of axes which had weighed on my mind so much already, and the mystery of which still tormented me in secret. I came to the conclusion that we were not yet at the end of our journey; I communicated my opinion to Miss Maryon. She got up herself, with my help, and looked about her, and made the remark, very justly, that all the huts in the village would not suffice to hold us. At the same time, I pointed out to her that the mule which the Pirate Captain had ridden had been relieved of his saddle, and was being led away, at that moment, to a patch of grass behind one of the huts.

"That looks as if we were not going much farther on," says I.

"Thank Heaven if it be so, for the sake of the poor children!" says Miss Maryon. "Davis, suppose something happened which gave us a chance of escaping? Do you think we could ever find our way back to the sea?"

"Not a hope of getting back, miss. If the Pirates were to let us go this very instant, those pathless forests would keep us in prison for ever."

"Too true! Too true!" she said, and said no more.

In another half-hour we were roused up, and marched away from the village (as I had thought we should be) into the forest again. This time, though there was by no means so much cutting through the underwood needed as in our previous experience, we were accompanied by at least a dozen Indians, who seemed to me to be following us out of sheer idleness and curiosity. We had walked, as well as I could calculate, more than an hour, and I was trudging along with the little, deaf-and-dumb boy on my back, as usual thinking, not very hopefully, of our future prospects, when I was startled by a moan in my ear from the child. One of his arms was trembling round my neck, and the other pointed away towards my right hand. I looked in that direction—and there, as if it had started up out of the ground to dispute our passage through the forest, was a hideous monster carved in stone, twice my height at least. The thing loomed out of a ghostly white, against the dark curtain of trees all round it. Spots of rank moss stuck about over its great glaring stone face; its stumpy hands were tucked up into its breast; its legs and feet were four times the size of any human limbs; its body and the flat space of spare stone which rose above its head, were all covered with mysterious devices—little grinning men's faces, heads of crocodiles and apes, twisting knots and twirling knobs, strangely shaped leaves, winding lattice-work; legs, arms, fingers, toes, skulls, bones, and such like. The monstrous statue leaned over on one side, and was only kept from falling to the ground by the roots of a great tree which had wound themselves all around the lower half of it. Altogether, it was as horrible and ghastly an object to come upon suddenly, in the unknown depths of a great forest, as the mind (or, at all events, my mind) can conceive. When I say that the first meeting with the statue struck me speechless, nobody can wonder that the children actually screamed with terror at the sight of it.

"It's only a great big doll, my darling," says Short, at his wit's end how to quiet the little girl on his back. "We'll get a nice soft bit of wood soon, and show these nasty savages how to make a better one."

While he was speaking, Miss Maryon was close behind me, soothing the deaf-and-dumb boy by signs which I could not understand.

"I have heard of these things, Davis," she says. "They are idols, made by a lost race of people, who lived, no one can say how many hundred or how many thousand years ago. That hideous thing was carved and worshipped while the great tree that now supports it was yet a seed in the ground. We must get the children used to these stone monsters. I believe we are coming to many more of them. I believe we are close to the remains of one of those mysterious ruined cities which have long been supposed to exist in this part of the world."

Before I could answer, the word of command from the rear drove us on again. In passing the idol, some of the Pirates fired their muskets at it. The echoes from the reports rang back on us with a sharp rattling sound. We pushed on a few paces, when the Indians a-head suddenly stopped, flourished their chopping-knives, and all screamed out together "El Palacio!" The Englishmen among the Pirates took up the cry, and, running forward through the trees on either side of us, roared out, "The Palace!" Other voices joined theirs in other tongues; and, for a minutes or two, there was a general confusion of everybody,—the first that had occurred since we were marched away, prisoners, from the sea-shore.

I tightened my hold of the child on my back; took Miss Maryon closer to me, to save her from being roughly jostled by the men about us; and marched up as near to the front as the press and the trees would let me. Looking over the heads of the Indians, and between the trunks, I beheld a sight which I shall never forget: no, not to my dying day.

A wilderness of ruins spread out before me, overrun by a forest of trees. In every direction, look where I would, a frightful confusion of idols, pillars, blocks of stone, heavy walls, and flights of steps, met my eye; some, whole and upright; others broken and scattered on the ground; and all, whatever their condition, overgrown and clasped about by roots, branches, and curling vines, that writhed round them like so many great snakes. Every here and there, strange buildings stood up, with walls on the tops of which three men might have marched abreast—buildings with their roofs burst off or tumbled in, and with the trees springing up from inside, and waving their restless shadows mournfully over the ruins. High in the midst of this desolation, towered a broad platform of rocky earth, scarped away on three sides, so as to make it unapproachable except by scaling ladders. On the fourth side, the flat of the platform was reached by a flight of stone steps, of such mighty size and strength that they might have been made for the use of a race of giants. They led to a huge building girded all round with a row of thick pillars, long enough and broad enough to cover the whole flat space of ground; solid enough, as to the walls, to stand for ever; but broken in, at most places, as to the roof; and overshadowed by the trees that sprang up from inside, like the smaller houses already mentioned, below it. This was the dismal ruin which was called the Palace; and this was the Prison in the Woods which was to be the place of our captivity.

The screeching voice of the Pirate Captain restored order in our ranks, and sent the Indians forward with their chopping-knives to the steps of the Palace. We were directed to follow them across the ruins, and in and out among the trees. Out of every ugly crevice crack in the great stairs, there sprouted up flowers, long grasses, and beautiful large-leaved plants and bushes. When we had toiled to the top of the flight, we could look back from the height over the dark waving top of the forest behind us. More than a glimpse of the magnificent sight, however, was not allowed; we were ordered still to follow the Indians. They had already disappeared in the inside of the Palace; and we went in after them.

We found ourselves, first, under a square portico, supported upon immense flat slabs of stone, which were carved all over, at top and bottom, with death's-heads set in the midst of circles of sculptured flowers. I guessed the length of the portico to be, at the very least, three hundred feet. In the inside wall of it, appeared four high gaping doorways; three of them were entirely choked up by fallen stones; so jammed together, and so girt about by roofs and climbing plants, that no force short of a blast of gunpowder, could possibly have dislodged them. The fourth entrance had, at some former time, been kept just clear enough to allow of the passing of one man at once through the gap that had been made in the fallen stones. Through this, the only passage left into the Palace, or out of it, we followed the Indians into a great hall, nearly one half of which was still covered by the remains of the roof. In the unsheltered half: surrounded by broken stones and with a carved human head, five times the size of life, leaning against it: rose the straight, naked trunk of a beautiful tree, that shot up high above the ruins, and dropped its enormous branches from the very top of it, bending down towards us, in curves like plumes of immense green feathers. In this hall, which was big enough to hold double our number, we were ordered to make a halt, while the Pirate Captain, accompanied by three of his crew, followed the Indians through a doorway, leading off to the left hand, as we stood with our backs to the portico. In front of us, towards the right, was another doorway, through which we could see some of the Indians, cutting away with their knives, right and left, at the overspreading underwood. Even the noise of the hacking, and the hum and murmur of the people outside, who were unloading the mules, seemed to be sounds too faint and trifling to break the awful stillness of the ruins. To my ears, at least, the unearthly silence was deepened rather than broken by the few feeble sounds which tried to disturb it. The wailings of the poor children were stifled within them. The whispers of the women, and the heavy breathing of the overlaboured men, sank and sank gradually till they were heard no more. Looking back now, at the whole course of our troubles, I think I can safely say that nothing—not even the first discovery of the treachery on the Island—tried our courage and endurance like that interval of speechless waiting in the Palace, with the hush of the ruined city, and the dimness of the endless forest, all about us.

When we next saw the Pirate Captain, he appeared at the doorway to the right, just as the Pirates began to crowd in from the portico, with the baggage they had taken from the mules.

"There is the way for the Buccaniers," squeaks the Pirate Captain, addressing the American mate, and pointing to the doorway on the left. "Three big rooms, that will hold you all, and that have more of the roof left on them than any of the others. The prisoners," he continues, turning to us, and pointing to the doorway behind him, "will file in, that way, and will find two rooms for them, with the ceilings on the floor, and the trees in their places. I myself, because my soul is big, shall live alone in this grand hall. My bed shall be there in the sheltered corner; and I shall eat, and drink, and smoke, and sing, and enjoy myself, with one eye always on my prisoners, and the other eye always on my guard outside."

Having delivered this piece of eloquence he pointed with his sword to the prisoners' doorway. We all passed through it quickly, glad to be out of the sight and hearing of him.

The two rooms set apart for us, communicated with each other. The inner one of the two had a second doorway, leading, as I supposed, further into the building, but so choked up by rubbish, as to be impassable, except by climbing, and that must have been skilful climbing too. Seeing that this accident cut off all easy means of approach to the room from the Pirates' side, we determined, supposing nobody meddled with us, to establish the women and children here; and to take the room nearest to the Pirate Captain and his guard for ourselves.

The first thing to be done was to clear away the rubbish in the women's room. The ceiling was, indeed, as the Pirate Captain had told us, all on the floor; and the growth of trees, shrubs, weeds, and flowers, springing up everywhere among the fragments of stone, was so prodigious in this part of the Palace, that, but for the walls with their barbarous sculptures all round, we should certainly have believed ourselves to be encamped in the forest, without a building near us. All the lighter parts of the rubbish in the women's room we disposed of cleverly, by piling it in the doorway on the Pirates' side, so as to make any approach from that direction all but impossible, even by climbing. The heavy blocks of stone—and it took two men to lift some of them that were not the heaviest—we piled up in the middle of the floor. Having by this means cleared away plenty of space round the walls, we gathered up all the litter of young branches, bushes, and leaves which the Indians had chopped away; added to them as much as was required of the underwood still standing; and laid the whole smooth and even, to make beds. I noticed, while we were at this work, that the ship's boy—whose name was Robert—was particularly helpful and considerate with the children, when it became necessary to quiet them and to get them to lie down. He was a rough boy to look at, and not very sharp; but, he managed better, and was more naturally tender-hearted with the little ones than any of the rest of us. This may seem a small thing to mention; but Robert's attentive ways with the children, attached them to him; and that attachment, as will be hereafter shown, turned out to be of great benefit to us, at a very dangerous and very important time.

Our next piece of work was to clear our own room. It was close at the side of the Palace; and a break in the outward wall looked down over the sheer precipice on which the building stood. We stopped this up, breast high, in case of accidents, with the rubbish on the floor; we then made our beds, just as we had made the women's beds already.

A little later, we heard the Pirate Captain in the hall, which he kept to himself for his big soul and his little body, giving orders to the American mate about the guard. On mustering the Pirates, it turned out that two of them, who had been wounded in the fight on the Island, were unfit for duty. Twenty-eight, therefore, remained. These the Pirate Captain divided into companies of seven, who were to mount guard, in turn, for a spell of six hours each company; the relief coming round, as a matter of course, four times in the twenty-four hours. Of the guard of seven, two were stationed under the portico; one was placed as a lookout, on the top landing of the great flight of steps; and two were appointed to patrol the ground below, in front of the Palace. This left only two men to watch the three remaining sides of the building. So far as any risks of attack were concerned, the precipices at the back and sides of the Palace were a sufficient defence for it, if a good watch was kept on the weak side. But what the Pirate Captain dreaded was the chance of our escaping; and he would not trust the precipices to keep us, knowing we had sailors in our company, and suspecting that they might hit on some substitute for ropes, and lower themselves and their fellow-prisoners down from the back or the sides of the Palace, in the dark. Accordingly, the Pirate Captain settled it that two men out of each company should do double duty, after nightfall: the choice of them to be decided by casting dice. This gave four men to patrol round the sides and the back of the building: a sufficient number to keep a bright look-out. The Pirates murmured a little at the prospect of double duty; but there was no remedy for it. The Indians, having a superstitious horror of remaining in the ruined city after dark, had bargained to be allowed to go back to their village, every afternoon. And, as for the Sambos, the Pirate Captain knew them better than the English had known them at Silver-Store, and would have nothing to do with them in any matter of importance.

The setting of the watch was completed without much delay. If any of us had felt the slighest hope of escaping, up to this time, the position of our prison and the number of sentinels appointed to guard it, would have been more than enough to extinguish that hope for ever.

An hour before sunset, the Indians—whose only business at the Palace was to supply us with food from the village, and to prepare the food for eating—made their last batch of Tortillas, and then left the ruins in a body, at the usual trot of those savages when they are travelling in a hurry.

When the sun had set, the darkness came down upon us, I might almost say, with a rush. Bats whizzed about, and the low warning hum of mosquitoes sounded close to our ears. Flying beetles, with lights in their heads, each light as bright as the light of a dozen glow-worms, sparkled through the darkness, in a wonderful manner, all night long. When one of them settled on the walls, he lighted up the hideous sculptures for a yard all round him, at the very least. Outside, in the forest, the dreadful stillness seemed to be drawling its breath, from time to time, when the night-wind swept lightly through the million-million leaves. Sometimes, the surge of monkeys travelling through the boughs, burst out with a sound like waves on a sandy shore; sometimes, the noise of falling branches and trunks rang out suddenly with a crash, as if the great ruins about us were splitting into pieces; sometimes, when the silence was at its deepest—when even the tread of the watch outside had ceased—the quick rustle of a lizard or a snake, sounded treacherously close at our ears. It was long before the children in the women's room were all quieted and hushed to sleep—longer still before we, their elders, could compose our spirits for the night. After all sounds died away among us, and when I thought that I was the only one still awake, I heard Miss Maryon's voice saying, softly, "God help and deliver us!" A man in our room, moving on his bed of leaves, repeated the words after her; and the ship's boy, Robert, half-asleep, half-awake, whispered to himself sleepily, "Amen!" After that, the silence returned upon us, and was broken no more. So the night passed—the first night in our Prison in the Woods.

With the morning, came the discovery of a new project of the Pirate Captain's, for which none of us had been prepared.

Soon after sunrise, the Pirate Captain looked into our room, and ordered all the men in it out into the large hall, where he lived with his big soul and his little body. After eyeing us narrowly, he directed three of the sailors, myself, and two of my comrades, to step apart from the rest. When we had obeyed, the bundle of axes which had troubled my mind so much, was brought into the hall; and four men of the guard, then on duty, armed with muskets and pistols, were marched in afterwards. Six of the axes were chosen and put into our hands, the Pirate Captain pointing warningly, as we took them, to the men with fire-arms in the front of us. He and his mate, both armed to the teeth, then led the way out to the steps; we followed; the other four Pirates came after us. We were formed, down the steps, in single file; the Pirate Captain at the head; I myself next to him; a Pirate next to me; and so on to the end, in such order as to keep a man with a loaded musket between each one or two of us prisoners. I looked behind me as we started, and saw two of the Sambos—that Christian George King was one of them—following us. We marched round the back of the Palace, and over the ruins beyond it, till we came to a track through the forest, the first I had seen. After a quarter of an hour's walking, I saw the sunlight, bright beyond the trees in front of us. In another minute or two, we stood under the clear sky, and beheld at our feet a broad river, running with a swift silent current, and overshadowed by the forest, rising as thick as ever on the bank that was opposite to us.

On the bank where we stood, the trees were young; some great tempest of past year having made havoc in this part of the forest, and torn away the old growth to make room for the new. The young trees grew up, mostly, straight and slender,—that is to say, slender for South America, the slightest of them being, certainly, as thick as my leg. After peeping and peering about at the timber, with the look of a man who owned it all, the Pirate Captain sat himself down cross-legged on the grass, and did us the honour to address us.

"Aha! you English, what do you think I have kept you alive for?" says he. "Because I am fond of you? Bah! Because I don't like to kill you? Bah! What for, then? Because I want the use of your arms to work for me. See those trees!" He waved his hand backwards and forwards, over the whole prospect. "Cut them all down—lop off the branches—smooth them into poles—shape them into beams—chop them into planks. Camarado!" he went on, turning to the mate, "I mean to roof in the Palace again, and to lay new floors over the rubbish of stones. I will make the big house good and dry to live in, in the rainy weather—I will barricade the steps of it for defence against an army,—I will make it my strong castle of retreat for me and my men, and our treasure, and our prisoners, and all that we have, when the English cruisers of the devil get too many for us along the coast. To work, you six! Look at those four men of mine,—their muskets are loaded. Look at these two Sambos who will stop here to fetch help if they want it. Remember the women and children you have left at the Palace—and at your peril and at their peril, turn those axes in your hands from their proper work! You understand? You English fools?"

With those words he jumped to his feet, and ordered the niggers to remain and place themselves at the orders of our guard. Having given these last directions, and having taken his mate's opinion as to whether three of the Buccaniers would not be enough to watch the Palace in the day, when the six stoutest men of the prisoners were away from it, the Pirate Captain offered his little weazen arm to the American, and strutted back to his castle, on better terms with himself than ever.

As soon as he and the mate were gone, Christian George King tumbled himself down on the grass, and kicked up his ugly heels in convulsions of delight.

"Oh, golly, golly, golly!" says he. "You dam English do work, and Christian George King look on. Yup, Sojeer! whack at them tree!"

I paid no attention to the brute, being better occupied in noticing my next comrade, Short. I had remarked that all the while the Pirate Captain was speaking, he was looking hard at the river, as if the sight of a large sheet of water did his sailorly eyes good. When we began to use the axes, greatly to my astonishment, he buckled to at his work like a man who had his whole heart in it; chuckling to himself at every chop, and wagging his head as if he was in the forecastle again telling his best yarns.

"You seem to be in spirits, Short?" I says, setting to on a tree close by him.

"The river's put a notion in my head," says he. "Chop away, Gill, as hard as you can, or they may hear us talking."

"What notion has the river put in your head?" I asked that man, following his directions.

"You don't know where that river runs to, I suppose?" says Short. "No more don't I. But, did it say anything particular to you, Gill, when you first set eyes on it? It said to *me*, as plain as words could speak, 'I'm the road out of this. Come and try me!'—Steady! Don't stop to look at the water. Chop away, man, chop away."

"The road out of this?" says I. "A road without any coaches, Short. I don't see so much as the ruins of one old canoe lying about anywhere."

Short chuckles again, and buries his axe in his tree.

"What are we cutting down these here trees for?" says he.

"Roofs and floors for the Pirate Captain's castle," says I.

"*Rafts for ourselves!*" says he, with another tremendous chop at the tree, which brought it to the ground—the first that had fallen.

His words struck through me as if I had been shot. For the first time since our imprisonment I now saw, clear as daylight, a chance of escape. Only a chance, to be sure; but still a chance.

Although the guard stood several paces away from us, and could by no possibility hear a word that we said, through the noise of the axes, Short was too cautious to talk any more.

"Wait till night," he said, lopping the branches off the tree. "Pass the word on in a whisper to the nearest of our men to work with a will; and say, with a wink of your eye, there's a good reason for it."

After we had been allowed to knock off for that day, the Pirates had no cause to complain of the work we had done; and they reported us to the Pirate Captain as obedient and industrious, so far. When we lay down at night, I took the next place on the leaves to Short. We waited till the rest were asleep, and till we heard the Pirate Captain snoring in the great hall, before we began to talk again about the river and the rafts. This is the amount of what Short whispered in my ear on that occasion:

He told me he had calculated that it would take two large rafts to bear all our company, and that timber enough to make such two rafts might be cut down by six men in ten days, or, at most, in a fortnight. As for the means of fastening the rafts—the lashings, he called them—the stout vines and creepers supplied them abundantly; and the timbers of both rafts might be connected together, in this way, firmly enough for river navigation, in about five hours. That was the very shortest time the job would take, done by the willing hands of men who knew that they were working for their lives, said Short.

These were the means of escape. How to turn them to account was the next question. Short could not answer it; and, though I tried all that night, neither could I.

The difficulty was one which, I think, might have puzzled wiser heads than ours. How were six-and-thirty living souls (being the number of us prisoners, including the children) to be got out of the Palace safely, in the face of the guard that watched it? And, even if that was accomplished, when could we count on gaining five hours all to ourselves for the business of making the rafts? The compassing of either of these two designs, absolutely necessary as they both were to our escape, seemed to be nothing more nor less than a rank impossibility. Towards morning, I got a wild notion into my head about letting ourselves down from the back of the Palace, in the dark, and taking our chance of being able to seize the sentinels at that part of the building, unawares, and gag them before they could give the alarm to the Pirates in front. But, Short, when I mentioned my plan to him, would not hear of it. He said that men by themselves—provided they had not got a madman, like Drooce, and a maundering old gentleman, like Mr. Pordage, among them—might, perhaps, run some such desperate risk as I proposed; but, that letting women and children, to say nothing of Drooce and Pordage, down a precipice in the dark, with make-shift ropes which might give way at a moment's notice, was out of the question. It was impossible, on further reflection, not to see that Short's view of the matter was the right one. I acknowledged as much, and then I put it to Short whether our wisest course would not be to let one or two of the sharpest of our fellow-prisoners into our secret, and see what they said. Short asked me which two I had in my mind when I made that proposal?

"Mr. Macey," says I, "because he is naturally quick, and has improved his gifts by learning, and Miss Maryon——"

"How can a woman help us?" says Short, breaking in on me.

"A woman with a clear head and a high courage and a patient resolution—all of which Miss Maryon has got, above all the world—may do more to help us, in our present strait, than any man of our company," says I.

"Well," says Short, "I dare say you're

right. Speak to anybody you please, Gil; but, whatever you do, man, stick to it at the trees. Let's get the timber down—that's the first thing to be done, anyhow."

Before we were mustered for work, I took an opportunity of privately mentioning to Miss Maryon and Mr. Macey what had passed between Short and me. They were both thunderstruck at the notion of the rafts. Miss Maryon, as I had expected, made lighter of the terrible difficulties in the way of carrying out our scheme than Mr. Macey did.

"We are left here to watch and think, all day," she whispered—and I could almost hear the quick beating of her heart. "While you are making the best of your time among the trees, we will make the best of ours in the Palace. I can say no more, now—I can hardly speak at all for thinking of what you have told me. Bless you, bless you, for making me hope once more! Go now—we must not risk the consequences of being seen talking together. When you come back at night, look at me. If I close my eyes, it is a sign that nothing has been thought of yet. If I keep them open, take the first safe opportunity of speaking secretly to me or to Mr. Macey."

She turned away; and I went back to my comrades. Half an hour afterwards, we were off for our second day's work among the trees.

When we came back, I looked at Miss Maryon. She closed her eyes. So, nothing had been thought of, yet.

Six more days we worked at cutting down the trees, always meriting the same good character for industry from our Pirate-guard. Six more evenings I looked at Miss Maryon; and six times her closed eyes gave me the same disheartening answer. On the ninth day of our work, Short whispered to me, that if we plied our axes for three days longer, he considered we should have more than timber enough down, to make the rafts. He had thought of nothing, I had thought of nothing, Miss Maryon and Mr. Macey had thought of nothing. I was beginning to get low in spirits; but Short was just as cool and easy as ever. "Chop away, Davis," was all he said. "The river won't run dry yet awhile. Chop away!"

We knocked off, earlier than usual that day, the Pirates having a feast in prospect, off a wild hog. It was still broad daylight (out of the forest) when we came back, and when I looked once more in Miss Maryon's face.

I saw a flush in her cheeks; and her eyes met mine brightly. My heart beat quicker at the glance of them; for I saw that the time had come, and that the difficulty was conquered.

We waited till the light was fading, and the Pirates were in the midst of their feast. Then, she beckoned me into the inner room, and I sat down by her in the dimmest corner of it.

"You have thought of something, at last, Miss?"

"I have. But the merit of the thought is not all mine. Chance—no! Providence—suggested the design; and the instrument with which its merciful Wisdom has worked, is—a child."

She stopped, and looked all round her anxiously, before she went on.

"This afternoon," she says, "I was sitting against the trunk of that tree, thinking of what has been the subject of my thoughts ever since you spoke to me. My sister's little girl was whiling away the tedious time, by asking Mr. Kitten to tell her the names of the different plants which are still left growing about the room. You know he is a learned man in such matters?"

I knew that; and have, I believe, formerly given that out, for my Lady to take in writing.

"I was too much occupied," she went on, "to pay attention to them, till they came close to the tree against which I was sitting. Under it and about it, there grew a plant with very elegantly-shaped leaves, and with a kind of berry on it. The child showed it to Mr. Kitten; and saying, 'Those berries look good to eat,' stretched out her hand towards them. Mr. Kitten stopped her. 'You must never touch that,' he said. 'Why not?' the child asked. 'Because if you eat much of it, it would poison you.' 'And if I only eat a little?' said the child, laughing. 'If you only eat a little,' said Mr. Kitten, 'it would throw you into a deep sleep—a sleep that none of us could wake you from, when it was time for breakfast—a sleep that would make your mama think you were dead.' Those words were hardly spoken, when the thought that I have now to tell you of, flashed across my mind. But, before I say anything more, answer me one question. Am I right in supposing that our attempt at escape must be made in the night?"

"At night, certainly," says I, "because we can be most sure, then, that the Pirates off guard are all in this building, and not likely to leave it."

"I understand. Now, Davis, hear what

I have observed of the habits of the men who keep us imprisoned in this place. The first change of guard at night is at nine o'clock. At that time, seven men come in from watching, and nine men (the extra night-guard) go out to replace them; each party being on duty, as you know, for six hours. I have observed, at the nine o'clock change of guard, that the seven men who come off duty, and the nine who go on, have a supply of baked cakes of Indian corn, reserved expressly for their use. They divide the food between them; the Pirate Captain (who is always astir at the change of guard) generally taking a cake for himself, when the rest of the men take theirs. This makes altogether, seventeen men who partake of food especially reserved for them, at nine o'clock. So far you understand me?"

"Clearly, Miss.

"The next thing I have noticed, is the manner in which that food is prepared. About two hours before sunset, the Pirate Captain walks out to smoke, after he has eaten the meal which he calls his dinner. In his absence from the hall, the Indians light their fire on the unsheltered side of it, and prepare the last batch of food before they leave us for the night. They knead up two separate masses of dough. The largest is the first which is separated into cakes and baked. That is taken for the use of us prisoners and of the men who are off duty all the night. The second and smaller piece of dough is then prepared for the nine o'clock change of guard. On that food—come nearer, Davis, I must say it in a whisper—on that food all our chances of escape now turn. If we can drug it unobserved, the Pirates who go off duty, the Pirates who go on duty, and the Captain, who is more to be feared than all the rest, will be as absolutely insensible to our leaving the Palace, as if they were every one of them dead men."

I was unable to speak—I was unable even to fetch my breath at those words.

"I have taken Mr. Kitten, as a matter of necessity, into our confidence," she said. "I have learnt from him a simple way of obtaining the juice of that plant which he forbade the child to eat. I have also made myself acquainted with the quantity which it is necessary to use for our purpose; and I have resolved that no hand but mine shall be charged with the work of kneading it into the dough."

"Not you, Miss,—not you. Let one of us—let me—run that risk."

"You have work enough and risk enough already," said Miss Maryon. "It is time that the women, for whom you have suffered and ventured so much, should take their share. Besides, the risk is not great, where the Indians only are concerned. They are idle and curious. I have seen, with my own eyes, that they are as easily tempted away from their occupation by any chance sight or chance noise as if they were children; and I have already arranged with Mr. Macey that he is to excite their curiosity by suddenly pulling down one of the loose stones in that doorway, when the right time comes. The Indians are certain to run in here to find out what is the matter. Mr. Macey will tell them that he has seen a snake,—they will hunt for the creature (as I have seen them hunt, over and over again, in this ruined place)—and while they are so engaged, the opportunity that I want, the two minutes to myself, which are all that I require, will be mine. Dread the Pirate Captain, Davis, for the slightest caprice of his may ruin all our hopes,—but never dread the Indians, and never doubt me."

Nobody, who had looked in her face at that moment—or at any moment that ever I knew of—could have doubted her.

"There is one thing more," she went on. "When is the attempt to be made?"

"In three days' time," I answered; "there will be timber enough down to make the rafts."

"In three days' time, then, let us decide the question of our freedom or our death." She spoke those words with a firmness that amazed me. "Rest now," she said. "Rest and hope."

The third day was the hottest we had yet experienced; we were kept longer at work than usual; and when we had done, we left on the bank enough, and more than enough, of timber and poles, to make both the rafts.

The Indians had gone when we got back to the Palace, and the Pirate Captain was still smoking on the flight of steps. As we crossed the hall, I looked on one side and saw the Tortillas set up in a pile, waiting for the men who came in and went out at nine o'clock.

At the door which opened between our room and the women's room, Miss Maryon was waiting for us.

"Is it done?" I asked in a whisper.

"It is done," she answered.

It was, then, by Mr. Macey's watch (which he had kept hidden about him throughout our imprisonment), seven o'clock. We had two hours to wait: hours of suspense but hours of rest also for the overworked men who had been cutting the wood. Before I lay down, I looked into the inner room. The women were all sitting together; and I saw by the looks they cast on me that Miss Maryon had told them of what was coming with the night. The children were, much as usual, playing quiet games among themselves. In the men's room, I noticed that Mr. Macey had posted himself along with Tom Packer, close to Sergeant Drooce, and that Mr. Fisher seemed to be taking great pains to make himself agreeable to Mr. Pordage. I was glad to see that the two gentlemen of the company, who were quick-witted and experienced in most things, were already taking in hand the two unreasonable men.

The evening brought no coolness with it. The heat was so oppressive that we all panted under it. The stillness in the forest was awful. We could almost hear the falling of the leaves.

Half-past seven, eight, half-past eight, a quarter to nine—Nine. The tramp of feet came up the steps on one side, and the tramp of feet came into the hall, on the other. There was a confusion of voices,—then, the voice of the Pirate Captain, speaking in his own language,—then, the voice of the American mate, ordering out the guard,—then silence.

I crawled to the door of our room, and laid myself down behind it, where I could see a strip of the hall, being that part of it in which the way out was situated. Here, also, the Pirate Captain's tent had been set up, about twelve or fourteen feet from the door. Two torches were burning before it. By their light, I saw the guard on duty file out, each man munching his Tortilla, and each man grumbling over it. At the same time, in the part of the hall which I could not see, I heard the men off duty grumbling also. The Pirate Captain, who had entered his tent the minute before, came out of it, and calling to the American mate, at the far end of the hall, asked sharply in English, what that murmuring meant.

"The men complain of the Tortillas," the mate tells him. "They say, they are nastier than ever to-night."

"Bring me one, and let me taste it," said the Captain. I had often before heard people talk of their hearts being in their mouths, but I never really knew what the sensation was, till I heard that order given.

The Tortilla was brought to him. He nibbled a bit off it, spat the morsel out with disgust, and threw the rest of the cake away.

"Those Indian beasts have burnt the Tortillas," he said, "and their dirty hides shall suffer for it to-morrow morning." With those words, he whisked round on his heel, and went back into his tent.

Some of the men had crept up behind me, and, looking over my head, had seen what I saw. They passed the account of it in whispers to those who could not see; and they, in their turn, repeated it to the women. In five minutes everybody in the two rooms knew that the scheme had failed with the very man whose sleep it was most important to secure. I heard no stifled crying among the women or stifled cursing among the men. The despair of that time was too deep for tears, and too deep for words.

I myself could not take my eyes off the tent. In a little while he came out of it again, puffing and panting with the heat. He lighted a cigar at one of the torches, and laid himself down on his cloak just inside the doorway leading into the portico, so that all the air from outside might blow over him. Little as he was, he was big enough to lie right across the narrow way out.

He smoked and he smoked, slowly and more slowly, for, what seemed to me to be, hours, but for what, by the watch, was little more than ten minutes after all. Then, the cigar dropped out of his mouth—his hand sought for it, and sank lazily by his side—his head turned over a little towards the door—and he fell off: not into the drugged sleep that there was safety in, but into his light, natural sleep, which a touch on his body might have disturbed.

"Now's the time to gag him," says Short, creeping up close to me, and taking off his jacket and shoes.

"Steady," says I. "Don't let's try that till we can try nothing else. There are men asleep near us who have not eaten the drugged cakes—the Pirate Captain is light and active—and if the gag slips on his mouth, we are all done for. I'll go to his head, Short, with my jacket ready in my hands. When I'm there, do you lead the way with your mates, and step gently into the portico, over his body. Every minute of your time is precious on account of making the rafts. Leave the rest of the men to get the women and children over; and leave me to gag him if he stirs while we are getting out."

"Shake hands on it, Davis," says Short, getting to his feet. "A team of horses wouldn't have dragged me out first, if you hadn't said that about the rafts."

"Wait a bit," says I, "till I speak to Mr. Kitten."

I crawled back into the room, taking care to keep out of the way of the stones in the middle of it, and asked Mr. Kitten how long it would be before the drugged cakes acted on the men outside who had eaten them? He said we ought to wait another quarter of an hour, to make quite sure. At the same time, Mr. Macey whispered in my ear to let him pass over the Pirate Captain's body, alone with the dangerous man of our company—Sergeant Drooce. "I know how to deal with mad people," says he. "I have persuaded the Sergeant that if he is quiet, and if he steps carefully, I can help him to escape from Tom Packer, whom he is beginning to look on as his keeper. He has been as stealthy and quiet as a cat ever since—and I will answer for him till we get to the river side."

What a relief it was to hear that! I was turning round to get back to Short, when a hand touched me lightly.

"I have heard you talking," whispered Miss Maryon; "and I will prepare all in my room for the risk we must now run. Robert, the ship's boy, whom the children are so fond of, shall help us to persuade them, once more, that we are going to play a game If you can get one of the torches from the tent, and pass it in here, it may prevent some of us from stumbling. Don't be afraid of the women and children, Davis. They shall not endanger the brave men who are saving them."

I left her at once to get the torch. The Pirate Captain was still fast asleep as I stole on tiptoe, into the hall, and took it from the tent. When I returned, and gave it to Miss Maryon, her sister's little deaf and dumb boy saw me, and, slipping between us, caught tight hold of one of my hands. Having been used to riding on my shoulders for so many days, he had taken a fancy to me; and, when I tried to put him away, he only clung the tighter, and began to murmur in his helpless dumb way. Slight as the noise was which the poor little fellow could make, we all dreaded it. His mother wrung her hands in despair when she heard him; and Mr. Fisher whispered to me for Heaven's sake to quiet the child, and humour him at any cost. I immediately took him up in my arms, and went back to Short.

"Sling him on my back," says I, "as you slung the little girl on your own the first day of the march. I want both my hands, and the child won't be quiet away from me."

Short did as I asked him in two minutes. As soon as he had finished, Mr. Macey passed the word on to me, that the quarter of an hour was up; that it was time to try the experiment with Drooce; and that it was necessary for us all to humour him by feigning sleep. We obeyed. Looking out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mr. Macey take the mad Sergeant's arm, point round to us all, and then lead him out. Holding tight by Mr. Macey, Drooce stepped as lightly as a woman, with as bright and wicked a look of cunning as ever I saw in any human eyes. They crossed the hall—Mr. Macey pointed to the Pirate Captain, and whispered, "Hush!"— the Sergeant imitated the action and repeated the word—then the two stepped over his body (Drooce cautiously raising his feet the highest), and disappeared through the portico. We waited to hear if there was any noise or confusion. Not a sound.

I got up, and Short handed me his jacket for the gag. The child, having been startled from his sleep by the light of the torch, when I brought it in, had fallen off again, already, on my shoulder. "Now for it," says I, and stole out into the hall.

I stopped at the tent, went in, and took the first knife I could find there. With the weapon between my teeth, with the little innocent asleep on my shoulder, with the jacket held ready in both hands, I kneeled down on one knee at the Pirate Captain's head, and fixed my eyes steadily on his ugly sleeping face.

The sailors came out first, with their shoes in their hands. No sound of footsteps from any one of them. No movement in the ugly face as they passed over it.

The women and children were ready next. Robert, the ship's boy, lifted the children over: most of them holding their little hands over their mouths to keep from laughing—so well had Robert persuaded them that we were only playing a game. The women passed next, all as light as air; after them, in obedience to a sign from me, my comrades of the Marines, holding their shoes in their hands, as the sailors had done before them. So far, not a word had been spoken, not a mistake had been made—so far, not a change of any sort had passed over the Pirate Captain's face.

There were left now in the hall, besides myself and the child on my back, only Mr. Fisher and Mr. Pordage. Mr. Pordage! Up to that moment, in the risk and excitement of the time, I had not once thought of him.

I was forced to think of him now, though; and with anything but a friendly feeling.

At the sight of the Pirate Captain, asleep across the way out, the unfortunate, mischievous old simpleton tossed up his head, and folded his arms, and was on the point of breaking out loud into a spoken document of some kind, when Mr. Fisher wisely and quickly clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Government despatches outside," whispers Mr. Fisher, in an agony. "Secret service. Forty-nine reports from headquarters, all waiting for you half a mile off. I'll show you the way, sir. Don't wake that man there, who is asleep: he must know nothing about it—he represents the Public."

Mr. Pordage suddenly looked very knowing and hugely satisfied with himself. He followed Mr. Fisher to within a foot of the Pirate Captain's body—then stopped short.

"How many reports?" he asked, very anxiously.

"Forty-nine," said Mr. Fisher. "Come along, sir,—and step clean over the Public, whatever you do."

Mr. Pordage instantly stepped over, as jauntily as if he was going to dance. At the moment of his crossing, a hanging rag of his cursed, useless, unfortunate, limp Diplomatic coat touched the Pirate Captain's forehead, and woke him.

I drew back softly, with the child still asleep on my shoulder, into the black shadow of the wall behind me. At the instant when the Pirate Captain awoke, I had been looking at Mr. Pordage, and had consequently lost the chance of applying the gag to his mouth suddenly, at the right time.

On rousing up, he turned his face inwards, towards the prisoners' room. If he had turned it outwards, he must to a dead certainty have seen the tail of Mr. Pordage's coat, disappearing in the portico.

Though he was awake enough to move, he was not awake enough to have the full possession of his sharp senses. The drowiness of his sleep still hung about him. He yawned, stretched himself, spat wearily, sat up, spat again, got on his legs, and stood up, within three feet of the shadow in which I was hiding behind him.

I forgot the knife in my teeth,—I declare solemnly, in the frightful suspense of that moment, I forgot it—and doubled my fist as if I was an unarmed man, with the purpose of stunning him by a blow on the head if he came any nearer. I suppose I waited, with my fist clenched, nearly a minute, while he waited, yawning and spitting. At the end of that time, he made for his tent, and I heard him (with what thankfulness no words can tell!) roll himself down, with another yawn, on his bed inside.

I waited—in the interest of us all—to make quite sure, before I left, that he was asleep again. In what I reckoned as about five minutes' time, I heard him snoring, and felt free to take myself and my little sleeping comrade out of the prison, at last.

The drugged guards in the portico were sitting together, dead asleep, with their backs against the wall. The third man was lying flat, on the landing of the steps. Their arms and ammunition were gone: wisely taken by our men—to defend us, if we were meddled with before we escaped, and to kill food for us when we committed ourselves to the river.

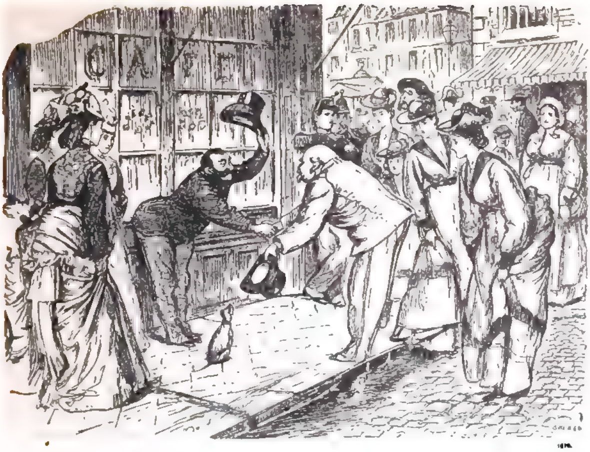
At the bottom of the steps I was startled by seeing two women standing together. They were Mrs. Macey and Miss Maryon: the first, waiting to see her child safe; the second (God bless her for it!) waiting to see *me* safe.

In a quarter of an hour we were by the river-side, and saw the work bravely begun: the sailors and the marines under their orders, labouring at the rafts in the shallow water by the bank; Mr. Macey and Mr. Fisher rolling down fresh timber as it was wanted; the women cutting the vines, creepers, and withes for the lashings. We brought with us three more pair of hands to help; and all worked with such a will, that, in four hours and twenty minutes, by Mr. Macey's watch, the rafts, though not finished as they ought to have been, were still strong enough to float us away.

Short, another seaman, and the ship's boy, got aboard the first raft, carrying with them poles and spare timber. Miss Maryon, Mrs. Fisher and her husband, Mrs. Macey and her husband and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Pordage, Mr. Kitten, myself, and women and children besides, to make up eighteen, were the passengers on the leading raft. The second raft, under the guidance of the two other sailors, held Sergeant Drooce (gagged, for he now threatened to be noisy again), Tom Packer, the two marines, Mrs. Belltott, and the rest of the women and children. We all got on board silently and quickly, with a fine moonlight over our heads, and without accidents or delays of any kind.

It was a good half-hour before the time would come for the change of guard at the prison, when the lashings which tied us to the bank were cast off, and we floated away, a company of free people, on the current of an unknown river.

(*To be concluded: Chapter III by Charles Dickens.*)



Drawn by
George du Maurier

"La Politesse" can be carried too far, even among the Politest People in the world—for instance, it can be carried right across the Pavement, so as to stop the way.

What Are Good Manners?

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought. BYRON.

A Little Lesson in Etiquette from a Queen

When John Lafarge was in the South Seas, the Queen of Tahiti made him a blood brother, going through the ceremony of mutual blood transfusion; and they became great friends. The artist liked to tell one incident.

"I went down to the Queen's palace one morning (the palace being a somewhat larger thatched hut than the others); and as I reached the entrance a young man came out looking very downcast. I had noticed him before on account of his striking beauty and perfect shape, remarkable even among these people who looked like living statues; but I had no idea who he was.

"When I entered I found my royal sister looking like a thundercloud.

"'Did you see that young man who just left?' she burst out. 'He has bad manners: he walks like a chief.'

"Of course, that sounds somewhat ridiculous up here: but in Tahiti only a chief can walk in a certain way, use certain words, wear certain costume, eat certain food. For an ordinary person to assume any of these distinctive things would be as great a solecism as for a man to walk down Fifth Avenue on Sunday with no clothes.

"'Yes!' continued the Queen deeply excited. 'He walks like a chief! I said to him: "You have bad manners: you walk like a chief. Do you know the relation that has existed for a thousand years between my family and your family? *For a thousand years* my family has kept your family for human sacrifices!"'

"Which," observed Mr. Lafarge, "was literally true and quite logical. For there had to be human sacrifices, of course; and when one was offering to a god it wouldn't do to pick up some ugly, misshapen, or even ordinary specimen. So one family was selected, and fed well and cared for—and then there was always something worth offering.

"And it was a scion of this family who had become self-important, and walked like a chief."

* * *

Fair is the fruit of stately manners. Menander.

ON PAYING CALLS IN AUGUST

When I was young, throughout the hot season
There were no carriages driving about the roads,
People shut their doors and lay down in the cool:
Or if they went out, it was not to pay calls.
Nowadays—ill-bred, ignorant fellows,
When they feel the heat, make for a friend's house.
The unfortunate host, when he hears someone coming
Scowls and frowns, but can think of no escape.
"There's nothing for it but to rise and go to the door,"
And in his comfortable seat he groans and sighs.

The conversation does not end quickly;
Prattling and babbling, what a lot he says!
Only when one is almost dead with fatigue
He asks at last if one isn't finding him tiring.
[One's arm is almost in half with continual fanning:
The sweat is pouring down one's neck in streams.]
Do not say that this is a small matter:
I consider the practice a blot on our social life.
I therefore caution all wise men
That August visitors should not be admitted.

Ch'eng Hsiao (about 250 A. D.). Translated by Arthur Waley.

THE MANNERS OF MUSCAT

A friend, who was a captain in the navy . . . burst into a fit of laughter:

"There is an order from the Admiralty," said he, "that the officers of a man-of-war, when they visit a port little known, should describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. I have a blunt fellow of a master, an excellent seaman, but who troubles himself very little with matters on shore. Curious to have his observations, and knowing that he had two or three times visited the town of Muscat, I insisted on his complying with orders, and filling up this column of his journal. He evaded this duty as long as he could: at last, in despair, he went to his cabin, and returning with his book, said, 'There, sir, I have obeyed orders, and you will find all I could write about these black fellows, and all they deserve.'

"I took the journal and read:

"'Inhabitants of Muscat
As to manners, they have none; and their customs are very beastly.'"

Sir John Malcolm.

* * *

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles in the mire. Isaac Watts.

THE NONNE

At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.

Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.*
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught. Chaucer.

* (pleasure).

What Cyrano Learned in the Moon—and Might Have Learned in any Synagogue

He was still speaking, when I saw a man come in stark naked: I presently sat down and put on my hat to show him honour, for these are the greatest marks of respect that can be shown to any in that country. Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac.

A Contemporary View of Dr. Johnson

Religious, moral, generous and humane
He was,—but self-sufficient, rude and vain;
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian,—yet a brute. Soame Jenkyns.

Among Fijian Savages

A chief was one day going over a mountain-path, followed by a long string of his people, when he happened to stumble and fall; all the rest of the people immediately did the same, except one man, who was instantly set upon by the rest, to know whether he considered himself better than his chief. Williams and Calvert.

The Roman and his Women

The Romans treated their women, married or unmarried, with so much honour and respect, that it was prohibited to say the least immodest word in their presence; and when they met them on the streets, they always gave them the way; which was observed even by the magistrates themselves. They carried decency so high, that the fathers took care never to embrace their wives before their daughters. The near relations were permitted to kiss their female kindred on the mouth; but it was in order to know whether they smelt of wine; for they were not allowed to drink it. Lefevre de Morsan.

❧

Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere. Tennyson.

A Letter to a Very Young Lady

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of *fondness* to your husband, before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it: the one is gross hypocrisy; and the other has too bad a name to mention. Dean Swift.

ELIZABETHAN

After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth into a light Turkey grogram, if you have that happiness of shifting, and then be seen for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some silver quill or instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief. THOMAS DEKKER.

POLITENESS AT THE SOURCES OF THE SENEGAL

When a stranger enters the house of a Serracolet (Inland Negro), the latter goes out, saying,—"White man, my house, my wife, my children belong to thee." MOLLIEU.

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY LADY

My pretty daughters, be courteous and meek, for nothing is more beautiful . . . I have seen a great lady take off her cap and bow to a simple ironmonger. One of her followers seemed astonished. "I prefer," she said, "to have been too courteous towards that man, than to have been guilty of the least incivility to a knight."

GEOFFROY DE LATOUR-LANDRY.

IN RUSSIA TWO CENTURIES AGO

Just as the law of our prophet forbids us to drink wine, so the law of their prince forbids the Muscovites.

Their way of receiving their guests is not at all Persian. As soon as a stranger enters a house, the husband presents his wife to him; the stranger is expected to kiss her as a mark of courtesy to the husband. PERSIAN LETTERS (MONTESQUIEU).

AN ELIZABETHAN ENGLISHMAN COMES UPON SOME NEW REFINEMENTS IN VENICE

The master did courteously admit us to his table, and gave us good diet, serving each man with his knife, and his spoone, and his *forke* (to hold his meat while he cuts it, for they hold it ill manners that one should touch the meat with his hand), and with a glass or cup to drink in, *peculiar* to himself. FYNES MORISON.

THE ETIQUETTE OF CONVERSATION IN RENAISSANCE ITALY

It many times chaunceth, a man is so ernest in his tale, that hee hath no minde of any thing els. One wagges his head. Another lookes bigg and scowles with his browes. That man pulls his mouth awry. And tother spittes in and uppon their faces with whome he talkes. And some suche there be that move their hands in suche a sorte, as if they should chase the flies as they go: which be very unhansome and unseemely maners to use.

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN'S CODE

Should he, in hunting, go many days without food, and call at the hut of a friend, he takes care not to show the least impatience at his famishing condition, lest he should be wanting in fortitude, and be called a woman. PETER PARLEY (S. G. GOODRICH).

French "Rules of Civility" in 1703

AT CHURCH.

It is indecent likewise to comb your Head, or mend anything about your Cloaths in the Church; to do which, if there be a necessity, you must take your opportunity, and go out.

It were to be wish'd (and I think it would be no more absurd than in the Houses of great Persons) that everybody would spit in their Handkerchiefs at Church; for commonly no Stable is more nasty than that.

AT TABLE.

To blow your Nose publickly at the Table, without holding your hat or Napkin before your Face; to wipe off Sweat from your Face with your Handkerchief; to claw your Head, &c., to belch, hawk, and tear anything up from the bottom of your Stomach, are things so intolerable sordid, they are sufficient to make a Man vomit to behold them; you must forbear them therefore as much as you can, or at least conceal them. You must not be fantastical and affected in your eating, but eat soberly and deliberately, neither showing yourself insatiable, nor stuffing till you give yourself the Hickup.

⁂

The Japanese Visitor

The ceremony of the morning call ends by serving up, on a sheet of white paper, confectionery or other dainties, to be eaten with chopsticks. What he cannot eat, the visitor carefully folds up in paper, and deposits in his pocket-sleeve. This practice of carrying away what is not eaten is so established a rule of Japanese good breeding, that, at grand dinners the guests are expected to bring servants, with baskets, properly arranged for receiving the remnants of the feast. (A Recent Dutch Traveller.)

⁂

Inviting a Lady to Dance in Boston in 1810

When a gentleman would invite a lady to dance, he will not come forward suddenly, and abruptly present himself before her; but walk forward with deliberation and composure, and be mindful that he is at a proper and respectful distance, and not directly in front of the lady, but a little on her right. When he solicits of her the pleasure of a dance, he will not be too hasty in presenting to her his hand, before he obtains an affirmative answer. If the lady consent to dance, he will, with a little more activity and animation (as expressing joy for a favour), first bowing, slide to the right, and present to her his right hand (she giving her left) to attend her, as a partner, upon the floor.

A Guide to Politeness.

⁂

The noble citizen of Old Greece who, attending a sacrifice, let himself be burned to the bone by a coal that jumped into his sleeve, rather than disturb the sacred ceremony.

Thomas Hardy.

⁂

First Social Steps

"Let me introduce the topic by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth—for fear of accidents; and that while the fork is reserved for that use, it is not put further in than necessary. It is scarcely worth mentioning, only it is as well to do as other people do. Also, the spoon is not generally used overhand, but under. This has two advantages. You get at your mouth better (which after all is the object), and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters on the part of the right elbow. And excuse my mentioning that society as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass as to turn it bottom upwards on the rim of one's nose." Charles Dickens.

THE CUT POLITE

When in company with your superiors, no rupture will ensue between you, if you treat him (a friend of less social worth) as a bare acquaintance. Should you be observed to notice him, and it is asked—"Who is that fellow?" you may wash your hands of the infamy of knowing him, by remarking, after some time for recollection, that you believe you bought a pointer, or dogcart, or curricle of him. *An American Guide of 1808.*

⁂

IN THE EIGHTIES

If a stranger whom you do not know, and to whom you have had no introduction, takes the liberty of asking you to drink wine with him, refuse at once, positively and coldly, to prove that you consider it an unwarrantable freedom. And so it is.

Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen (English).

Wadding or stuffing should be avoided as much as possible. A little may be judiciously used to round off the more salient points of an angular figure, but when it is used for the purpose of creating an egregiously false impression of superior form, it is simply snobbish.

Etiquette for Gentlemen.

⁂

AT THE AMERICAN CAPITAL

Drawing-rooms frequently contain paintings and statuary, and a cabinet for bijouterie, or small articles of value. There is no impropriety in looking at these, as they are placed there for that purpose. Besides, they are frequently suggestive of topics of conversation. . . . A lady may with propriety call the attention of her visitors to any article of this kind not on account of its price, which would display *vulgarity*, but of its beauty or rarity, which would manifest *taste*. *Etiquette at Washington.*

⁂

WHEN THE ARISTOCRATS PICNICKED

The choice of a spot is a matter of great consequence, and one should be selected where there is a certainty of shade, as it is impossible to hold up a parasol during luncheon, and nothing is more uncomfortable for a lady than to be exposed to a pitiless sun. . . . Care should also be taken to see that the guests are not seated upon an ant-hill, and there is no wasps' nest in the immediate vicinity, though no precaution will absolutely prevent these inconvenient insects making their way to the fruit, and bringing discomfort and annoyance with them.

It is also somewhat perplexing in the matter of costume, as the suitable for a picnic is hardly suitable for a dance, while a toilette pretty enough for the evening is sadly out of place where there is any prospect of scrambling among ruins or visiting waterfalls or damp wood-paths. . . . It is not necessary for gentlemen to wear frock-coats and tall hats, as for the more formal festivities of garden or archery parties. Shooting-coats and wide-awakes are quite permissible at a picnic.

Nothing is in worse taste than the common habit among some fast young ladies, of treating their chaperon as an irksome incumbrance, to whom no attention or deference is due. It might perhaps surprise them to know that the inference drawn by gentlemen from their conduct is that the restraints of propriety are irksome to them, and that their names are apt to be mentioned lightly in consequence.

The Manners of the Aristocracy. By One of Themselves. (About 1885).

⁂

BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING

"What is the proper colour for boy babies? I want to make a little sweater for a baby that has just arrived."

Blue is for boys; pink for girls. LILIAN EICHLER (1924).

Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning

By MARK TWAIN

S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain

WELL, Sir—continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk—the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be *reasoned* with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said:

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how *can* one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man *can't* be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer—you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to——

"I'm sorry, dear—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and——"

"Mortimer!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for *my* sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

"But, my love——"

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You *know* there is no place so dangerous as a bed in such a thunderstorm as this—all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing, and arguing, and——"

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed *now*. I'm——"

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how *can* you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I *didn't* swear. And that *wasn't* a result of it, anyway. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline—at least, you ought to know—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity——"

"Oh, yes; now argue it, and argue it, and argue it!—I don't see how you can act so when you *know* there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What *are* you doing?—lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and——"

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt!—crash—boom—boloom-boom—boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't *cause* lightning—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was levelled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount such marksmanship as that——"

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and——"

[*Fzt!—boom-berroom-boom! bumble-umble bang*-SMASH!]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How *could* you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it *wasn't* 'such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could *I* know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow-fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow-fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll *stand* the earthquake, because it was in the neighbourhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed——"

[*Fzt!* — BOOM *beroom*-boom ! boom. — BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language—*Mortimer!*"

"WELL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if— Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fireplace?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it this moment! You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? *Now* where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake! have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment! The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day! Mortimer!"

"Yes."

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woollen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What *can* you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and—What on *earth* are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in *that?*"

"*Harm?* There's *death* in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it *tight*—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what *are* you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da—it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out:

"Mortimer, something *must* be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantelpiece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book—at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out:

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the washstand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Fzt! — boom — bang! — smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, '*Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.*' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it, and put it on—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia saber, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it—in silence—and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, '*Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen könnten.*' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and, moreover, don't you see, the very wording——"

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer, dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighbourhood—the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said:

"There is nothing the matter, friends—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said:

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another of those people lay down on the ground to laugh—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked:

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight; Garfield's nominated—and that's what's the matter!"

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams), the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck.

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

Reproaches to a Dissipated Student

[Egyptian—About 1300 B. C.]

THEY tell me that thou forsakest books
And givest thyself up to pleasure
Thou goest from street to street;
Every evening the smell of beer,
The smell of beer, frightens people away from thee,
It bringeth thy soul to ruin.

Thou art like a broken helm,
That obeyeth on neither side.
Thou art as a shrine without its god,
As a house without bread.

Thou art met climbing the walls,
And breaking through the palings:
People flee from thee,
Thou strikest them until they are wounded.

Oh, that thou didst know that wine is an abomination,
And that thou wouldst forsake the *Shedeh* drink!
That thou wouldst not put cool drinks within thy heart,
That thou wouldst forget the *Tenreku*.

But now thou art taught to sing to the flute,
To recite to the pipe
To intone to the lyre
To sing to the harp,
[and generally to lead a life of dissipation.]

Two Slaps in the Face

By FRANZ MOLNAR

Molnár Ferenc

A Budapest street at two o'clock of a sunny autumn afternoon. Jules *and* Alfred *are walking home from school, carrying their books under their arms. Neither is quite seventeen.*

Jules—You haven't said a word for ten minutes.

Alfred—No.

Jules—Don't you feel well?

Alfred—I'm all right.

Jules—You have been depressed all day.

Alfred—Yes. . . . I'm depressed.

Jules—Why?

Alfred—Because women are so deceitful. (*There is a pause.*)

Jules—You mean Vilma?

Alfred—Of course. . . . Vilma. Who else? (*Another pause.*)

Jules—What has she done?

Alfred—She hasn't done anything special. She is deceitful, that's all. Women are all alike.

Jules—What happened, anyhow?

Alfred—You know that water tower on Marguerite Island?

Jules—Yes.

Alfred—Lots of fellows and girls meet there in the evening. She and I used to meet there too.

Jules—At the water tower?

Alfred—Yes. At six every afternoon. She'd say she had a music lesson, and I'd say I was going to the library, and we'd meet at the tower and go walking under the trees as all lovers do . . . only ours was an innocent affair, for I never even kissed her because she was afraid someone might see us. No, I'd only take her arm, and we'd walk along and talk about the future . . . when we'd be married, and things like that. And sometimes we'd quarrel about her music teacher. I was a little jealous of him. I tried to make Vilma jealous, too, but she'd never show her jealousy. She's too clever. But she loves me——

Jules—Yes, but what happened?

Alfred—I'm coming to that. . . . So we always met at the water tower until one day her mother intercepted a letter. . . . It was my own fault. I didn't have to write a letter at all, much less put the water tower in it. I could have written "the usual place," but, like a fool, I wrote "the water tower." . . . Well, her mother intercepted the letter but never said a word to Vilma about it. And the next afternoon she watches Vilma tying a new hair ribbon in a double bow, and when Vilma says "Music lesson" she pretends to believe her and lets her go without a word. But she follows her. You see?

Jules—Oh!

Alfred—It was terrible. There I stood in front of the tower, never suspecting a thing. And Vilma came up. "Hello!" "Hello!" we said to each other, and arm in arm we walked toward the trees. I asked her if she loved me, and she said of course she did. I asked her if she loved me very much, and she said very much. I said, "I adore you." And she said, "Not as much as I adore you." I said: "It is impossible for anyone to be adored as much as I adore you." And at that moment her mother rushes up like a bull.

Jules—How do you mean—like a bull?

Alfred—Like a female bull. She rushed up and planted herself in front of us. I felt like running away, but I couldn't leave Vilma alone in trouble. . . . She just stood there glaring at both of us. She never said a word to me. She couldn't; she doesn't know me. But she grabbed hold of Vilma, and shrieked: "So this is your music lesson! So this is why you put a new ribbon in your hair!" Poor Vilma couldn't say a word. She only stood there, trembling. Then suddenly that wild bull of a mother raised her hand, and, before I could prevent it, she gave Vilma a slap in the face . . . an awful slap in the face.

JULES—In the face?

ALFRED—Right in the face! And before I could say a word she had grabbed Vilma by the hand and led her away. There I stood looking after them. I can't explain to you how badly I felt. But I loved Vilma more than ever, because I knew how humiliated she must feel, having her face slapped like that in my presence. So I went home.

JULES—Is that all?

ALFRED—No. The worst is yet to come. Next day I wrote to Vilma, asking her to meet me at the tower on Thursday. I reasoned it would be safer than ever now, because, after what had happened, her mother would never suppose she'd meet me again.

JULES—Did she come?

ALFRED—Certainly she came. She cried as if her heart would break. I knew she'd be humiliated. She kept repeating over and over again: "If she only hadn't done it in front of you! If she had slapped me at home I wouldn't have minded half as much." Nothing I could say seemed to console her. Vilma is an awfully proud girl. She didn't stay very long. She had to go home. And as I was going home myself, an idea came to me.

JULES—What was that?

ALFRED—An idea of how to make it up to her for the slap she got on my account.

JULES—How?

ALFRED—If I hadn't written that stupid letter her mother would never have slapped her in my presence. Well, the only way to make it up to her was to have my father slap me in her presence. Do you see?

JULES—No.

ALFRED—Very simple. I wrote my father an anonymous letter in a disguised hand. "Dear Sir, Every day at six your son meets a girl at the water tower on Marguerite Island. If you don't believe me, go there and watch for him, and box the young scoundrel's ears as he deserves." Signed, "A Friend."

JULES—Did you send it to him?

ALFRED—Certainly. That suggestion about boxing the young scoundrel's ears wasn't strictly necessary. I know my father pretty well; and I was almost certain that, if he caught me, he'd hit me of his own accord. But I had to make absolutely sure, so as to be even with Vilma. She gets one from her mother as a lady; I get one from my father as a gentleman; then there is no reason for her to feel humiliated any longer. Wasn't that the chivalrous thing to do?

JULES—Absolutely.

ALFRED—A gentleman could do no less.

JULES—No.

ALFRED—I sent the letter, and I could see in father's face that he got it all right. He kept his eye on me all afternoon, and at quarter to six, when I was going out, he asked me where. I said: "To the library." And, sure enough, when I left the house he followed me, keeping about a block behind on the other side of the street. I was pleased. I reach the tower and I wait. Father came up on the other side and hid himself among the trees. I pretended not to see him. In about five minutes Vilma came. "Hello!" "Hello!" we said to each other. "How are you? . . . Do you love me? . . . I love you." . . . I took her arm and led her toward the trees. And when we get there the old man pounces down on me. "Library, eh? You young scamp!" He gives me a choice line of language and before he had finished—exactly as I had planned it—he gives me a nice ringing slap on the face with his open hand. "Come along now!" he roars, and leads me away. But as we went he raised his hat politely to Vilma. It was a courteous act. I respect him for it.

JULES—Yes, it was.

ALFRED—The next day I meet Vilma again. What do you suppose she does? She laughs at me.

JULES—Laughs?

ALFRED—Laughs! . . . She said the expression on my face when father slapped me was the most comical thing she had ever seen. And she began laughing all over again. . . . Then I told her how I had planned the whole thing myself. I showed her a copy of the letter, and explained how I had humiliated myself to make it up to her for her own humiliation, and that it was nothing to laugh about; but she only went on laughing and laughing like a silly fool. And when I reproached her she said: "I can't help it. Since I saw your father slap you I can't respect you any more."

JULES—Is that what she said?

ALFRED—Would you believe it? . . . Yes. . . . I felt my face getting redder and redder. I couldn't say another word.

And when she saw how humiliated I was, she became a bit sorry for me. "If you knew how ridiculous you looked when he slapped you," she explained. "It's no use for me to try ever to love you again. I couldn't. I'm quite disillusioned." Then she started giggling all over again, and I walked away. I can still hear her laughing.

JULES—And now it's all over?

ALFRED—All over. (*There is a pause.*)

JULES—She's not worth grieving about. She's fickle.

ALFRED—They're all like that. . . . What's the use of being chivalrous? You let yourself be slapped in the face for them, and they only laugh at you.

JULES—You'd think she'd love you all the more after a sacrifice like that.

ALFRED—Yes, that's the baffling part of it. After her wild mother slapped her I loved her more than ever before . . . and respected her more, too. But she—she—It's so unreasonable! I don't understand it at all.

JULES—Neither do I. (*They walk on, shaking their heads dolefully.*)

The Riddling Knight

I

THERE were three sisters fair and bright,
Jennifer, Gentle and Rosemary,
And they three loved one valiant knight—
As the dow flies over the mulberry tree.

II

The eldest sister let him in,
And barr'd the door with a silver pin.

III

The second sister made his bed,
And placed soft pillows under his head.

IV

The youngest sister that same night
Was resolved for to wed wi' this valiant knight.

V

"If you can answer questions three,
O then, fair maid, I'll marry wi' thee.

VI

"O what is louder nor a horn,
Or what is sharper nor a thorn?

VII

"Or what is heavier nor the lead,
Or what is better nor the bread?

VIII

"Or what is longer nor the way,
Or what is deeper nor the sea?"—

IX

"O shame is louder nor a horn,
And hunger is sharper nor a thorn.

X

"O sin is heavier nor the lead,
The blessing's better nor the bread.

XI

"O the wind is longer nor the way,
And love is deeper nor the sea."

XII

["You have answer'd aright my questions three.]
Jennifer, Gentle and Rosemary.
And now, fair maid, I'll marry wi' thee,
As the dow flies over the mulberry tree."

The Poodle of Monsieur Gaillard

By THOMAS A. JANVIER

Thomas A. Janvier

"SAINTS in Heaven! Monsieur is bereft of his reason!" Césarine, Monsieur Gaillard's housekeeper, uttered these words with astonishment and also with asperity. As though invoking the help of the saints of Heaven, she raised her hands.

Toward Monsieur Gaillard the attitude of Césarine at all times was monitorial. Having carried him in her arms in babyhood, she had privileges. As the head of his comfortable little establishment in Paris—he had brought her up from Lohéac, his excellent estate in vines in the Midi, to take charge of it—she had rights. That her cookings were as of Paradise could not be questioned. That her temper was as of a region antipodal to Paradise could not be denied. Between herself and her master there was so strong a friendship that its most frequent manifestation was open war.

In effect, the scene that Césarine beheld seemed to justify her discourteous assertion and to warrant her invocation of saintly aid.

Seated at his own dining-table was Monsieur Gaillard. In the centre of the table—covered with a green cloth and not laid for a meal—was a large urn-like soup-tureen of elegant design. Standing upon the cover of the tureen, and retaining with difficulty his position upon that slippery height, was a black poodle: his head upraised and his mouth wide open, as though—as was the fact—in the act of uttering a formidable howl. Being a housekeeper with a high sense of her responsibilities, and a woman of such undauntable neatness that she would not have hesitated to rebuke an untidy archangel, it was the desecration of the best soup-tureen that reasonably aroused Césarine's wrath.

Monsieur Gaillard started, guiltily. His back was toward the door, and the door had been opened with so considerate a gentleness that his first knowledge of Césarine's undesired presence was conveyed to him in her remonstrant words. The poodle, taking advantage of the diversion, slid down gladly from his bad eminence and jumped from the table to the floor with a cheerful bark.

"Monsieur perhaps will have the goodness to explain his childish folly?" observed Césarine stiffly.

"With willingness, my good Césarine," Monsieur Gaillard replied; but in a tone that had not willingness as its dominant note. "As thou knowest, this faithful animal is the only creature in the world who has for me an unswerving affection——"

"Monsieur pays me a compliment upon my long years of devotion. He will be pleased to accept my thanks!" By way of emphasizing her devotion, Césarine glared.

"Truly, truly, my good Césarine, thy affection for me is above praise. But even thou thyself must admit that it is of a brittleness—that thy manifestations of it most often take the form of a reproof and a frown. But I will put the case in different words. Pierrot has an affection for me that in all seasons is persistent and unquestioning. I am teaching, therefore, that wholly loyal animal to sit lamenting upon my tomb: into which—broken-hearted by thou knowest what perfidy—I shall descend at no distant day!" Monsieur Gaillard lowered his voice to a key of becoming melancholy as he uttered, appealingly, these dismally prophetic words.

Césarine refused to respond to his appeal. With a coldness she replied, questioningly: "Monsieur then has the intention to be reduced to soup, and to go down into his tomb in the soup-tureen? This is a new arrangement. Repeatedly he has informed me that it was his purpose to go down into his tomb roasted. Truly, if Monsieur desires to enter Eternity through the kitchen, I venture to advise him to adhere to his roasting plan."

"My roasting plan, as thou so unfeelingly callest it, Césarine, has not been abandoned. I shall be cremated, as I often have told thee, and my ashes will be deposited in a silver urn. This urn will be placed in the niche already prepared for it in my library. On it will be engraved the touching inscription: 'He died of a broken heart!'"

"Has Monsieur arranged that the number of years shall be stated during which the breaking of his heart has proceeded? To my own knowledge more than a score have passed since—because of that minx—it had its beginning; and even yet—Monsieur now being turned of forty-five, though I will do him the justice to say that he does not look it—I venture to assert that the process is incomplete. But we lose sight of the main matter. I would ask again: Why is this unclean animal permitted to associate himself with my best tureen?"

"Putting aside the fact—that no one knows better than thyself, who thyself saw to it that he was washed but this very morning—that Pierrot is of a cleanliness——"

"Cleanliness sufficing to justify association with a soup-tureen is impossible for any dog!" Césarine interrupted hotly.

"Putting that aside, I say," continued Monsieur Gaillard; "canst thou not perceive, dull woman that thou art, that already thy question has been answered? Have I not told thee that my ashes are to repose in a silver urn? Equally, have I not told thee that I have been teaching Pierrot to stand lamenting upon my tomb? The matter explains itself. If Pierrot can maintain himself upon this slippery vessel, it follows that he easily can maintain himself—while howling appropriately—upon my mortuary urn of silver: the top of which, expressly to make more facile his act of devotion, will be somewhat flattened, and so roughened with embossments that he will have a hold for his claws. With my nephew all is arranged. Once a week, for so long as the worthy animal lives, Pierrot will be conducted to the library and encouraged to jump to the niche and thence to mount upon the urn. There, for a reasonable length of time, the faithful creature will remain—uttering at intervals lamenting howls. Thus shall it be, Césarine, when I am but ashes, that one faithful heart—in contrast with the cruel heart that was unfaithful—will mourn for me. Truly, it will be a beautiful, a sacred rite that my poor Pierrot will perform!"

Monsieur Gaillard for a moment maintained a sad silence. Then, quite cheerfully, he added: "Now I will show thee how well the good Pierrot has learned his new trick—though trick is much too light a word to apply to an act so animated with a pensive tenderness." And, turning to Pierrot, he patted on the table and said encouragingly: "Mount, good dog!"

"Monsieur will show me nothing of the sort!" cried Césarine sharply and strongly. "The idea of it! To defile my superb tureen with that abominable beast—and before my very eyes! I shall place it in hiding against such sacrilege. It will appear only on occasions of ceremony—when even Monsieur will be compelled to hold his follies in control!"

Accommodating her actions to her words, Césarine snatched up the tureen from the table and—cherishing it in her arms protectingly—bolted from the room.

Presently, presumably having placed the tureen in safety, Césarine returned. She had the fighting blood of the South in her veins, this excellent woman; and when that blood fairly was up she was not content with a fight that lasted through but a single round.

"Having compelled Monsieur to come to reason in the matter of dogs and vessels belonging to the dinner," she said resolutely: "I shall be glad to go more deeply into that matter of his heartbreak. It is a matter that—having heard overmuch about it—I would wish to settle with him, once and for all. And, by Monsieur's permission, we will treat it seriously. At the beginning we will grant that, other things being equal, the marriage that was to make Monsieur's estate of Lohéac and the Roustan estate of Clérensac all of one tenant was reasonable."

"That good project," said Monsieur Gaillard, speaking very earnestly, "was deep in my father's heart. He died lamenting—and I live lamenting—that it was not realized. It was well worth doing—even at a cost!"

"But it was not worth doing," Césarine continued, "at the cost of a marriage that immediately would have repented itself; and that, precisely, would have been its cost had Monsieur married Mademoiselle Angèle Roustan. I will ask Monsieur to recall the bad tempers of that person even when she was a very little girl—a chunky little girl, with over-fat little legs and yellow hair."

"Thou art unjust to the poor Angèle, very unjust, Césarine. Her bad tempers were of my making. Scamp that I was, I would set Froufrou to snapping at those plump legs of hers that I might enjoy her terrors; that I might enjoy her pain, I would pull her yellow hair!"

"Monsieur's conduct, perhaps, was not wholly irreproachable. He was a boy—and all boys are imps of Satan. But how was she later; when she came to be a young lady—always a romantic silliness, and always of a pig-headedness that made her sullen when she was contradicted and furious when she was crossed? Does Monsieur recall the sentimental follies that came of her convent readings—and her absurd demands?"

"I remember," Monsieur Gaillard smiled a little, "that she wanted me to kill a dragon for her. But that was earlier—after her nurse had told her the story of the Tarasque."

"I do not refer to that period, as Monsieur well knows. I refer to the time when Monsieur had completed his course at Montpellier and was come home again—to be immediately married, as we all believed—and she declared that he must ask to be called to the colours of his regiment and go for a while and fight black men in Africa, in order to make himself worthy of her by heroic deeds; and then, when he properly refused to do anything so crazy, fell into one of her rages and called him a coward."

"That is not a pleasant thing to remember." Monsieur Gaillard spoke gravely. "It was then that the breaking of my heart began."

"Monsieur is asked to keep in mind that we now are talking seriously. His heart, as he well knows, never was even near breaking. He has played with that fancy because his nature is whimsical—and it has served him as an excellent excuse when at first his good parents, and later his friends, have urged him to range himself by marrying: a state for which I am of the opinion, based on knowledge, that he has little aptitude and absolutely no desire."

Césarine undoubtedly knew much that justified this assertion. In spite of herself, as she made it, she smiled. Monsieur Gaillaird, knowing her knowledge, openly laughed.

"With Monsieur's permission, then," she resumed, "we will leave the broken heart out of the question. But Monsieur has reason in saying that when his refusal was given to that silly fancy, a most just refusal, the end had its beginning. His heart was not broken, but it was hurt; and the hurt was deepened by the sudden anger that met his refusal—and that continued after it until the end came. For me, I am assured that the head of that young lady had maggots in it. Nothing less explains!"

"She certainly had peculiarities," Monsieur Gaillard admitted.

"Beyond a question, she *did* have peculiarities!" said Césarine with emphasis. "What a life she must have led that poor Monsieur Beaumelle—whom she married in her spiteful anger, and whom she so soon harried into his grave! Monsieur certainly has no need to be heartbroken because it was not on his own back that her blows fell! And observe what has come of it all! By her absences and her bad managings she has made ricochets of Clérensac—until, they say, the vines are near ruined. That part saddens me: when I think of how Monsieur, by his cares and his sagacities, would have grown on those vines—as on his own of Lohéac—harvests of grapes which would have yielded streams of gold. Killing dragons and fighting black men, indeed, for such a woman! Even at the cost of losing Clérensac, Monsieur has made a good escape. I give him my felicitations with my whole heart!"

Césarine drew a long breath, and for a moment was silent—while she enjoyed the feeling of conscious rectitude that attends upon one who has cleared the air by exhibiting unpleasant facts bared to their very bones. But the affair of the tureen still rankled, and her moral yet remained to be applied.

"And now I would have Monsieur to understand," she resumed, speaking in a strong voice, "that this matter of his broken heart—while a fancy that he is free to play with in any harmlessly foolish fashion that pleases him—never again is to be made an excuse for such disgraces as he and Pierrot together have put upon propriety to-day. Pierrot, at the best, is filled to suffocation with desires to commit unimaginable sinnings. If my back is turned upon him for but one single instant—and he watches for that instant—he delights in occupying himself in malignant crimes. It is enough that my life should be made a burden to me by interminable iniquities of his own devising; it is far too much—far more than I will put up with—that Monsieur should set him to the doing of even viler acts of wickedness than come from the conceivings of his own evil heart. Solemnly, then, I warn Monsieur that this odious scene must not be repeated. Solemnly I tell him that if again he mixes his revolting dog with my dishes it must be over my dead body—and even my dead body will thrill with a just horror if over it such profligate pollutions occur!"

Having thus delivered herself, in a manner that left Monsieur Gaillard crushed by the logic of her argument and stunned by the energy of her climax, Césarine retired in good order to the kitchen; proudly conscious that in this battle of her own inviting she had driven home a victorious charge.

So far as they concerned Monsieur Gaillard's supposititious heartbreak, Césarine's several assertions—while perhaps a little warped by her prejudices—essentially were statements of fact. So far as they concerned the iniquities of Pierrot, less can be said—since in making them her prejudices fairly had carried her away.

That Pierrot had a hatful of impish traits is undeniable—he would not have been a poodle without them. But they far were outweighed—save in the estimation of Césarine, upon whom for the most part they were practised—by his many interesting and engaging amiabilities. In addition to being a dog of a most loving and lovable nature, he was the possessor of such rare intelligence that he easily had acquired an extraordinarily varied equipment of elegant accomplishments—and so thoroughly that prompting was unnecessary to assure their display. Keeping them in his pocket, he produced them of his own accord as occasion required.

Thus, of a morning, it was his habit, unbidden, to enter his master's chamber in the immediate wake of his master's coffee. His entry was made on his hind legs. Being come to the center of the room, holding himself always with a soldierly erectness, he raised to his forehead his right paw. In that military attitude of respect he remained until his salute had been returned. Then, with a genial bark by way of saying good morning, he resumed the use of his normal supply of legs and chased around the room with great realism an imaginary cat—a performance that was the more interesting because it wholly was an invention of his own. As the spirit moved him, other of his tricks were exhibited; and in conclusion, walking on his hind legs and carrying carefully in his mouth a saucer, he solicited and received his rewarding lumps of sugar: which he ate with such nicety, after placing the saucer on the floor, that even Césarine—who was not in accord with this use of sugar—could not find remaining on the sedulously waxed tiles so much as a single contaminating grain.

On the morning sequent to the affair of the soup-tureen this pleasing ceremony was cut to a shortness that was not at all to Pierrot's liking. Being an artist, he respected his art and was pained when it was slighted. The scant attention accorded to him by Monsieur Gaillard hurt his feelings: as he made manifest by stopping in the very act of standing on his head—his most notable performance—and retiring to a corner in a dignified sulk. Under ordinary conditions Monsieur Gaillard would have apologized; but on that particular morning he was in very much of a hurry and had matters of a gravity upon his mind. An affair of importance with a wine-merchant—an affair that for some time had been in progress, and not in smooth progress—was to be concluded within the next hour or two. With his thoughts thus deeply engaged, he made no more than a perfunctory effort to soothe Pierrot's hurt feelings; drank his coffee in unseemly gulps, and hastened away anxiously to the Halle aux Vins.

His return, some hours later, was of a smiling leisureliness. His affair with the wine-merchant had been concluded to a marvel—better than his expectations, better even than his hopes. Feeling that he had earned his breakfast, he looked forward to eating that meal with a just pleasure—that made him sniff eagerly at the agreeable whiffs from it which came to him as he opened his door. To his surprise, he was not met at the door by Pierrot—whose habit it was to welcome his returns punctually, and to carry to his dressing-room his cane and his gloves. But Pierrot's dereliction was put in the background by the odor of the breakfast: which his nose informed him was something out of the common—as usually was the case on the mornings following the evenings when Césarine and her master had been at odds. Hurrying to his dressing-room, and thence to the breakfast-table, he awaited his feast impatiently—yet even in his impatience noted with satisfaction that the soup-tureen was back in its place on the buffet. "Ah, the good Césarine bears no malice," he thought kindly. "Peace is restored!"

Yet there was something in Césarine's look and manner, as she brought the omelette, that distinctly was disturbing. Her movements were abrupt and awkward. She had an evasive air—almost an air of guilt. Beneath her eyes—which looked everywhere but into Monsieur Gaillard's eyes—were dark marks. As she placed the omelette on the table her hands trembled. Positively, had she seasoned it with hellebore her manner could not have been more odd!

"Clearly, peace is *not* restored," was Monsieur Gaillard's internal comment upon these curious manifestations of Césarine's mental uneasiness. But experience had taught him that domestic crises of this nature—rarely, however, of this intensity—best were dealt with by ignoring them. Pursuing, then, the *laissez-faire* policy, and also touching on a matter that was beginning to cause him some anxiety, his spoken words were: "Where is Pierrot, my good Césarine? He did not meet me at the door, and he is not here to breakfast with me. I offended him this morning. Has the brave beast felt my rudeness so keenly that he has become ill?"

"I have no knowledge of Pierrot's health, Monsieur," Césarine answered coldly, but with a curious catch in her voice.

"But where is he? The tureen, I observe, is not locked up. Surely, in thy anger, thou hast not locked up the dog?"

"I have not locked up the dog, Monsieur. As Monsieur knows, locking him up would be useless. He is in league with the devil, that animal! He can open all doors easily, and even can turn keys."

"It is thy own evil temper that should be under lock and key," said Monsieur Gaillard hotly; and more hotly added: "Bring Pierrot to me without another single instant of delay!"

Césarine quailed for a moment. Then, pulling herself together, she answered stolidly: "It is impossible to comply with Monsieur's command. Pierrot is not in the apartment. Pierrot has disappeared!"

Had the uneaten remnant of the omelette suddenly transformed itself into a bomb and exploded, Monsieur Gaillard would not have been more effectually stunned than he was by this doomful utterance. Articulate speech was quite beyond his power.

Breaking the oppressive silence, Césarine herself took the word. With head bowed down, and speaking in a strained voice that lacked inflection—the voice that a murderess would use in making her confession—she continued: "It is not my fault, Monsieur. The matter happened in this way: Pierrot accompanied me this morning, as always, when I went to make my marketings. As always, he carried the basket. As always—disregarding the purity of my basket, disregarding everything but the gratification of his own low desires for amusement—he engaged himself in conversation with every ill-conditioned cur that we met upon the way. I will do him the justice to say that it was in the company of a dog of good breeding that he vanished: the pug that the stout lady carried, and that—almost as though she sought to attract our Pierrot's attention—she put down out of her arms as he drew near. Naturally, Pierrot——"

"Vanished? Stout lady? Pug? What farrago is this, Césarine? Art thou crazed?"

In dull tones Césarine went on: "The stout lady with the pug, as I have told Monsieur, was as though waiting for our coming. On the instant that Pierrot entered into the conversation with the pug—Pierrot had run on ahead of me—she turned a corner quickly. After her went the pug. After the pug went Pierrot. When I came to be arrived at the corner they all, as I say, had vanished. Only my respectable basket, lying abandoned in the gutter, remained. In the whole street there was to be seen nothing moving save a fiacre that was driving rapidly away!"

"Well?" demanded Monsieur Gaillard sternly.

"I called for Pierrot, Monsieur, ceaselessly. My callings were unheeded. I waited for his return with patience." Césarine groaned.

"Well?" demanded Monsieur, still more sternly.

Césarine covered her face with her apron and gave vent to sobs. From beneath her apron, in a voice that her sobs rendered almost inarticulate, she answered despairingly: "Monsieur, he did *not* return!"

Stricken by those words of woeful finality as by a thunderbolt, Monsieur Gaillard clutched his forehead and uttered a lamentable cry. Then, leaning forward upon the breakfast-table—only by a hair's breadth escaping the omelette—he buried his face in anguish in his hands!

Broken only by Césarine's snuffling sobs—the emotion of Monsieur Gaillard was too profound for audible expression—there rested during some heart-breaking moments upon that chamber of desolation an agonized silence. Then, suddenly, a bell rang sharply—the bell of the outer door.

Monsieur Gaillard, overwhelmed by his grief, remained unmoved by this interruption. Césarine, automatically responding to the summons to discharge an every-day duty, automatically went to the door and opened it. Outside was a commissionnaire, holding in his hand a letter. "No answer!" he said curtly, giving the letter to Césarine, and hurried down the stair. Evidently, his instructions as to the delivery of the letter must have been explicit—since the whole of the address upon it, in a handwriting curiously cramped, was: "To Monsieur the owner of Pierrot."

For an instant Césarine's wits failed to act. Then they overacted. "Monsieur! Monsieur!" she cried joyfully. "Pierrot is not lost. Here is a letter that he himself has written to tell us where he is!" And under her breath she added: "He is capable of it, that animal—who is of the same breast with the imps of sin!"

"Thou art demented, Césarine," Monsieur Gaillard answered shortly. But it was with a thrill of hope, aroused by the strange superscription, that he opened the letter; and his hope grew stronger as he read these cheering but somewhat cryptic words: "With a friend no less faithfully affectionate, Pierrot awaits here his master's coming"—to which was added an address in a street of a minor importance, but of a conceded respectability, in the region lying to the northwestward of the Arch.

Césarine—persisting in the direction that her overacting wits had taken—demanded eagerly: "Where is he? What is it that the brave beast tells of himself?"

"Imbecile woman!" Monsieur Gaillard responded discourteously. "Bring me at once my hat and my gloves!" In another instant, leaving his unfinished breakfast to languish, he had departed on the wings of the wind!

"It is a dog that Monsieur is in search of?" said the concièrge politely. "Certainly. To the fourth, if Monsieur pleases. I myself will have the pleasure to sound the bell."

"To the fourth?" Monsieur Gaillard queried, a little doubtfully.

"To the fourth, if Monsieur pleases," the concièrge repeated, and added: "Monsieur is expected. The door is directly at the head of the stair."

During his drive Monsieur Gaillard had had ample leisure—a Paris cab having little in common with the wings of the wind on which he had started—to read repeatedly the curious letter that had sent him on his quest; and with each reading of it the words "with a friend no less faithfully affectionate" increasingly had aroused in him a curiosity that was not unmixed with doubt. To the best of his knowledge, he had not in all that quarter of the city even a remote acquaintance—let alone a faithfully affectionate friend. There was a disquieting suggestion of allurement in the phrase; and this suggestion became stronger when he found that his destination was an apartment above and away from the street by four flights of stairs. As he mounted those stairs, with a cumulative slowness, he regretted that he had neglected to bring with him his cane.

Being arrived at last at the fourth floor, he found the door of the stair-head held open for him by an elderly maid-servant: about whom there was something vaguely familiar which gave him the feeling that in another moment he would remember, and would call her by, her name. That her memory was more precise, and worked with accuracy, was demonstrated by her words. "Good day, Monsieur Gaillard," she said with a smile of recognition and of welcome. "Be good enough to enter. Madame in a moment will attend."

To his surprise, she did not speak in French, but in the language d'oc of his own Southern home. In this fact there seemed to be a clue to his vague memories—but he did not pursue it, because at that instant there came from beyond a closed door at the end of the passage a volley of rejoicing barks.

"Ah, the good beast!" said the maid-servant. "He perceives that his master is near him! I would release him at once to happiness but for my commands. It is Madame herself who would confer that pleasure upon him—and upon Monsieur." While thus speaking, the maid-servant had led Monsieur Gaillard to the doorway of the salon. "In but another moment Madame will attend," she repeated, standing aside that he might enter—and so left him, closing behind her the door.

After his pull up the stairs, Monsieur Gaillard thankfully seated himself—in an exceptionally broad arm-chair, covered with crimson plush and having on its back a green têtière embroidered energetically with purple flowers—and with a natural interest looked around him. His first glance assured him that his regrets for his cane were needless. Smilingly he perceived that whatever dangers might lurk in that highly emphasized little salon they were not of the sort to be attacked with canes.

In its very essence the room was feminine: crowded with knickknacks, obviously of a souvenir type; cluttered with overloaded little tables; the dominant pictures of a religious type; on all the chair-backs polychromatic discords done in crewels. Yet the chairs, oddly, were of an extraordinary width and massiveness. Not one of them but would have sustained uncomplainingly an unusually broadly based and very heavy man. The scheme of colour—in the carpet, the wall-paper, the curtains, the upholstery, the crewel-work têtières—was nothing less than staggering. It was as though an ill-made rainbow had exploded in a bad dream. Yet this violet salon—while it fairly set his teeth on edge—made a reminiscent appeal to Monsieur Gaillard in which was a note of pathos: turning his thoughts—already bent in that direction by the maid-servant's use of his own home language—to the many other like salons that he had known so well, down there in the Midi, when he was a boy.

The moment lengthened in which Madame, the owner of this chatoyant apartment, was to appear. With an interest quickened by the stirring of his youthful memories, Monsieur Gaillard arose from his chair and began an inspection of the countless queer little objects—statuettes, carvings, framed photographs, fantastic trifles in bronze and glass and china—which were strewn thickly about the room. It was an inspection that by turns invited his smiles and compelled his shudders—until, coming to the mantel-shelf, both smiles and shudders were submerged in the emotion incident to a sharply startling surprise. In that place of honour, as in a shrine, flanked on the one side by a stuffed cat (presumably a deceased pet), and on the other by a large statuette of the Virgin of Lourdes, was a silver-framed photograph of—himself!

But it was the himself of a far back, a more than thirty years back, past. The photograph, faded and dim, was a carte-de-visite—of the time when the fashion set by the Duke of Parma, having spent itself in Paris, was regnant in the provinces—of a curly-headed boy of twelve. He remembered with a thrill his intense joy when it was taken—down there in Cette, whither he had been carried by his father, who had wine matters to attend to, as a reward for having passed well his examinations for the Lycée; and his pride, when he was come home again to Lohéac, in leaving these elegant proofs that he was a man of fashion at the homes of his neighbouring friends. That one of the little pictures should have survived so long; that he should find it amidst such grotesque surroundings; that it so obviously was cherished as the greatest treasure that the owner of that museum of tawdry oddities possessed: all this made up a triple marvel that fairly brought him to a stand. And then a fourth dimension was added to his wonder. As he held the little picture in his hand, closely examining it for some hint of its history, he heard pronounced quaveringly—in a voice that seemed to touch yet another deep chord of memory—his own name: "Gaston!"

Monsieur Gaillard's nerves were tense. He had had his fill of affronting surprises and mysteries. On hearing his name spoken so familiarly, in a voice vaguely recognized, he sighed with relief. Confidently expecting that all the mysteries and surprises immediately would be explained and accounted for, he turned sharply—to behold, standing in the doorway of the salon, a lady upon whom he never consciously had laid eyes! Algebraic concepts must be invoked to satisfy the situation. It was to the fifth dimension that his bemazement was raised.

At least this unknown lady was in harmony with her environment—strikingly so in the matter of the broad and massive chairs. Her size—her width, to be precise—was prodigious. Exceptional though they were in breadth and in strength, the chairs had their work cut out for them. Her colour-scheme was even more pronounced than was that of the apartment. In the case of the apartment, as has been stated, it was as though an ill-made rainbow had exploded. In the case of the lady it was as though two ill-made rainbows—shattered by a collision with the irresistible abundance of her person—had overflowed her with incongruous hues. Her prismatic effect was not confined to her garments. The wide area of her billowy smiling face, and the luxuriant circumferences of her bared arms, were enriched warmly with the first colour of the spectrum. The third colour, somewhat dulled, coyly had taken refuge in her hair. Her effect upon Monsieur Gaillard—like that of the crewel-work têtières—was to incline him at once to shudder and to laugh.

Her smile faded as she perceived his look of utter blankness. There was a note of pain in her voice as she asked: "Dost thou not know me, Gaston? Am I then so changed?"

Disposed as he was to turn to ancient memories, that sorrow-touched, familiar voice of a sudden conjured up before him a vision of a fat little girl whose yellow hair he was pulling—and so put the key to the puzzle in his hand. In place of the blank look on his face came a look of recognition—not joyful recognition, precisely; and in a tone of surprise—not joyful surprise, precisely—he exclaimed: "Surely, it is Madame Beaumelle!"

"Call me not by that hated name, on which my young life was shipwrecked! To thee, Gaston, as always, I am 'little Angèle'!"

Monsieur Gaillard, who was not destitute of a sense of humour, politely concealed by stroking his moustache the impolite action of the muscles of his mouth: induced by the reflection that, dimensionally, the adjective was inappropriate; and that the noun—as indicating resemblance to even the Flemish type of angel—distinctly was misapplied. But the essence of the appeal—irrespective of its verbal inaccuracies—caused him a certain embarrassment. Being of a cautious habit, and in possession of a considerable store of worldly wisdom, a suitable method of meeting this suddenly presented sight draft on his sympathies—even on his affections—did not instantly frame itself in his mind.

Breaking the silence, that dragged a little, the lady herself took the word. "Thou art not angry with me, Gaston," she asked in a tone of coquettish plaintiveness, "for having contrived my little comedy to bring thee here? It was an inspiration, my dog-stealing! At first I thought—ah, for long I have thought—of writing a letter asking thee to come to me. But I knew too well that a letter would bring—if it brought me anything—only a letter in reply. In search of thy dog, to whom thy heart is tender, I felt assured that thou wouldst come thyself. I do not blame thee for holding me as less than thy dog, Gaston. Thou hast much to forgive me. I was cruel, and I was false!"

Madame Beaumelle made these self-depreciatory statements mournfully. Having made them, she paused and sighed. Her sigh distinctly was interrogative—implying that the opportunity to deliver a monologue was not the first thing that she desired.

Indeed, common courtesy demanded that Monsieur Gaillard should not remain indefinitely silent. Nor did he. Being still engaged in reflections prompted by caution and worldly wisdom, his reply was a trifle slow in coming, but it was marked by acumen when it came.

"Madame's little comedy is delightful," he said, speaking in a tone of cheerfulness that was in pronounced contrast with Madame Beaumelle's tone of sorrow. "I enjoy to the utmost her amusing contrivings—so ingenious—so spirituelle! But, surely, Madame will not transform her comedy into a tragedy by truly stealing my good Pierrot? She will give him back to me? Indeed, I am sure of it. Eliso—I remember her name, now. She has aged, yet I was sure that I knew her—promised me as much when she met me at the door."

It is possible that Madame Beaumelle was not wholly satisfied with the direction that Monsieur Gaillard was giving to the conversation. Conceivably, she would have been better pleased had he touched, even bitterly, on the self-condemnatory reminiscent section of her remarks. His compliments upon her dog-stealing comedy undoubtedly were made with a grace—but he had used them as a base for a much too prompt reversion to the prosaic matter of the stolen dog. However, Madame Beaumelle herself was not without a certain skill in directing conversation. Again she gave matters a reminiscent turn.

"Be not afraid, Gaston," she said sadly, "thou shalt have back thy Pierrot. I have no wish to make my comedy a tragedy. For me, I have had enough of tragedy—in the stinging sorrows of my own poor heart! But hast thou no care to know—before I return him to thee—what has befallen me in all the years that have passed since, by my own act of folly, the embitterment of my life began?"

Assuredly, any other phase of antiquarian research would have been more agreeable to Monsieur Gaillard than that which Madame Beaumelle proposed to him. But his preferences in the matter were not consulted. Assuming an affirmative reply to her question, without pause she continued: "They have been dreary years, black years, Gaston. My soul has suffered all agonies! And in these later times other troubles have come upon me—of a meaner sort, but bitingly hard to bear. Even now I have in hand the selling of Clérensac. For such managings I have no aptitude, and I am weary of seeing all down there go wrong. It will sell for but a half of its value—since much must be spent upon it to set it in repair again—but for enough to permit me to live in modest comfort. Ah, if things had gone differently! *Thy* vines are the boast of the region, Gaston!"

"Thanks. Yes. Quite so. They really are doing very well indeed," Monsieur Gaillard replied absently—wholly missing the point that Madame Beaumelle so delicately had made in her just compliment upon his vinicultural skill.

In point of fact, the announcement that Clérensac was to be sold, and at a bargain, completely filled his mind. At last the way was open to him to realize his dream of acquiring that estate by purchase—without encumbrances—and of enclosing it with Lohéac in the ring-fence that so long ago had been planned. Being wholly engrossed with this very practical matter, it is not surprising that the sentimental innuendo conveyed in Madame Beaumelle's affirmation of the good results that would have attended his earlier acquisition of the estate—with encumbrances—quite escaped his notice. What did not escape his notice however, was the business-like appositeness with which her revival of her alleged youthful romance precisely synchronized with a partial crisis—that its belated realization would quiet—in her financial affairs.

Inferring, correctly, from his tone and manner that Monsieur Gaillard was not thinking at all about his vines; and inferring, incorrectly, the direction that his thoughts had taken, Madame Beaumelle was encouraged thus to proceed:

"And thy life, also, Gaston, has gone ill! Not in material things—it is a matter of renown how thou hast enriched thyself—but in the deep matters of the soul. All that is known to me. I have kept myself informed. Yes, though thou has not been conscious of it, through all these weary years I ever have hovered over thee!" (Of a sudden Monsieur Gaillard had so vivid a mental perception of Madame Beaumelle in that abnormal position, and of his personal peril in case any part of her hovering apparatus went wrong, that again his moustache was covered with his hand.) "Thus watching thee, I have beheld—at once admiringly and grievingly—thy lonely life: of which my perfidy and thy faithfulness have been the cause. Thou hast been nobly constant, Gaston, most nobly constant, to one who little has deserved such loyal love!"

"Don't mention it!" was Monsieur Gaillard's undeniably feeble rejoinder to this fervid utterance. But his words, if inadequate, were sincere. He was conscious that the sort of loneliness which he had suffered did not directly invite compassion; and he equally was conscious that the tribute to his constancy appreciably was more emphatic than his exercise of that virtue deserved. Moreover, the lady's reiterated self-reproaches were embarrassing: inviting him on the one hand to a displeasingly rude acquiescence, and on the other to a dangerously suave denial. Really, if he meant—and he did mean—to keep the situation in hand, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi*" was quite the best thing that he could say.

Madame Beaumelle, however, seemingly found his reply unsufficing. Again she sighed. But as he made no addition to it she continued: "Yet, truly, I myself have not been disloyal, Gaston; at least, not after the realization of my error—and that realization came cruelly soon. In thy own hand, but a moment ago, thou hadst the little picture that through all these years I have cherished. As thou seest, I guard it sacredly: between the image that I brought back when I made my pilgrimage—canst thou guess, Gaston, what I prayed for?—and my Abelard, who for years was the comfort of my forsaken heart. He was adorable! Even my pug has not usurped his place. After thee, Gaston—yes, I say it frankly—Abelard was the only living creature whom I truly and unalterably have loved!"

It is improbable that Monsieur Gaillard accepted precisely as a compliment this avowal by Madame Beaumelle of the mixed bestowals of her unalterable affections; and it is certain that his comment upon her disposition of them was not that which she anticipated. Modestly ignoring his own share in their distribution, he fixed his regards admiringly upon the deceased Abelard and said with a warm enthusiasm: "What a perfectly superb cat he must have been!"

Madame Beaumelle's red face became appreciably redder. Dead cats at that moment did not hold the leading place in her thoughts. That Monsieur Gaillard should deliver his tactless eulogy in the very thick of the crisis that she so resolutely had precipitated was far more than a discourtesy. Her broad person visibly swelled!

"And loving that magnificent animal as she did," Monsieur Gaillard affably continued, "Madame cannot but sympathize with me in my love for my brave Pierrot. Surely she will repent of her stealings"—his tone became that of kindly raillery—"and will surrender him without forcing me to call upon the police for aid? Her comedy, as I have assured her, has been most amusing. But now, seriously, I must have my dog again; and must take him, and myself, away—already I have trespassed too long equally upon Madame's good nature and her time." Monsieur Gaillard spoke these words with a finality. As though to enforce them, there came faintly, muffled by intervening doors, the sound of complaining barks. "Ah, the faithful beast!" he added. "Knowing that I am here, he grows impatient. Hearken to his cry for me! Madame surely will yield to our joint appeal!"

On the ears of Madame Beaumelle neither the barks of Pierrot nor the words of his master fell gratefully. Her eyes, deep-set in the billows of her glowing cheeks, glittered dangerously. For a moment she seemed to be about to give vent to speech in accord with the flashings of her eyes. By a perceptible effort she controlled herself; and when she did speak it was in gentle and even playful tones. She was of a resolute nature, this lady; and she had a sufficient acquaintance with the art of warfare to know that battles sometimes are won by a change of front.

"It is the same with thee still, Gaston," she said, "thy love of dogs. How well I recall thy affection for thy little Froufrou! Dost thou remember how thou wouldst terrify me by setting him to snapping at my baby calves? Art thou still so cruel?" Again Monsieur Gaillard's hand stroked his moustache—as the thought occurred to him that were he to resume the practice of that particular form of cruelty at least a mastiff would be required!

"How wickedly, too," she continued in a tone that was less playful than tender, "thou wouldst pull my hair! Truly, I almost fear to be near thee even now!" By way of emphasizing her dread of such dangerous propinquity, Madame Beaumelle drew her chair nearer to Monsieur Gaillard, and so inclined her head that it easily was within reach of his hand. It was a compliment that she thus paid to the soundness of her own physical preservation. Clearly, there was no taint of commercialism in her hair.

"And now, at once, for Pierrot!" cried Monsieur Gaillard, with a decisiveness in which distinctly was perceptible a note of alarm.

At that crisic instant—as a delivering angel from heaven, according to Monsieur Gaillard's view of the situation; as a marring fiend from hell, according to the view that Madame Beaumelle took of it—the door opened and Pierrot burst into the room all in a whirl of frisking joy! (While Césarine was wrong in declaring that this sagacious animal was in league with the powers of evil, she had reason in asserting that he could open all doors easily and even could turn keys.)

Madame Beaumelle snatched back her head and jerked back her chair as though she had been stung: intuitively conscious, in that terrible moment, that the arrival of Pierrot upon the field was for her what for the Emperor was the coming up of the Prussians at Waterloo!

It speaks well for Monsieur Gaillard's coolness, and also for his sense of opportunism, that he used his reinforcements—to pursue the simile—with the genius of a Wellington. Rising, he cried sharply: "Thou forgettest thy manners, Pierrot! Attention! Salute!" And Pierrot—even in his emotions responding to the call of duty—not only rose erect and saluted Madame Beaumelle, but of his own accord went on to his difficult feat of standing on his head and wagging gracefully in the air his inverted tail.

"Madame perceives for herself my Pierrot's rare intelligence," said Monsieur Gaillard blandly; "and so will understand why I so cherish him in my affections; even as Madame declares that she once cherished me, and—later—Abelard. But that is not nearly all. He can perform endless wonders, my Pierrot. If Madame conveniently can permit me the use of her umbrella, she shall see his proficiency in the manual of arms. I am pained to trouble her—but I have neglected to bring with me my cane."

As he reverted to his lack of that offensive weapon—and at the same time realized that he seemed to be getting on quite well with a rapier—Monsieur Gaillard for the last time covered his moustache with his hand.

The effect produced upon Madame Beaumelle by this offensive exhibition of Pierrot's accomplishments—in which she found a climax of insulting negation to her hopes—was identical with the effect that popularly is attributed to a display of the Gorgon's Head. As one stunned, she regarded the contraposed Pierrot with a frozen stare!

Monsieur Gaillard's intentionally rasping request for an umbrella—acting as act the noisome fumes of burning feathers held under the nose of a person in a faint—revived her to consciousness and to action. Slowly rising from her chair, she stood erect—and with a massive arm outstretched pointed toward the door. It was the commanding attitude of an incensed Pythoness—a Pythoness much contracted vertically, but compensatingly expanded on lateral lines—and it was in the sibilant tones of an incensed python that she uttered the commanding words: "*Va-t'en!*"

A politer phrase might have been used by Madame Beaumelle, but none other that would have made her strong meaning quite so energetically clear. "Get out!" is an adjuration—using that word in its modern—colloquial sense—that leaves positively nothing to the imagination of the adjured.

Monsieur Gaillard had no quarrel to make with the peremptoriness of his dismissal. He was more than ready to bring the interview—that, like the têtières, he had found at once amusing and painful—to an end. Even an absurd discord ceases to be ludicrous when it is too pronounced or too prolonged.

"Since Madame so pointedly insists that I must leave her," he said with a suave courtesy, "I have only to yield to her wishes—merely for an instant pausing to point out to her that my coming to-day, which she now appears to regret, precisely is at one with my going of many years ago: both being wholly of her own will. Having drawn Madame's attention to this not unimportant fact, I avail myself of her very explicit permission to retire."

As he thus delivered himself, Monsieur Gaillard bowed with an elegance over his hat and moved to the door. Opening the door, and standing on the threshold with Pierrot beside him, he again bowed with an elegance over his hat. "I have the honour," he said, respectfully, "to beg that Madame will accept my homages and my adieux"; and in a sharper tone added: "Thy manners, Pierrot! Salute!"

Standing on his hind legs with a soldierly erectness, facing Madame Beaumelle with a soldierly exactitude—vastly pleased with his own cleverness, and all unconscious that he thus consummated his master's series of ironic atrocities—Pierrot raised briskly to his forehead his right paw!

The Red Cockatoo

By PO CHÜ-I

Translated by Arthur Waley

SENT as a present from Annam—
A red cockatoo.
Coloured like the peach-tree blossom,
Speaking with the speech of men.
And they did to it what is always done
To the learned and eloquent.
They took a cage with stout bars
And shut it up inside.

A Virtuoso's Collection

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE other day, having a leisure hour at my disposal, I stepped into a new museum, to which my notice was casually drawn by a small and unobtrusive sign: "To be seen here, a Virtuoso's Collection." Such was the simple, yet not altogether unpromising, announcement that turned my steps aside for a little while from the sunny sidewalk of our principal thoroughfare. Mounting a sombre staircase, I pushed open a door at its summit, and found myself in the presence of a person, who mentioned the moderate sum that would entitle me to admittance.

"Three shillings, Massachusetts tenor," said he. "No, I mean half a dollar, as you reckon in these days."

While searching my pocket for the coin I glanced at the doorkeeper, the marked character and individuality of whose aspect encouraged me to expect something not quite in the ordinary way. He wore an old-fashioned greatcoat, much faded, within which his meagre person was so completely enveloped that the rest of his attire was undistinguishable. But his visage was remarkably wind-flushed, sunburnt, and weather-worn, and had a most unquiet, nervous, and apprehensive expression. It seemed as if this man had some all-important object in view, some point of deepest interest to be decided, some momentous question to ask, might he but hope for a reply. As it was evident, however, that I could have nothing to do with his private affairs, I passed through an open doorway, which admitted me into the extensive hall of the museum.

Directly in front of the portal was the bronze statue of a youth with winged feet. He was represented in the act of flitting away from earth, yet wore such a look of earnest invitation that it impressed me like a summons to enter the hall.

"It is the original statue of Opportunity, by the ancient sculptor Lysippus," said a gentleman who now approached me. "I place it at the entrance of my museum, because it is not at all times that one can gain admittance to such a collection."

The speaker was a middle-aged person, of whom it was not easy to determine whether he had spent his life as a scholar or as a man of action; in truth, all outward and obvious peculiarities had been worn away by an extensive and promiscuous intercourse with the world. There was no mark about him of profession, individual habits, or scarcely of country; although his dark complexion and high features made me conjecture that he was a native of some southern clime of Europe. At all events, he was evidently the virtuoso in person.

"With your permission," said he, "as we have no descriptive catalogue, I will accompany you through the museum and point out whatever may be most worthy of attention. In the first place, here is a choice collection of stuffed animals."

Nearest the door stood the outward semblance of a wolf, exquisitely prepared, it is true, and showing a very wolfish fierceness in the large glass eyes which were inserted into its wild and crafty head. Still it was merely the skin of a wolf, with nothing to distinguish it from other individuals of that unlovely breed.

"How does this animal deserve a place in your collection?" inquired I.

"It is the wolf that devoured Little Red Riding Hood," answered the virtuoso; "and by his side—with a milder and more matronly look, as you perceive—stands the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed I. "And what lovely lamb is this with the snow-white fleece, which seems to be of as delicate a texture as innocence itself?"

"Methinks you have but carelessly read Spenser," replied my guide, "or you would at once recognize the 'milk-white lamb'

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which Una led. But I set no great value upon the lamb. The next specimen is better worth our notice."

"What!" cried I, "this strange animal, with the black head of an ox upon the body of a white horse? Were it possible to suppose it, I should say that this was Alexander's steed Bucephalus."

"The same," said the virtuoso. "And can you likewise give a name to the famous charger that stands beside him?"

Next to the renowned Bucephalus stood the mere skeleton of a horse, with the white bones peeping through his ill-conditioned hide; but, if my heart had not warmed towards that pitiful anatomy, I might as well have quitted the museum at once. Its rarities had not been collected with pain and torn from the four quarters of the earth, and from the depths of the sea, and from the palaces and sepulchres of ages, for those who could mistake this illustrious steed.

"It is Rosinante!" exclaimed I, with enthusiasm.

And so it proved. My admiration for the noble and gallant horse caused me to glance with less interest at the other animals, although many of them might have deserved the notice of Cuvier himself. There was the donkey which Peter Bell cudgelled so soundly, and a brother of the same species who had suffered a similar infliction from the ancient prophet Balaam. Some doubts were entertained, however, as to the authenticity of the latter beast. My guide pointed out the venerable Argus, that faithful dog of Ulysses, and also another dog (for so the skin bespoke it), which, though imperfectly preserved, seemed once to have had three heads. It was Cerberus. I was considerably amused at detecting in an obscure corner the fox that became so famous by the loss of his tail. There were several stuffed cats, which, as a dear lover of that comfortable beast, attracted my affectionate regards. One was Dr. Johnson's cat Hodge; and in the same row stood the favorite cats of Mahomet, Gray, and Walter Scott, together with Puss in Boots, and a cat of very noble aspect who had once been a deity of ancient Egypt. Byron's tame bear came next. I must not forget to mention the Erymanthean boar, the skin of St. George's dragon, and that of the serpent Python; and another skin with beautifully variegated hues, supposed to have been the garment of the "spirited sly snake" which tempted Eve. Against the walls were suspended the horns of the stag that Shakespeare shot; and on the floor lay the ponderous shell of the tortoise which fell upon the head of Æschylus. In one row, as natural as life, stood the sacred bull Apis, the "cow with the crumpled horn," and a very wild-looking young heifer, which I guessed to be the cow that jumped over the moon. She was probably killed by the rapidity of her descent. As I turned away, my eyes fell upon an indescribable monster, which proved to be a griffin.

"I look in vain," observed I, "for the skin of an animal which might well deserve the closest study of a naturalist—the winged horse, Pegasus."

"He is not yet dead," replied the virtuoso; "but he is so hard ridden by many young gentlemen of the day that I hope soon to add his skin and skeleton to my collection."

We now passed to the next alcove of the hall, in which was a multitude of stuffed birds. They were very prettily arranged, some upon the branches of trees, others brooding upon nests, and others suspended by wires so artificially that they seemed in the very act of flight. Among them was a white dove, with a withered branch of olive leaves in her mouth.

"Can this be the very dove," inquired I, "that brought the message of peace and hope to the tempest-beaten passengers of the ark?"

"Even so," said my companion.

"And this raven, I suppose," continued I, "is the same that fed Elijah in the wilderness."

"The raven? No," said the virtuoso; "it is a bird of modern date. He belonged to one Barnaby Rudge; and many people fancied that the devil himself was disguised under his sable plumage. But poor Grip has drawn his last cork, and has been forced to 'say die' at last. This other raven, hardly less curious, is that in which the soul of King George I. revisited his lady love, the Duchess of Kendall."

My guide next pointed out Minerva's owl and the vulture that preyed upon the liver of Prometheus. There was likewise the sacred ibis of Egypt, and one of the Stymphalides which Hercules shot in his sixth labor. Shelley's skylark, Bryant's waterfowl, and a pigeon from the belfry of the Old South Church, preserved by N. P. Willis, were placed on the same perch. I could not but shudder on beholding Coleridge's albatross, transfixed with the Ancient Mariner's cross-bow shaft. Beside this bird of awful poesy stood a gray goose of very ordinary aspect.

"Stuffed goose is no such rarity," observed I. "Why do you preserve such a specimen in your museum?"

"It is one of the flock whose cackling saved the Roman Capitol," answered the virtuoso. "Many geese have cackled and hissed both before and since; but none, like these, have clamoured themselves into immortality."

There seemed to be little else that demanded notice in this department of the museum, unless we except Robinson Crusoe's parrot, a live phœnix, a footless bird of paradise, and a splendid peacock, supposed to be the same that once contained the soul of Pythagoras. I, therefore, passed to the next alcove, the shelves of which were covered with a miscellaneous collection of curiosities such as are usually found in similar establishments. One of the first things that took my eye was a strange-looking cap, woven of some substance that appeared to be neither woollen, cotton, nor linen.

"Is this a magician's cap?" I asked.

"No," replied the virtuoso; "it is merely Dr. Franklin's cap of asbestos. But here is one which, perhaps, may suit you better. It is the wishing cap of Fortunatus. Will you try it on?"

"By no means," answered I, putting it aside with my hand. "The day of wild wishes is past with me. I desire nothing that may not come in the ordinary course of Providence."

"Then probably," returned the virtuoso, "you will not be tempted to rub this lamp?"

While speaking, he took from the shelf an antique brass lamp, curiously wrought with embossed figures, but so covered with verdigris that the sculpture was almost eaten away.

"It is a thousand years," said he, "since the genius of this lamp constructed Aladdin's palace in a single night. But he still retains his power; and the man who rubs Aladdin's lamp has but to desire either a palace or a cottage."

"I might desire a cottage," replied I; "but I would have it founded on sure and stable truth, not on dreams and fantasies. I have learned to look for the real and the true."

My guide next showed me Prospero's magic wand, broken into three fragments by the hand of its mighty master. On the same shelf lay the gold ring of ancient Gyges, which enabled the wearer to walk invisible. On the other side of the alcove was a tall looking-glass in a frame of ebony, but veiled with a curtain of purple silk, through the rents of which the gleam of the mirror was perceptible.

"This is Cornelius Agrippa's magic glass," observed the virtuoso. "Draw aside the curtain, and picture any human form within your mind, and it will be reflected in the mirror."

"It is enough if I can picture it within my mind," answered I. "Why should I wish it to be repeated in the mirror? But, indeed, these works of magic have grown wearisome to me. There are so many greater wonders in the world, to those who keep their eyes open and their sight undimmed by custom, that all the delusions of the old sorcerers seem flat and stale. Unless you can show me something really curious, I care not to look farther into your museum."

"Ah, well, then," said the virtuoso, composedly, "perhaps you may deem some of my antiquarian rarities deserving of a glance."

He pointed out the Iron Mask, now corroded with rust; and my heart grew sick at the sight of this dreadful relic, which had shut out a human being from sympathy with his race. There was nothing half so terrible in the axe that beheaded King Charles, nor in the dagger that slew Henry of Navarre, nor in the arrow that pierced the heart of William Rufus—all of which were shown to me. Many of the articles derived their interest, such as it was, from having been formerly in the possession of royalty. For instance, here was Charlemagne's sheepskin cloak, the flowing wig of Louis Quatorze, the spinning-wheel of Sardanapalus, and King Stephen's famous breeches which cost him but a crown. The heart of the Bloody Mary, with the word "Calais" worn into its diseased substance, was preserved in a bottle of spirits; and near it lay the golden case in which the queen of Gustavus Adolphus treasured up that hero's heart. Among these relics and heirlooms of kings I must not forget the long, hairy ears of Midas, and a piece of bread which had been changed to gold by the touch of that unlucky monarch. And as Grecian Helen was a queen, it may here be mentioned that I was permitted to take into my hand a lock of her golden hair and the bowl which a sculptor modelled from the curve of her perfect breast. Here, likewise, was the robe that smothered Agamemnon, Nero's fiddle, the Czar Peter's brandy bottle, the crown of Semiramis, and Canute's sceptre which he extended over the sea. That my own land may not deem itself neglected, let me add that I was favored with a sight of the skull of King Philip, the famous Indian chief, whose head the Puritans smote off and exhibited upon a pole.

"Show me something else," said I to the virtuoso. "Kings are in such an artificial position that people in the ordinary walks of life cannot feel an interest in their relics. If you could show me the straw hat of sweet little Nell, I would far rather see it than a king's golden crown."

"There it is," said my guide, pointing carelessly with his staff to the straw hat in question. "But, indeed, you are hard to please. Here are the seven-league boots. Will you try them on?"

"Our modern railroads have superseded their use," answered I; "and as to these cowhide boots, I could show you quite as curious a pair at the Transcendental community in Roxbury."

We next examined a collection of swords and other weapons, belonging to different epochs, but thrown together without much attempt at arrangement. Here was Arthur's sword Excalibar, and that of the Cid Campeador, and the sword of Brutus rusted with Cæsar's blood and his own, and the sword of Joan of Arc, and that of Horatius, and that with which Virginius slew his daughter, and the one which Dionysius suspended over the head of Damocles. Here also was Arria's sword, which she plunged into her own breast, in order to taste of death before her husband. The crooked blade of Saladin's scimetar next attracted my notice. I know not by what chance, but so it happened, that the sword of one of our own militia generals was suspended between Don Quixote's lance and the brown blade of Hudibras. My heart throbbed high at the sight of the helmet of Miltiades and the spear that was broken in the breast of Epaminondas. I recognized the shield of Achilles by its resemblance to the admirable cast in the possession of Professor Felton. Nothing in this apartment interested me more than Major Pitcairn's pistol, the discharge of which, at Lexington, began the War of the Revolution, and was reverberated in thunder around the land for seven long years. The bow of Ulysses, though unstrung for ages, was placed against the wall, together with a sheaf of Robin Hood's arrows and the rifle of Daniel Boone.

"Enough of weapons," said I, at length; "although I would gladly have seen the sacred shield which fell from heaven in the time of Numa. And surely you should obtain the sword which Washington unsheathed at Cambridge. But the Collection does you much credit. Let us pass on."

In the next alcove we saw the golden thigh of Pythagoras, which had so divine a meaning; and, by one of the queer analogies to which the virtuoso seemed to be addicted, this ancient emblem lay on the same shelf with Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg, that was fabled to be of silver. Here was a remnant of the Golden Fleece, and a sprig of yellow leaves that resembled the foliage of a frost-bitten elm, but was duly authenticated as a portion of the golden branch by which Æneas gained admittance to the realm of Pluto. Atalanta's golden apple and one of the apples of discord were wrapped in the napkin of gold which Rampsinitus brought from Hades; and the whole were deposited in the golden vase of Bias, with its inscription: "To THE WISEST."

"And how did you obtain this vase?" said I to the virtuoso.

"It was given me long ago," replied he, with a scornful expression in his eye, "because I had learned to despise all things."

It had not escaped me that, though the virtuoso was evidently a man of high cultivation, yet he seemed to lack sympathy with the spiritual, the sublime, and the tender. Apart from the whim that had led him to devote so much time, pains, and expense to the collection of this museum, he impressed me as one of the hardest and coldest men of the world whom I had ever met.

"To despise all things!" repeated I. "This, at best, is the wisdom of the understanding. It is the creed of a man whose soul, whose better and diviner part, has never been awakened, or has died out of him."

"I did not think that you were still so young," said the virtuoso. "Should you live to my years, you will acknowledge that the vase of Bias was not ill bestowed."

Without further discussion of the point, he directed my attention to other curiosities. I examined Cinderella's little glass slipper, and compared it with one of Diana's sandals, and with Fanny Elssler's shoe, which bore testimony to the muscular character of her illustrious foot. On the same shelf were Thomas the Rhymer's green velvet shoes, and the brazen shoe of Empedocles which was thrown out of Mount Ætna. Anacreon's drinking-cup was placed in apt juxtaposition with one of Tom Moore's wineglasses and Circe's magic bowl. These were symbols of luxury and riot; but near them stood the cup whence Socrates drank his hemlock, and that which Sir Philip Sidney put from his death-parched lips to bestow the draught upon a dying soldier. Next appeared a cluster of tobacco-pipes, consisting of Sir Walter Raleigh's, the earliest on record, Dr. Parr's, Charles Lamb's, and the first calumet of peace which was ever smoked between a European and an Indian. Among other musical instruments, I noticed the lyre of Orpheus and those of Homer and Sappho, Dr. Franklin's famous whistle, the trumpet of Anthony Van Corlear, and the flute which Goldsmith played upon in his rambles through the French provinces. The staff of Peter the Hermit stood in a corner with that of good old Bishop Jewel, and one of ivory, which had belonged to Papirius, the Roman senator. The ponderous club of Hercules was close at hand. The virtuoso showed me the chisel of Phidias, Claude's palette, and the brush of Apelles, observing that he intended to bestow the former either on Greenough, Crawford, or Powers, and the two latter upon Washington Allston. There was a small vase of oracular gas from Delphos, which I trust will be submitted to the scientific analysis of Professor Silliman. I was deeply moved on beholding a vial of the tears into which Niobe was dissolved; nor less so on learning that a shapeless fragment of salt was a relic of that victim of despondency and sinful regrets—Lot's wife. My companion appeared to set great value upon some Egyptian darkness in a blacking jug. Several of the shelves were covered by a collection of coins, among which, however, I remember none but the Splendid Shilling, celebrated by Phillips, and a dollar's worth of the iron money of Lycurgus, weighing about fifty pounds.

Walking carelessly onward, I had nearly fallen over a huge bundle, like a pedlar's pack, done up in sackcloth and very securely strapped and corded.

"It is Christian's burden of sin," said the virtuoso.

"Oh, pray let us open it!" cried I. "For many a year I have longed to know its contents."

"Look into your own consciousness and memory," replied the virtuoso. "You will there find a list of whatever it contains."

As this was an undeniable truth, I threw a melancholy look at the burden and passed on. A collection of old garments, hanging on pegs, was worthy of some attention, especially the shirt of Nessus, Cæsar's mantle, Joseph's coat of many colors, the Vicar of Bray's cassock, Goldsmith's peach-bloom suit, a pair of President Jefferson's scarlet breeches, John Randolph's red baize hunting shirt, the drab small clothes of the Stout Gentleman, and the rags of the "man all tattered and torn." George Fox's hat impressed me with deep reverence as a relic of perhaps the truest apostle that has appeared on earth for these eighteen hundred years. My eye was next attracted by an old pair of shears, which I should have taken for a memorial of some famous tailor, only that the virtuoso pledged his veracity that they were the identical scissors of Atropos. He also showed me a broken hour-glass which had been thrown aside by Father Time, together with the old gentleman's gray forelock, tastefully braided into a brooch. In the hour-glass was the handful of sand, the grains of which had numbered the years of the Cumæan sibyl. I think it was in this alcove that I saw the inkstand which Luther threw at the devil, and the ring which Essex, while under sentence of death, sent to Queen Elizabeth. And here was the blood-incrusted pen of steel with which Faust signed away his salvation.

The virtuoso now opened the door of a closet and showed me a lamp burning, while three others stood unlighted by its side. One of the three was the lamp of Diogenes, another that of Guy Fawkes, and the third that which Hero set forth to the midnight breeze in the high tower of Abydos.

"See!" said the virtuoso, blowing with all his force at the lighted lamp.

The flame quivered and shrank away from his breath, but clung to the wick, and resumed its brilliancy as soon as the blast was exhausted.

"It is an undying lamp from the tomb of Charlemagne," observed my guide. "That flame was kindled a thousand years ago."

"How ridiculous to kindle an unnatural light in tombs!" exclaimed I. "We should seek to behold the dead in the light of heaven. But what is the meaning of this chafing-dish of glowing coals?"

"That," answered the virtuoso, "is the original fire which Prometheus stole from heaven. Look steadfastly into it, and you will discern another curiosity."

I gazed into that fire,—which, symbolically, was the origin of all that was bright and glorious in the soul of man,—and in the midst of it, behold, a little reptile, sporting with evident enjoyment of the fervid heat! It was a salamander.

"What a sacrilege!" cried I, with inexpressible disgust. "Can you find no better use for this ethereal fire than to cherish a loathsome reptile in it? Yet there are men who abuse the sacred fire of their own souls to as foul and guilty a purpose."

The virtuoso made no answer except by a dry laugh and an assurance that the salamander was the very same which Benvenuto Cellini had seen in his father's household fire. He then proceeded to show me other rarities; for this closet appeared to be the receptacle of what he considered most valuable in his collection.

"There," said he, "is the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains."

I gazed with no little interest at this mighty gem, which it had been one of the wild projects of my youth to discover. Possibly it might have looked brighter to me in those days than now; at all events, it had not such brilliancy as to detain me long from the other articles of the museum. The virtuoso pointed out to me a crystalline stone which hung by a gold chain against the wall.

"That is the philosopher's stone," said he.

"And have you the elixir vitæ which generally accompanies it?" inquired I.

"Even so; this urn is filled with it," he replied. "A draught would refresh you. Here is Hebe's cup; will you quaff a health from it?"

My heart thrilled within me at the idea of such a reviving draught; for methought I had great need of it after travelling so far on the dusty road of life. But I know not whether it were a peculiar glance in the virtuoso's eye, or the circumstance that this most precious liquid was contained in an antique sepulchral urn, that made me pause. Then came many a thought with which, in the calmer and better hours of life, I had strengthened myself to feel that Death is the very friend whom, in his due season, even the happiest mortal should be willing to embrace.

"No; I desire not an earthly immortality," said I. "Were man to live longer on the earth, the spiritual would die out of him. The spark of ethereal fire would be choked by the material, the sensual. There is a celestial something within us that requires, after a certain time, the atmosphere of heaven to preserve it from decay and ruin. I will have none of this liquid. You do well to keep it in a sepulchral urn; for it would produce death while bestowing the shadow of life."

"All this is unintelligible to me," responded my guide, with indifference. "Life—earthly life—is the only good. But you refuse the draught? Well, it is not likely to be offered twice within one man's experience. Probably you have griefs which you seek to forget in death. I can enable you to forget them in life. Will you take a draught of Lethe?"

As he spoke, the virtuoso took from the shelf a crystal vase containing a sable liquor, which caught no reflected image from the objects around.

"Not for the world!" exclaimed I, shrinking back. "I can spare none of my recollections, not even those of error or sorrow. They are all alike the food of my spirit. As well never to have lived as to lose them now."

Without further parley we passed to the next alcove, the shelves of which were burdened with ancient volumes and with those rolls of papyrus in which was treasured up the eldest wisdom of the earth. Perhaps the most valuable work in the collection, to a bibliomaniac, was the Book of Hermes. For my part, however, I would have given a higher price for those six of the Sibyl's books which Tarquin refused to purchase, and which, the virtuoso informed me, he had himself found in the cave of Trophonius. Doubtless these old volumes contain prophecies of the fate of Rome, both as respects the decline and fall of her temporal empire and the rise of her spiritual one. Not without value, likewise, was the work of Anaxagoras on Nature, hitherto supposed to be irrecoverably lost, and the missing treatises of Longinus, by which modern criticism might profit, and those books of Livy for which the classic student has so long sorrowed without hope. Among these precious tomes I observed the original manuscript of the Koran, and also that of the Mormon Bible in Joe Smith's authentic autograph. Alexander's copy of the Iliad was also there, enclosed in the jewelled casket of Darius, still fragrant of the perfumes which the Persian kept in it.

Opening an iron-clasped volume, bound in black leather, I discovered it to be Cornelius Agrippa's book of magic; and it was rendered still more interesting by the fact that many flowers, ancient and modern, were pressed between its leaves. Here was a rose from Eve's bridal bower, and all those red and white roses which were plucked in the garden of the Temple by the partisans of York and Lancaster. Here was Halleck's Wild Rose of Alloway. Cowper had contributed a Sensitive Plant, and Wordsworth an Eglantine, and Burns a Mountain Daisy,

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and Kirke White a Star of Bethlehem, and Longfellow a Sprig of Fennel, with its yellow flowers. James Russell Lowell had given a Pressed Flower, but fragrant still, which had been shadowed in the Rhine. There was also a sprig from Southey's Holly-Tree. One of the most beautiful specimens was a Fringed Gentian, which had been plucked and preserved for immortality by Bryant. From Jones Very, a poet whose voice is scarcely heard among us by reason of its depth, there was a Wind Flower and a Columbine.

As I closed Cornelius Agrippa's magic volume, an old, mildewed letter fell upon the floor. It proved to be an autograph from the Flying Dutchman to his wife. I could linger no longer among books; for the afternoon was waning, and there was yet much to see. The bare mention of a few more curiosities must suffice. The immense skull of Polyphemus was recognizable by the cavernous hollow in the centre of the forehead where once had blazed the giant's single eye. The tub of Diogenes, Medea's cauldron, and Psyche's vase of beauty were placed one within another. Pandora's box, without the lid, stood next, containing nothing but the girdle of Venus, which had been carelessly flung into it. A bundle of birch rods which had been used by Shenstone's schoolmistress were tied up with the Countess of Salisbury's garter. I knew not which to value most, a roc's egg as big as an ordinary hogshead, or the shell of the egg which Columbus set upon its end. Perhaps the most delicate article in the whole museum was Queen Mab's chariot, which, to guard it from the touch of meddlesome fingers, was placed under a glass tumbler.

Several of the shelves were occupied by specimens of entomology. Feeling but little interest in the science I noticed only Anacreon's grasshopper, and a humble bee which had been presented to the virtuoso by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the part of the hall which we had now reached I observed a curtain that descended from the ceiling to the floor in voluminous folds, of a depth, richness, and magnificence which I had never seen equalled. It was not to be doubted that this splendid though dark and solemn veil concealed a portion of the museum even richer in wonders than that through which I had already passed; but, on my attempting to grasp the edge of the curtain and draw it aside, it proved to be an illusive picture.

"You need not blush," remarked the virtuoso; "for that same curtain deceived Zeuxis. It is the celebrated painting of Parrhasius."

In a range with the curtain there were a number of other choice pictures by artists of ancient days. Here was the famous cluster of grapes by Zeuxis, so admirably depicted that it seemed as if the ripe juice were bursting forth. As to the picture of the old woman by the same illustrious painter, and which was so ludicrous that he himself died with laughing at it, I cannot say that it particularly moved my risibility. Ancient humour seems to have little power over modern muscles. Here, also, was the horse painted by Appelles which living horses neighed at; his first portrait of Alexander the Great, and his last unfinished picture of Venus asleep. Each of these works of art, together with others by Parrhasius, Timanthes, Polygnotus, Apollodorus, Pausias, and Pamphilus, required more time and study than I could bestow for the adequate perception of their merits. I shall, therefore, leave them undescribed and uncriticized, nor attempt to settle the question of superiority between ancient and modern art.

For the same reason I shall pass lightly over the specimens of antique sculpture which this indefatigable and fortunate virtuoso had dug out of the dust of fallen empires. Here was Ætion's cedar statue of Æsculapius, much decayed, and Alcon's iron statue of Hercules, lamentably rusted. Here was the statue of Victory, six feet high, which the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias had held in his hand. Here was a forefinger of the Colossus of Rhodes, seven feet in length. Here was the Venus Urania of Phidias, and other images of male and female beauty or grandeur, wrought by sculptors who appear never to have debased their souls by the sight of any meaner forms than those of gods or godlike mortals. But the deep simplicity of these great works was not to be comprehended by a mind excited and disturbed, as mine was, by the various objects that had recently been presented to it. I, therefore, turned away with merely a passing glance, resolving on some future occasion to brood over each individual statue and picture until my inmost spirit should feel their excellence. In this department, again, I noticed the tendency to whimsical combinations and ludicrous analogies which seemed to influence many of the arrangements of the museum. The wooden statue so well known as the Palladium of Troy was placed in close apposition with the wooden head of General Jackson which was stolen a few years since from the bows of the frigate Constitution.

We had now completed the circuit of the spacious hall, and found ourselves again near the door. Feeling somewhat wearied with the survey of so many novelties and antiquities, I sat down upon Cowper's sofa, while the virtuoso threw himself carelessly into Rabelais' easy chair. Casting my eyes upon the opposite wall, I was surprised to perceive the shadow of a man flickering unsteadily across the wainscot, and looking as if it were stirred by some breath of air that found its way through the door or windows. No substantial figure was visible from which this shadow might be thrown; nor, had there been such, was there any sunshine that would have caused it to darken upon the wall.

"It is Peter Schlemihl's shadow," observed the virtuoso, "and one of the most valuable articles in my collection."

"Methinks a shadow would have made a fitting door-keeper to such a museum," said I; "although, indeed, yonder figure has something strange and fantastic about him, which suits well enough with many of the impressions which I have received here. Pray, who is he?"

While speaking, I gazed more scrutinizingly than before at the antiquated presence of the person who had admitted me, and who still sat on his bench with the same restless aspect, and dim, confused questioning anxiety that I had noticed on my first entrance. At this moment he looked eagerly towards us, and, half starting from his seat, addressed me.

"I beseech you, kind sir," said he, in a cracked, melancholy tone, "have pity on the most unfortunate man in the world. For Heaven's sake, answer me a single question! Is this the town of Boston?"

"You have recognized him now," said the virtuoso. "It is Peter Rugg, the missing man. I chanced to meet him the other day still in search of Boston, and conducted him hither; and, as he could not succeed in finding his friends, I have taken him into my service as door-keeper. He is somewhat too apt to ramble, but otherwise a man of trust and integrity."

"And might I venture to ask," continued I, "to whom am I indebted for this afternoon's gratification?"

The virtuoso, before replying, laid his hand upon an antique dart, or javelin, the rusty steel head of which seemed to have been blunted, as if it had encountered the resistance of a tempered shield, or breastplate.

"My name has not been without its distinction in the world for a longer period than that of any other man alive," answered he. "Yet many doubt of my existence; perhaps you will do so to-morrow. This dart which I hold in my hand was once grim Death's own weapon. It served him well for the space of four thousand years; but it fell blunted, as you see, when he directed it against my breast."

These words were spoken with the calm and cold courtesy of manner that had characterized this singular personage throughout our interview. I fancied, it is true, that there was a bitterness indefinitely mingled with his tone, as of one cut off from natural sympathies and blasted with a doom that had been inflicted on no other human being, and by the results of which he had ceased to be human. Yet, withal, it seemed one of the most terrible consequences of that doom that the victim no longer regarded it as a calamity, but had finally accepted it as the greatest good that could have befallen him.

"You are the Wandering Jew!" exclaimed I.

The virtuoso bowed without emotion of any kind; for, by centuries of custom, he had almost lost the sense of strangeness in his fate, and was but imperfectly conscious of the astonishment and awe with which it affected such as are capable of death.

"Your doom is indeed a fearful one!" said I, with irrepressible feeling and a frankness that afterwards startled me; "yet perhaps the ethereal spirit is not entirely extinct under all this corrupted or frozen mass of earthly life. Perhaps the immortal spark may yet be rekindled by a breath of Heaven. Perhaps you may yet be permitted to die before it is too late to live eternally. You have my prayers for such a consummation. Farewell."

"Your prayers will be in vain," replied he, with a smile of cold triumph. "My destiny is linked with the realities of earth. You are welcome to your visions and shadows of a future state; but give me what I can see, and touch, and understand, and I ask no more."

"It is indeed too late," thought I. "The soul is dead within him."

Struggling between pity and horror, I extended my hand, to which the virtuoso gave his own, still with the habitual courtesy of a man of the world, but without a single

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heart throb of human brotherhood. The touch seemed like ice, yet I know not whether morally or physically. As I departed, he bade me observe that the inner door of the hall was constructed with the ivory leaves of the gateway through which Æneas and the Sibyl had been dismissed from Hades.

Plain Language From Truthful James

Popularly known as the "Heathen Chinee"

By BRET HARTE

Bret Harte

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar;
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand,
But he smiled, as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stacked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then he looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four Jacks,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts.
And we found on his nails, which were taper,—
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Among the Corn-Rows

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Very sincerely yrs
Hamlin Garland

"But the road sometimes passes a rich meadow, where the songs of larks and bob-o'-links and blackbirds are tangled."

I

ROB held up his hands, from which the dough depended in ragged strings.

"Biscuits," he said, with an elaborate working of his jaws, intended to convey the idea that they were going to be specially delicious.

Seagraves laughed, but did not enter the shanty door. "How do you like baching it?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" entreated Rob, mauling the dough again. "Come in an' sit down. What in thunder y' standin' out there for?"

"Oh, I'd rather be where I can see the prairie. Great weather!"

"*Im*-mense!"

"How goes breaking?"

"Tip-top! A *leetle* dry now; but the bulls pull the plough through two acres a day. How's things in Boomtown?"

"Oh, same old grind."

"Judge still lyin'?"

"Still at it."

"Major Mullens still swearin' to it?"

"You hit it like a mallet. Railroad schemes are thicker'n prairie-chickens. You've got grit, Rob. I don't have anything but crackers and sardines over to my shanty, and here you are making soda-biscuit."

"I have t' do it. Couldn't break if I didn't. You editors c'n take things easy, lay around on the prairie and watch the plovers and medder-larks; but we *settlers* have got to work."

Leaving Rob to sputter over his cooking, Seagraves took his slow way off down toward the oxen grazing in a little hollow. The scene was characteristically, wonderfully beautiful. It was about five o'clock in a day in late June, and the level plain was green and yellow, and infinite in reach as a sea; the lowering sun was casting over its distant swells a faint impalpable mist, through which the breaking teams on the neighbouring claims ploughed noiselessly, as figures in a dream. The whistle of gophers, the faint, wailing, fluttering cry of the falling plover, the whir of the swift-winged prairie-pigeon, or the quack of a lonely duck, came through the shimmering air. The lark's infrequent whistle, piercingly sweet, broke from the longer grass in the swales near by. No other climate, sky, plain, could produce the same unnamable weird charm. No tree to wave, no grass to rustle; scarcely a sound of domestic life; only the faint melancholy soughing of the wind in the short grass, and the voices of the wild things of the prairie.

Seagraves, an impressionable young man (junior editor of the Boomtown *Spike*), threw himself down on the sod, pulled his hat-rim down over his eyes, and looked away over the plain. It was the second year of Boomtown's existence, and Seagraves had not yet grown restless under its monotony. Around him the gophers played saucily. Teams were moving here and there across the sod, with a peculiar noiseless, effortless motion, that made them seem as calm, lazy, and unsubstantial as the mist through which they made their way; even the sound of passing wagons was a sort of low, well-fed, self-satisfied chuckle.

Seagraves, "holding down a claim" near Rob, had come to see his neighbouring "bach" because feeling the need of company; but now that he was near enough to hear him prancing about getting supper, he was content to be alone on a slope of the green sod.

The silence of the prairie at night was well-nigh terrible. Many a night, as Seagraves lay in his bunk against the side of his cabin, he would strain his ear to hear the slightest sound, and be listening thus sometimes for minutes before the squeak of a mouse or the step of a passing fox came as a relief to the aching sense. In the daytime, however, and especially on a morning, the prairie was another thing. The pigeons, the larks, the cranes, the multitudinous voices of the ground-birds and snipes and insects, made the air pulsate with sound—a chorus that died away into an infinite murmur of music.

"Hello, Seagraves!" yelled Rob from the door. "The biscuit are 'most done."

Seagraves did not speak, only nodded his head, and slowly rose. The faint clouds in the west were getting a superb flame-colour above and a misty purple below, and the sun had shot them with lances of yellow light. As the air grew denser with moisture, the sounds of neighbouring life began to reach the ear. Children screamed and laughed, and afar off a woman was singing a lullaby. The rattle of wagons and voices of men speaking to their teams multiplied. Ducks in a neighbouring lowland were quacking. The whole scene took hold upon Seagraves with irresistible power.

"It is American," he exclaimed. "No other land or time can match this mellow air, this wealth of colour, much less the strange social conditions of life on this sunlit Dakota prairie."

Rob, though visibly affected by the scene also, couldn't let his biscuit spoil, or go without proper attention.

"Say, ain't y' comin' t' grub?" he asked impatiently.

"In a minute," replied his friend, taking a last wistful look at the scene. "I want one more look at the landscape."

"Landscape be blessed! If you'd been breakin' all day— Come, take that stool an' draw up."

"No; I'll take the candle-box."

"Not much. I know what manners are, if I am a bull-driver."

Seagraves took the three-legged and rather precarious-looking stool and drew up to the table, which was a flat broad box nailed up against the side of the wall, with two strips of board nailed at the outer corners for legs.

"How's that f'r a lay-out?" Rob inquired proudly.

"Well, you *have* spread yourself! Biscuit and canned peaches and sardines and cheese. Why, this is—is—prodigal."

"It ain't nothin' else."

Rob was from one of the finest counties of Wisconsin, over toward Milwaukee. He was of German parentage, a middle-sized, cheery, wide-awake, good-looking young fellow—a typical claim-holder. He was always confident, jovial, and full of plans for the future. He had dug his own well, built his own shanty, washed and mended his own clothing. He could do anything, and do it well. He had a fine field of wheat, and was finishing the ploughing of his entire quarter section.

"This is what I call settin' under a feller's own vine an' fig-tree"—after Seagraves's compliments—"an' I like it. I'm my own boss. No man can say 'come here' 'n' 'go there' to me. I get up when I'm a min' to, an' go t' bed when I'm a min' t'."

"Some drawbacks, I s'pose?"

"Yes. Mice, f'r instance, give me a devilish lot o' trouble. They get into my flour-barrel, eat up my cheese, an' fall into my well. But it ain't no use t' swear."

"'The rats and the mice they made such a strife
He had to go to London to buy him a wife,'"

quoted Seagraves. "Don't blush. I've probed your secret thought."

"Well, to tell the honest truth," said Rob, a little sheepishly, leaning across the table, "I ain't satisfied with my style o' cookin'. It's good, but a little too plain, y' know. I'd like a change. It ain't much fun to break all day, and then go to work an' cook y'r own supper."

"No, I should say not."

"This fall I'm going back to Wisconsin. Girls are thick as huckleberries back there, and I'm goin' t' bring one back, now you hear me."

"Good! That's the plan," laughed Seagraves, amused at a certain timid and apprehensive look in his companion's eye. "Just think what a woman 'd do to put this shanty in shape; and think how nice it would be to take her arm and saunter out after supper, and look at the farm, and plan and lay out gardens and paths, and tend the chickens!"

Rob's manly and self-reliant nature had the settler's typical buoyancy and hopefulness, as well as a certain power of analysis, which enabled him now to say: "The fact is, we fellers holdin' down claims out here ain't fools clear to the *rine*. We know a *couple* o' things. Now I didn't leave Waupac County f'r fun. Did y' ever see

Waupac? Well, it's one o' the handsomest counties the sun ever shone on, full o' lakes and rivers and groves of timber. I miss 'em all out here, and I miss the boys an' girls; but they wa'n't no chance there f'r a feller. Land that was good was so blamed high you couldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole from a balloon. Rent was high, if you wanted t' rent, an' so a feller like me had t' get out, an' now I'm out here, I'm goin' t' make the most of it. Another thing," he went on, after a pause—"we fellers workin' out back there got more 'n' more like *hands*, an' less like human beings. Y' know, Waupac is a kind of a summer resort, and the people that use' t' come in summers looked down on us cusses in the fields an' shops. I couldn't stand it. By God!" he said, with a sudden impulse of rage quite unlike him, "I'd rather live on an iceberg and claw crabs f'r a livin' than have some feller passin' me on the road an' callin' me 'fellah!'"

Seagraves knew what he meant, and listened in astonishment at this outburst.

"I consider myself a sight better 'n' any man who lives on somebody else's hard work. I've never had a cent I didn't earn with them hands." He held them up, and broke into a grin. "Beauties, ain't they? But they never wore gloves that some other poor cuss earned."

Seagraves thought them grand hands, worthy to grasp the hand of any man or woman living.

"Well, so I come West, just like a thousand other fellers, to get a start where the cussed European aristocracy hadn't got a holt on the people. I like it here—course I'd like the lakes an' meadows of Waupac better—but I'm my own boss, as I say, an' I'm goin' to *stay* my own boss if I haf to live on crackers an' wheat coffee to do it; that's the kind of a hair-pin I am."

In the pause which followed, Seagraves, plunged deep into thought by Rob's words, leaned his head on his hand. This working farmer had voiced the modern idea. It was an absolute overturn of all the ideas of nobility and special privilege born of the feudal past. Rob had spoken upon impulse, but that impulse appeared to Seagraves to be right.

"I'd like to use your idea for an editorial, Rob," he said.

"*My* ideas!" exclaimed the astounded host, pausing in the act of filling his pipe. "My ideas! Why, I didn't know I had any."

"Well, you've given me some, anyhow."

Seagraves felt that it was a wild, grand upstirring of the modern democrat against the aristocratic, against the idea of caste and the privilege of living on the labour of others. This atom of humanity (how infinitesimal this drop in the ocean of humanity!) was feeling the nameless longing of expanding personality, and had already pierced the conventions of society, and declared as *nil* the laws of the land—laws that were survivals of hate and prejudice. He had exposed also the native spring of the emigrant by uttering the feeling that it is better to be an equal among peasants than a servant before nobles.

"So I have good reasons f'r liking the country," Rob resumed, in a quiet way. "The soil is rich, the climate good so far, an' if I have a couple o' decent crops you'll see a neat upright goin' up here, with a porch and a bay-winder."

"And you'll still be livin' here alone, frying leathery slapjacks an' chopping 'taters and bacon."

"I think I see myself," drawled Rob, "goin' around all summer wearin' the same shirt without washin', an' wipin' on the same towel four straight weeks, an' wearin' holes in my socks, an' eatin' musty gingersnaps, mouldy bacon, an' canned Boston beans f'r the rest o' my endurin' days! Oh yes; I guess *not!* Well, see y' later. Must go water my bulls."

As he went off down the slope, Seagraves smiled to hear him sing:

"I wish that some kind-hearted girl
Would pity on me take,
And extricate me from the mess I'm in.
The angel—how I'd bless her,
If this her home she'd make,
In my little old sod shanty on the plain!"

The boys nearly fell off their chairs in the Western House dining-room, a few days later, at seeing Rob come in to supper with a collar and neck-tie as the finishing touch of a remarkable outfit.

"Hit him somebody!"

"It's a clean collar!"

"He's started f'r Congress!"

"He's going to get married," put in Seagraves, in a tone that brought conviction.

"What!" screamed Jack Adams, O'Neill, and Wilson, in one breath. "That man?"

"That man," replied Seagraves, amazed at Rob, who coolly took his seat, squared his elbows, pressed his collar down at the back, and called for the bacon and eggs.

The crowd stared at him in a dead silence.

"Where's he going to do it?" asked

Jack Adams. "Where's he going to find a girl?"

"Ask him," said Seagraves.

"I ain't tellin'," put in Rob, with his mouth full of potato.

"You're afraid of our competition."

"That's right; *our* competition, Jack; not *your* competition. Come, now, Rob, tell us where you found her."

"I ain't found her."

"What! And yet you're goin' away t' get married!"

"I'm goin' t' bring a wife back with me ten days fr'm date."

"I see his scheme," put in Jim Rivers. "He's goin' back East somewhere, an' he's goin' to propose to every girl he meets."

"Hold on!" interrupted Rob, holding up his fork. "Ain't quite right. Every *good-lookin'* girl I meet."

"Well, I'll be blanked!" exclaimed Jack, impatiently; "that simply let's me out. Any man with such a cheek ought to——"

"Succeed," interrupted Seagraves.

"That's what I say," bawled Hank Whiting, the proprietor of the house. "You fellers ain't got any enterprise to yeh. Why don't you go to work an' help settle the country like men? 'Cause y' ain't got no sand. Girls are thicker'n huckleberries back East. I say it's a dum shame!"

"Easy, Henry," said the elegant bank-clerk, Wilson, looking gravely about through his spectacles. "I commend the courage and the resolution of Mr. Rodemaker. I pray the lady may not

"'Mislike him for his complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burning sun.'"

"Shakespeare," said Adams, at a venture.

"Brother in adversity, when do you embark? Another Jason on an untried sea."

"Hay!" said Rob, winking at Seagraves. "Oh, I go to-night—night train."

"And return?"

"Ten days from date."

"I'll wager a wedding supper he brings a blonde," said Wilson, in his clean-cut, languid speech.

"Oh, come, now, Wilson; that's too thin! We all know that rule about dark marryin' light."

"I'll wager she'll be tall," continued Wilson. "I'll wager *you*, friend Rodemaker, she'll be blonde and tall."

The rest roared at Rob's astonishment and confusion. The absurdity of it grew, and they went into spasms of laughter. But Wilson remained impassive, not the twitching of a muscle betraying that he saw anything to laugh at in the proposition.

Mrs. Whiting and the kitchen-girls came in, wondering at the merriment. Rob began to get uneasy.

"What is it? What is it?" said Mrs. Whiting, a jolly little matron.

Rivers put the case. "Rob's on his way back to Wisconsin t' get married, and Wilson has offered to bet *him* that his wife will be a blonde and tall, and Rob dassent bet!" And they roared again.

"Why, the idea! the man's crazy!" said Mrs. Whiting.

The crowd looked at each other. This was hint enough; they sobered, nodding at each other.

"Aha! I see; I understand."

"It's the heat."

"And the Boston beans."

"Let up on him, Wilson. Don't badger a poor irresponsible fellow. I *thought* something was wrong when I saw the collar."

"Oh, keep it up!" said Rob, a little nettled by their evident intention to "have fun" with him.

"Soothe him—*soo-o-o-o-the* him!" said Wilson. "Don't be harsh."

Rob rose from the table. "Go to thunder! you make me tired."

"The fit is on him again!"

He rose disgustedly and went out. They followed him in single file. The rest of the town "caught on." Frank Graham heaved an apple at him, and joined the procession. Rob went into the store to buy some tobacco. They followed, and perched like crows on the counters till he went out; then they followed him, as before. They watched him check his trunk; they witnessed the purchase of the ticket. The town had turned out by this time.

"Waupac!" announced the one nearest the victim.

"Waupac!" said the next man, and the word was passed along the street up town.

"Make a note of it," said Wilson: "Waupac—a county where a man's proposal for marriage is honoured upon presentation. Sight drafts."

Rivers struck up a song, while Rob stood around, patiently bearing the jokes of the crowd:

"We're lookin' rather seedy now,
While holdin' down our claims,
And our vittles are not always of the best,
And the mice play slyly round us
As we lay down to sleep
In our little old tarred shanties on the claim.

"Yet we rather like the novelty
Of livin' in this way,
Though the bill of fare is often rather tame;
An' we're happy as a clam
On the land of Uncle Sam
In our little old tarred shanty on the claim."

The train drew up at length, to the immense relief of Rob, whose stoical resignation was beginning to weaken.

"Don't y' wish y' had sand?" he yelled to the crowd as he plunged into the car, thinking he was rid of them.

But no; their last stroke was to follow him into the car, nodding, pointing to their heads, and whispering, managing in the half-minute the train stood at the platform to set every person in the car staring at the "crazy man." Rob groaned, and pulled his hat down over his eyes—an action which confirmed his tormentors' words and made several ladies click their tongues in sympathy—"Tlck! tlck! poor fellow!"

"All *abo-o-o-a-rd!*" said the conductor, grinning his appreciation at the crowd, and the train was off.

"Oh, won't we make him groan when he gets back!" said Barney, the young lawyer who sang the shouting tenor.

"We'll meet him with the timbrel and the harp. Anybody want to wager? I've got two to one on a short brunette," said Wilson.

II

"Follow it far enough and it may pass the bend in the river where the water laughs eternally over its shallow."

A CORN-FIELD in July is a hot place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm sickening smell drawn from the rapidly-growing, broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light and heat upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense.

Julia Peterson, faint with fatigue, was toiling back and forth between the corn-rows, holding the handles of the double-shovel corn-plough, while her little brother Otto rode the steaming horse. Her heart was full of bitterness, and her face flushed with heat, and her muscles aching with fatigue. The heat grew terrible. The corn came to her shoulders, and not a breath seemed to reach her, while the sun, nearing the noon mark, lay pitilessly upon her shoulders, protected only by a calico dress. The dust rose under her feet, and as she was wet with perspiration it soiled her till with a woman's instinctive cleanliness, she shuddered. Her head throbbed dangerously. What matter to her that the king-bird pitched jovially from the maples to catch a wandering blue-bottle fly, that the robin was feeding its young, that the bobolink was singing? All these things, if she saw them, only threw her bondage to labor into greater relief.

Across the field, in another patch of corn, she could see her father—a big, gruff-voiced, wide-bearded Norwegian—at work also with a plough. The corn must be ploughed, and so she toiled on, the tears dropping from the shadow of the ugly sun-bonnet she wore. Her shoes, coarse and square-toed, chafed her feet; her hands, large and strong, were browned, or more properly *burnt*, on the backs by the sun. The horse's harness "*creak*-cracked" as he swung steadily and patiently forward, the moisture pouring from his sides, his nostrils distended.

The field ran down to a road, and on the other side of the road ran a river—a broad, clear, shallow expanse at that point, and the eyes of the boy gazed longingly at the pond and the cool shadow each time that he turned at the fence.

"Say, Jule, I'm goin' in! Come, can't I? Come—say!" he pleaded, as they stopped at the fence to let the horse breathe.

"I've let you go wade twice."

"But that don't do any good. My legs is all smarty, 'cause ol' Jack sweats so." The boy turned around on the horse's back, and slid back to his rump. "I can't stand it!" he burst out, sliding off and darting under the fence. "Father can't see."

The girl put her elbows on the fence, and watched her little brother as he sped away to the pool, throwing off his clothes as he ran, whooping with uncontrollable delight. Soon she could hear him splashing about in the water a short distance up the stream, and caught glimpses of his little shiny body and happy face. How cool that water looked! And the shadows there by the big basswood! How that water would cool her blistered feet! An impulse seized her, and she squeezed between the rails of the fence, and stood in the road looking up and down to see that the way was clear. It was not a main-travelled road; no one was likely to come; why not?

She hurriedly took off her shoes and stockings—how delicious the cool, soft velvet of the grass!—and sitting down on the bank under the great basswood, whose roots formed an abrupt bank, she slid her poor blistered, chafed feet into the water, her bare head leaned against the huge tree-trunk.

And now she rested, the beauty of the scene came to her. Over her the wind moved the leaves. A jay screamed far off, as if answering the cries of the boy. A kingfisher crossed and recrossed the stream with dipping sweep of his wings. The river sang with its lips to the pebbles. The vast clouds went by majestically, far above the tree-tops, and the snap and buzzing and ringing whir of July insects made a ceaseless, slumberous undertone of song solvent of all else. The tired girl forgot her work. She began to dream. This would not last always. Someone would come to release her from such drudgery. This was her constant, tenderest, and most secret dream. *He* would be a Yankee, not a Norwegian; the Yankees didn't ask their wives to work in the field. He would have a home. Perhaps he'd live in town—perhaps a merchant! And then she thought of the drug clerk in Rock River who had looked at her— A voice broke in on her dream, a fresh, manly voice.

"Well, by jinks! if it ain't Julia! Just the one I wanted to see!"

The girl turned, saw a pleasant-faced young fellow in a derby hat and a fifteen-dollar suit of diagonals.

"Rob Rodemaker! How come——"

She remembered her situation, and flushed, looked down at the water, and remained perfectly still.

"Ain't ye goin' to shake hands? Y' don't seem very glad t' see me."

She began to grow angry. "If you had any eyes you'd see!"

Rob looked over the edge of the bank, whistled, turned away. "Oh, I see! Excuse *me!* Don't blame yeh a bit, though. Good weather f'r corn," he went on, looking up at the trees. "Corn seems to be pretty well forward," he continued, in a louder voice, as he walked away, still gazing into the air. "Crops is looking first-class in Boomtown. Hello! This Otto? H'yare y' little scamp! Get on to that horse agin. Quick, 'r I'll take y'r skin off an' hang it on the fence. What y' been doing?"

"Ben in swimmin'. Jimminy, ain't it fun! When 'd y' get back?" said the boy, grinning.

"Never you mind," replied Rob, leaping the fence by laying his left hand on the top rail. "Get on to that horse." He tossed the boy up on the horse, hung his coat on the fence. "I s'pose the ol' man makes her plough same as usual?"

"Yup," said Otto.

"Dod ding a man that'll do that! I don't mind if it's necessary, but it ain't necessary in his case." He continued to mutter in this way as he went across to the other side of the field. As they turned to come back, Rob went up and looked at the horse's mouth. "Gettin' purty near of age. Say, who's sparkin' Julia now—anybody?"

"Nobody 'cept some ol' Norwegians. She won't have them. Por wants her to, but she won't."

"Good f'r her. Nobody comes t' see her Sunday nights, eh?"

"Nope, only 'Tias Anderson an' Ole Hoover; but she goes off an' leaves 'em."

"Chk!" said Rob, starting old Jack across the field.

It was almost noon, and Jack moved reluctantly. He knew the time of day as well as the boy. He made this round after distinct protest.

In the meantime Julia, putting on her shoes and stockings, went to the fence and watched the man's shining white shirt as he moved across the corn-field. There had never been any special tenderness between them, but she had always liked him. They had been at school together. She wondered why he had come back at this time of the year, and wondered how long he would stay. How long had he stood looking at her? She flushed again at the thought of it. But he wasn't to blame; it was a public road. She might have known better.

She stood under a little popple-tree, whose leaves shook musically at every zephyr, and her eyes through half-shut lids roved over the sea of deep-green glossy leaves, dappled here and there by cloud-shadows, stirred here and there like water by the wind, and out of it all a longing to be free from such toil rose like a breath, filling her throat, and quickening the motion of her heart. Must this go on forever, this life of heat and dust and labour? What did it all mean?

The girl laid her chin on her strong red wrists, and looked up into the blue spaces between the vast clouds—aërial mountains dissolving in a shoreless azure sea. How cool and sweet and restful they looked! If she might only lie out on the billowy, snow-white, sunlit edge! The voices of the driver and the ploughman recalled her, and she fixed her eyes again upon the slowly-nodding head of the patient horse, on the boy turned half about on the horse, talking to the white-sleeved man, whose derby hat bobbed up and down quite curiously, like the horse's head. Would she ask him to dinner? What would her people say?

"Phew! it's hot!" was the greeting the young fellow gave as he came up. He smiled in a frank, boyish way as he hung his hat on the top of a stake and looked up at her. "D' y' know, I kind o' enjoy getting at it again. Fact. It ain't no work for a girl though," he added.

"When 'd you get back?" she asked, the flush not yet out of her face. Rob was looking at her thick, fine hair and full Scandinavian face, rich as a rose in colour, and did not reply for a few seconds. She stood with her hideous sun-bonnet pushed back on her shoulders. A kingbird was chattering overhead.

"Oh, a few days ago."

"How long y' goin' t' stay?"

"Oh, I d' know. A week, mebbe."

A far-off halloo came pulsing across the shimmering air. The boy screamed "Dinner!" and waved his hat with an answering whoop, then flopped off the horse like a turtle off a stone into water. He had the horse unhooked in an instant, and had flung his toes up over the horse's back, in act to climb on, when Rob said:

"H'yare, young feller! wait a minute. Tired?" he asked the girl, with a tone that was more than kindly; it was almost tender.

"Yes," she replied in a low voice. "My shoes hurt me."

"Well, here y' go," he replied, taking his stand by the horse, and holding out his hand like a step. She coloured and smiled a little as she lifted her foot into his huge, hard, sunburned hand.

"Oop-a-daisy!" he called. She gave a spring and sat the horse like one at home there.

Rob had a deliciously unconscious, abstracted, business-like air. He really left her nothing to do but enjoy his company, while he went ahead and did precisely as he pleased.

"We don't raise much corn out there, an' so I kind o' like to see it once more."

"I wish I didn't have to see another hill of corn as long as I live!" replied the girl, bitterly.

"Don't know as I blame yeh a bit. But, all the same, I'm glad you was working in it to-day," he thought to himself, as he walked beside her horse toward the house.

"Will you stop to dinner?" she inquired bluntly, almost surlily. It was evident that there were reasons why she didn't mean to press him to do so.

"You bet I will," he replied; "that is, if you want I should."

"You know how we live," she replied, evasively. "If you c'n stand it, why—" She broke off abruptly.

Yes, he remembered how they lived in that big, square, dirty, white frame house. It had been three or four years since he had been in it, but the smell of the cabbage and onions, the penetrating, peculiar mixture of odours, assailed his memory as something unforgettable.

"I guess I'll stop," he said, as she hesitated. She said no more, but tried to act as if she were not in way responsible for what came afterward.

"I guess I c'n stand f'r one meal what you stand all the while," he added.

As she left them at the well and went to the house he saw her limp painfully, and the memory of her face so close to his lips as he helped her down from the horse gave him pleasure, at the same time that he was touched by its tired and gloomy look. Mrs. Peterson came to the door of the kitchen, looking just the same as ever. Broad-faced, unwieldly, flabby, apparently wearing the same dress he remembered to have seen her in years before,—a dirty drab-coloured thing,—she looked as shapeless as a sack of wool. Her English was limited to, "How de do, Rob?"

He washed at the pump, while the girl, in the attempt to be hospitable, held the clean towel for him.

"You're purty well used up, eh?" he said to her.

"Yes; it's awful hot out there."

"Can't you lay off this afternoon? It ain't right."

"No. *He* won't listen to that."

"Well, let me take your place."

"No; there ain't any use o' that."

Peterson, a brawny wide-bearded Norwegian, came up at this moment, and spoke to Rob in a sullen, gruff way.

"He ain't *very* glad to see me," said Rob, winking at Julia. "He ain't b'ilin' over with enthusiasm; but I c'n stand it, for your sake," he added, with amazing assurance; but the girl had turned away, and it was wasted.

At the table he ate heartily of the "bean swaagen," which filled a large wooden bowl in the centre of the table, and which was ladled into smaller wooden bowls at each plate. Julia had tried hard to convert her mother to Yankee ways, and had at last given it up in despair. Rob kept on safe subjects, mainly asking questions about the crops of Peterson, and when addressing the girl, inquired of the schoolmates. By skilful questioning, he kept the subject of marriage uppermost, and seemingly was getting an inventory of the girls not yet married or engaged.

It was embarrassing for the girl. She was all too well aware of the difference between her home and the home of her schoolmates and friends. She knew that it was not pleasant for her "Yankee" friends to come to visit her when they could not feel sure of a welcome from the tireless, silent, and grim-visaged old Norse, if, indeed, they could escape insult. Julia ate her food mechanically, and it could hardly be said that she enjoyed the brisk talk of the young man, his eyes were upon her so constantly and his smile so obviously addressed to her. She rose as soon as possible, and going outside, took a seat on a chair under the trees in the yard. She was not a coarse or dull girl. In fact, she had developed so rapidly by contact with the young people of the neighbourhood that she no longer found pleasure in her own home. She didn't believe in keeping up the old-fashioned Norwegian customs, and her life with her mother was not one to breed love or confidence. She was more like a hired hand. That love of the mother for her "Yulyie" was sincere though rough and inarticulate, and it was her jealousy of the young "Yankees" that widened the chasm between the girl and herself—an inevitable result.

Rob followed the girl out into the yard, and threw himself on the grass at her feet, perfectly unconscious of the fact that this attitude was exceedingly romantic and becoming to them both. He did it because he wanted to talk to her, and the grass was cool and easy: there wasn't any other chair, anyway.

"Do they keep up the ly-ceum and the sociables same as ever?"

"Yes. The others go a good 'eal, but I don't. We're gettin' such a stock round us, and father thinks he needs me s' much, I don't git out much. I'm gettin' sick of it."

"I sh'd think y' would," he replied, his eyes on her face.

"I c'd stand the churnin' and house-work, but when it comes t' workin' out-doors in the dirt an' hot sun, gettin' all sunburned and chapped up, it's another thing. An' then it seems as if he gets stingier 'n' stingier every year. I ain't had a new dress in—I d'—know—how—long. He says it's all nonsense, an' mother's just about as bad. *She* don't want a new dress, an' so she thinks I don't." The girl was feeling the influence of a sympathetic listener, and was making up for her long silence. "I've tried t' go out t' work, but they won't let me. They'd have t' pay a hand twenty dollars a month f'r the work I do, an' they like cheap help; but I'm not goin' t' stand it much longer, I can tell you that."

Rob thought she was very handsome as she sat there with her eyes fixed on the horizon, while these rebellious thoughts found utterance in her quivering, passionate voice.

"Yulie! Kom heat!" roared the old man from the well.

A frown of anger and pain came into her face. She looked at Rob. "That means more work."

"Say! let me go out in your place. Come, now; what's the use——"

"No; it wouldn't do no good. It ain't t'-day s' much; it's every day, and——"

"Yu*lie!*" called Peterson again, with a string of impatient Norwegian.

"Well, all right, only I'd like to——"

"Well, good-by," she said, with a little touch of feeling. "When d'ye go back?"

"I don't know. I'll see y' again before I go. Good-by."

He stood watching her slow, painful pace till she reached the well, where Otto was standing with the horse. He stood watching them as they moved out into the road and turned down toward the field. He felt that she had sent him away; but still there was a look in her eyes which was not altogether——

He gave it up in despair at last. He was not good at analyses of this nature; he was used to plain, blunt expressions. There was a woman's subtlety here quite beyond his reach.

He sauntered slowly off up the road after his talk with Julia. His head was low on his breast; he was thinking as one who is about to take a decided and important step.

He stopped at length, and turning, watched the girl moving along in the deeps of the corn. Hardly a leaf was stirring; the untempered sunlight fell in a burning flood upon the field; the grasshoppers rose, snapped, buzzed, and fell; the locust uttered its dry, heat-intensifying cry. The man lifted his head.

"It's a d—n shame!" he said, beginning rapidly to retrace his steps. He stood leaning on the fence, awaiting the girl's coming very much as she had waited his on the round he had made before dinner. He grew impatient at the slow gait of the horse, and drummed on the rail while he whistled. Then he took off his hat, and dusted it nervously. As the horse got a little nearer he wiped his face carefully, pushed his hat back on his head, and climbed over the fence, where he stood with elbows on the middle rail as the girl and boy and horse came to the end of the furrow.

"Hot, ain't it?" he said, as she looked up.

"Jimminy Peters, it's awful!" puffed the boy. The girl did not reply till she swung the plough about after the horse, and set it upright into the next row. Her powerful body had a superb swaying motion at the waist as she did this—a motion which affected Rob vaguely but massively.

"I thought you'd gone," she said, gravely, pushing back her bonnet till he could see her face dewed with sweat, and pink as a rose. She had the high cheek-bones of her race, but she had also their exquisite fairness of colour.

"Say, Otto," asked Rob, alluringly, "wan' to go swimming?"

"You bet!" replied Otto.

"Well, I'll go a round if——"

The boy dropped off the horse, not waiting to hear any more. Rob grinned; but the girl dropped her eyes, then looked away.

"Got rid o' him mighty quick. Say, Julyie, I hate like thunder t' see you out here; it ain't right. I wish you'd—I wish——"

She could not look at him now, and her bosom rose and fell with a motion that was not due to fatigue. Her moist hair matted around her forehead gave her a boyish look.

Rob nervously tried again, tearing splinters from the fence. "Say, now, I'll tell yeh what I came back here fer—t'git married; and if you're willin', I'll do it tonight. Come, now, whaddy y' say?"

"What 've *I* got t' do 'bout it?" she finally asked, the colour flooding her face, and a faint smile coming to her lips. "Go ahead. I ain't got anything——"

Rob put a splinter in his mouth and faced her. "Oh, looky here, now, Julyie! you know what I mean. I've got a good claim out near Boomtown—a *rattlin'* good claim; a shanty on it fourteen by sixteen—no tarred paper about it; and a suller to keep butter in; and a hundred acres o' wheat just about ready to turn now. I need a wife."

Here he straightened up, threw away the splinter, and took off his hat. He was a very pleasant figure as the girl stole a look at him. His black laughing eyes were especially earnest just now. His voice had a touch of pleading. The popple-tree over their heads murmured applause at his eloquence, then hushed to listen. A cloud dropped a silent shadow down upon them, and it sent a little thrill of fear through Rob, as if it were an omen of failure. As the girl remained silent, looking away, he began, man-fashion, to desire her more and more as he feared to lose her. He put his hat on the post again, and took out his jack-knife. Her calico dress draped her supple and powerful figure simply but naturally. The stoop in her shoulders, given by labour, disappeared as she partly leaned upon the fence. The curves of her muscular arms showed through her sleeve.

"It's all-fired lonesome f'r me out there on that claim, and it ain't no picnic f'r you here. Now if you'll come out there with me, you needn't do anything but cook f'r me and after harvest we can git a good lay-out o' furniture, an' I'll lath and plaster the house, an' put a little hell [ell] in the rear." He smiled, and so did she. He felt encouraged to say: "An' there we be, as snug as y' please. We're close t' Boomtown, an' we can go down there to church sociables an' things, and they're a jolly lot there."

The girl was still silent, but the man's simple enthusiasm came to her charged with passion and a sort of romance such as her hard life had known little of. There was something enticing about this trip to the West.

"What'll my folks say?" she said at last.

A virtual surrender, but Rob was not acute enough to see it. He pressed on eagerly:

"I don't care. Do you? They'll jest keep y' ploughin' corn and milkin' cows till the day of judgment. Come, Julyie, I ain't got no time to fool away. I've got t' get back t' that grain. It's a whoopin' old crop, sure's y'r born, an' that means sompin purty scrumptious in furniture this fall. Come, now." He approached her and laid his hand on her shoulder very much as he would have touched Albert Seagraves or any other comrade. "Whady y' say?"

She neither started, nor shrunk nor looked at him. She simply moved a step away. "They'd never let me go," she replied bitterly. "I'm too cheap a hand. I do a man's work, an' get no pay at all."

"You'll have half o' all I c'n make," he put in.

"How long c'n you wait?" she asked, looking down at her dress.

"Just two minutes," he said, pulling out his watch. "It ain't no use t' wait. The old man 'll be jest as mad a week from now as he is to-day. Why not go now?"

"I'm of age day after to-morrow," she mused, wavering, calculating.

"You c'n be of age to-night if you'll jest call on old Square Hatfield with me."

"All right, Rob," the girl said, turning and holding out her hand.

"That's the talk!" he exclaimed, seizing it. "An' now a kiss, to bind the bargain, as the fellah says."

"I guess we c'n get along without that."

"No, we can't. It won't seem like an engagement without it."

"It ain't goin' to seem much like one, anyway," she answered, with a sudden realization of how far from her dreams of courtship this reality was.

"Say, now, Julyie, that ain't fair; it ain't treatin' me right. You don't seem to understand that I *like* you, but I do."

Rob was carried quite out of himself by the time, the place, and the girl. He had said a very moving thing.

The tears sprang involuntarily to the girl's eyes. "Do you mean it? If y' do, you may."

She was trembling with emotion for the first time. The sincerity of the man's voice had gone deep.

He put his arm around her almost timidly and kissed her on the cheek, a great love for her springing up in his heart. "That settles it," he said. "Don't cry, Julyie. You'll never be sorry for it. Don't cry. It kind o' hurts me to see it."

He didn't understand her feelings. He was only aware that she was crying, and tried in a bungling way to soothe her. But now that she had given away, she sat down in the grass and wept bitterly.

"*Yulyie!*" yelled the old Norwegian, like a distant fog-horn.

The girl sprang up; the habit of obedience was strong.

"No; you set right there, and I'll go round," he said. "*Otto!*"

The boy came scrambling out of the wood half dressed. Rob tossed him upon the horse, snatched Julia's sun-bonnet, put his own hat on her head, and moved off down the corn-rows, leaving the girl smiling through her tears as he whistled and chirped to the horse. Farmer Peterson, seeing the familiar sun-bonnet above the corn-rows, went back to his work, with a sentence of Norwegian trailing after him like the tail of a kite—something about lazy girls who didn't earn the crust of their bread, etc.

Rob was wild with delight. "Git up there, Jack! Hay, you old corn-crib! Say, Otto, can you keep your mouth shet if it puts money in your pocket?"

"Jest, try me 'n' see," said the keen-eyed little scamp.

"Well, you keep quiet about my being here this afternoon, and I'll put a dollar on y'r tongue—hay?—what?—understand?"

"Show me y'r dollar," said the boy, turning about and showing his tongue.

"All right. Begin to practise now by not talkin' to me."

Rob went over the whole situation on his way back, and when he got in sight of the girl his plan was made. She stood waiting for him with a new look on her face. Her sullenness had given way to a peculiar eagerness and anxiety to believe in him. She was already living that free life in a far-off wonderful country. No more would her stern father and sullen mother force her to tasks which she hated. She'd be a member of a new firm. She'd work, of course, but it would be because she wanted to, and not because she was forced to. The independence and the love promised grew more and more attractive. She laughed back with a softer light in her eyes when she saw the smiling face of Rob looking at her from her sun-bonnet.

"Now you mustn't do any more o' this," he said. "You go back to the house an' tell y'r mother you're too lame to plough any more to-day, and it's too late, anyhow. To-night!" he whispered quickly. "Eleven! Here!"

The girl's heart leaped with fear. "I'm afraid."

"Not of *me*, are yeh?"

"No, I'm not afraid of you, Rob."

"I'm glad o' that. I—I want you to—to *like* me, Julyie; won't you?"

"I'll try," she answered, with a smile.

"To-night, then," he said, as she moved away.

"To-night. Good-by."

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her till her tall figure was lost among the drooping corn-leaves. There was a singular choking feeling in his throat. The girl's voice and face had brought up so many memories of parties and picnics and excursions on far-off holidays, and at the same time such suggestions of the future. He already felt that it was going to be an unconscionably long time before eleven o'clock.

He saw her go to the house, and then he turned and walked slowly up the dusty road. Out of the May-weed the grasshoppers sprang, buzzing and snapping their dull red wings. Butterflies, yellow and white, fluttered around moist places in the ditch, and slender striped water-snakes glided across the stagnant pools at sound of footsteps.

But the mind of the man was far away on his claim, building a new house, with a woman's advice and presence.

. . . .

It was a windless night. The katydids and an occasional cricket were the only sounds Rob could hear as he stood beside his team and strained his ear to listen. At long intervals a little breeze ran through the corn like a swift serpent, bringing to the nostrils the sappy smell of the growing corn. The horses stamped uneasily as the mosquitoes settled on their shining limbs. The sky was full of stars, but there was no moon.

"What if she don't come?" he thought. "Or *can't* come? I can't stand that. I'll go to the old man, an' say, 'Looky here—'Sh!"

He listened again. There was a rustling in the corn. It was not like the fitful movement of the wind; it was steady, slower and approaching. It ceased. He whistled the wailing, sweet cry of the prairie-chicken. Then a figure came out into the road—a woman—Julia!

He took her in his arms as she came, panting up to him.

"Rob!"

"Julyie!"

. . . .

A few words, the dull tread of swift horses, the rising of a silent train of dust, and then the wind wandered in the growing corn. The dust fell, a dog barked down the road, and the katydids sang to the liquid contralto of the river in its shallows.

The Dalliance of the Leopards

A Sanskrit Song of the Fifth Century

Translated by E. Powys Mathers

VERY afraid,
I saw the dalliance of the leopards—
In the beauty of their coats
They sought each other and embraced.
Had I gone between them then
And pulled them asunder by their manes,
I would have run less risk
Than when I passed in my boat
And saw you standing on a dead tree
Ready to dive and kindle the river.

An Inhabitant of Carcosa

By AMBROSE BIERCE

Ambrose Bierce

For there be divers sorts of death—some wherein the body remaineth; and in some it vanisheth quite away with the spirit. This commonly occurreth only in solitude (such is God's will) and, none seeing the end, we say the man is lost, or gone on a long journey—which indeed he hath; but sometimes it hath happened in sight of many, as abundant testimony showeth. In one kind of death the spirit also dieth, and this it hath been known to do while yet the body was in vigour for many years. Sometimes, as is veritably attested, it dieth with the body, but after a season is raised up again in that place where the body did decay.

PONDERING these words of Hali (whom God rest) and questioning their full meaning, as one who, having an intimation, yet doubts if there be not something behind, other than that which he has discerned, I noted not whither I had strayed until a sudden chill wind striking my face revived in me a sense of my surroundings. I observed with astonishment that everything seemed unfamiliar. On every side of me stretched a bleak and desolate expanse of plain, covered with a tall overgrowth of sere grass, which rustled and whistled in the autumn wind with heaven knows what mysterious and disquieting suggestion. Protruded at long intervals above it, stood strangely shaped and sombre-coloured rocks, which seemed to have an understanding with one another and to exchange looks of uncomfortable significance, as if they had reared their heads to watch the issue of some foreseen event. A few blasted trees here and there appeared as leaders in this malevolent conspiracy of silent expectation.

The day, I thought, must be far advanced, though the sun was invisible; and although sensible that the air was raw and chill my consciousness of that fact was rather mental than physical—I had no feeling of discomfort. Over all the dismal landscape a canopy of low, lead-coloured clouds hung like a visible curse. In all this there was a menace and a portent—a hint of evil, an intimation of doom. Bird, beast, or insect there was none. The wind sighed in the bare branches of the dead trees and the grey grass bent to whisper its dead secret to the earth; but no other sound nor motion broke the awful repose of that dismal place.

I observed in the herbage a number of weather-worn stones, evidently shaped with tools. They were broken, covered with moss and half sunken in the earth. Some lay prostrate, some leaned at various angles, none was vertical. They were obviously headstones of graves, though the graves themselves no longer existed as either mounds or depressions, the years had levelled all. Scattered here and there, more massive blocks showed where some pompous tomb or ambitious monument had once flung its feeble defiance at oblivion. So old seemed these relics, these vestiges of vanity and memorials of affection and piety, so battered and worn and stained—so neglected, deserted, forgotten the place, that I could not help thinking myself the discoverer of the burial-ground of a prehistoric race of men whose very name was long extinct.

Filled with these reflections, I was for some time heedless of the sequence of my own experiences, but soon I thought, "How came I hither?" A moment's reflection seemed to make this all clear and explain at the same time, though in a disquieting way, the singular character with which my fancy had invested all that I saw or heard. I was ill. I remember now that

I had been prostrated by a sudden fever, and that my family had told me that in my periods of delirium I had constantly cried out for liberty and air, and had been held in bed to prevent my escape out-of-doors. Now I had eluded the vigilance of my attendants and had wandered hither to—to where? I could not conjecture. Clearly I was at a considerable distance from the city where I dwelt—the ancient and famous city of Carcosa.

No signs of human life were anywhere visible nor audible; no rising smoke, no watchdog's bark, no lowing of cattle, no shouts of children at play—nothing but that dismal burial-place, with its air of mystery and dread, due to my own disordered brain. Was I not becoming again delirious, there beyond human aid? Was it not indeed all an illusion of my madness? I called aloud the names of my wives and sons, reached out my hands in search of theirs, even as I walked among the crumbling stones and in the withered grass.

A noise behind me caused me to turn about. A wild animal—a lynx—was approaching. The thought came to me: If I break down here in the desert—if fever return and I fail, this beast will be at my throat. I sprang toward it, shouting. It trotted tranquilly by within a hand's breadth of me and disappeared behind a rock.

A moment later a man's head appeared to rise out of the ground a short distance away. He was ascending the farther slope of a low hill whose crest was hardly to be distinguished from the general level. His whole figure soon came into view against the background of grey cloud. He was half naked, half clad in skins. His hair was unkempt, his beard long and ragged. In one hand he carried a bow and arrow; the other held a blazing torch with a long trail of black smoke. He walked slowly and with caution, as if he feared falling into some open grave concealed by the tall grass. This strange apparition surprised but did not alarm, and taking such a course as to intercept him I met him almost face to face, accosting him with the familiar salutation, "God keep you."

He gave no heed, nor did he arrest his pace.

"Good stranger," I continued, "I am ill and lost. Direct me, I beseech you, to Carcosa."

The man broke into a barbarous chant in an unknown tongue, passing on and away.

An owl on the branch of a decayed tree hooted dismally and was answered by another in the distance. Looking upward, I saw through a sudden rift in the clouds Aldebaran and the Hyades! In all this there was a hint of night—the lynx, the man with the torch, the owl. Yet I saw even the stars in absence of the darkness. I saw, but was apparently not seen nor heard. Under what awful spell did I exist?

I seated myself at the root of a great tree, seriously to consider what it were best to do. That I was mad I could no longer doubt, yet recognized a ground of doubt in the conviction. Of fever I had no trace. I had, withal, a sense of exhilaration and vigour altogether unknown to me—a feeling of mental and physical exaltation. My senses seemed all alert; I could feel the air as a ponderous substance; I could hear the silence.

A great root of the giant tree against whose trunk I leaned as I sat held enclosed in its grasp a slab of stone, a part of which protruded into a recess formed by another root. The stone was thus partly protected from the weather, though greatly decomposed. Its edges were worn round, its corners eaten away, its surface deeply furrowed and scaled. Glittering particles of mica were visible in the earth about it—vestiges of its decomposition. This stone had apparently marked the grave out of which the tree had sprung ages ago. The tree's exacting roots had robbed the grave and made the stone a prisoner.

A sudden wind pushed some dry leaves and twigs from the uppermost face of the stone; I saw the low-relief letters of an inscription and bent to read it. God in Heaven! my name in full!—the date of my birth!—the date of my death!

A level shaft of light illuminated the whole side of the tree as I sprang to my feet in terror. The sun was rising in the rosy east. I stood between the tree and his broad red disk—no shadow darkened the trunk!

A chorus of howling wolves saluted the dawn. I saw them sitting on their haunches, singly and in groups, on the summits of irregular mounds and tumuli filling a half of my desert prospect and extending to the horizon. And then I knew that these were ruins of the ancient and famous city of Carcosa.

. . . .

Such are the facts imparted to the medium Bayrolles by the spirit Hoseib Alar Robardin.

A Little Course in Love-Making

These are days when knowledge calls aloud from the advertising pages. On the authority of the teachers themselves, we favored moderns may learn by mail such things as our benighted forefathers never dreamed of—how to alter the cabriole legs with which nature has endowed us to Heppelwhite, how to have a Compelling Personality, or to play the Tenor Banjo in One Minute.

It has seemed as if there were one slight gap in this encyclopedic offering—despite the gentleman who offers to reveal the Secrets of Sex Fascination.

So we have gathered from some of the many acute writers, from ancient Egyptians to Ovid, from Theocritus to Dryden, from Byron and de Maupassant to Marie Corelli, a few scattering precepts in the universally appealing art-science of Efficiency in Love. Most of these counsellors were clearly Go-Getters: they advise out of their own rich experience. That even such experts occasionally differ is merely another evidence of the complexity of the subject and the need for erecting a scientific basis of sound practice.

◆

WALL-MOTTO

Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;

. . . .

Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality? SHAKESPEARE.

◆

A PESSIMIST

I know the nature of women. When you will, they will not; when you will not, they come of their own accord. TERENCE.

◆

THE WAZÎR PTAH-HOTEP COUNSELS KING ASSA (PERHAPS 3,000 B.C.)

If thou wouldest be wise, provide for thine house, and love thy wife that is in thine arms. Fill her stomach, clothe her back; oil is the remedy of her limbs. Gladden her heart during her lifetime, for she is an estate profitable unto its lord. Be not harsh, for gentleness mastereth her more than strength. Give to her that for which she sigheth and that toward which her eye looketh; so shalt thou keep her in thy house.

TRANSLATED BY BRIAN BROWN.

The Young Singer Shows Her Accomplishments —and Her Feelings

(*Malāvika, having approached the King, sings the four-part composition*):

My beloved is hard to obtain; be then without hope with respect to him, O my heart! Ha! the outer corner of my left eye throbs somewhat: how is this man, seen after a long time, to be obtained?

My lord, consider that I look upon thee with ardent longing.

(*She goes through a pantomime expressive of the sentiment.*)

Vidushaka (*aside*)—Ha! ha! this lady may be said to have made use of this composition in four parts for the purpose of flinging herself at your head. Kalidasa (5th Century).

Love among the Flowers

You with mallow sighings, hyacinthine breath,
  Honey clover speeches, rose smiles for your mate,
Marjoram kisses, love-embraces in a parsley wreath,
  Tiger-lily laughter, larkspur gait,—
Pour the wine and read the poem as the sacred laws dictate.

Pherecrates (About 430 B. C.).

Simaetha's Spell to Win Back Delphis

Where are my bay-leaves? Come, Thestylis; where are my love-charms? Come, crown me the bowl with the crimson flower o' wool; I would fain have the fire-spell to my cruel dear that for twelve days hath not so much as come anigh me, the wretch, nor knows whether I be alive or dead; nay, nor ever hath knocked upon my door, implacable man. I warrant ye Love and the Lady be gone away with his feat fancy. In the morning I'll to Timagetus' school and see him, and ask what he means to use me so; but for tonight, I'll put the spell o' fire upon him.

So shine me fair, sweet Moon; for to thee, still Goddess, is my song, to thee and that Hecat infernal who makes e'en the whelps to shiver on her goings to and fro where these tombs be and the red blood lies. All hail to thee, dread and awful Hecat! I prithee so bear me company that this medicine of my making prove potent as any of Circe's or Medea's or Perimed's of the golden hair.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither!

Theocritus (Translated by J. M. Edmonds).

Wisdom of Sir Hudibras

He that will win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home. Samuel Butler.

The Song of the Sirens

And I anointed therewith (with wax) the ears of all my men in their order, and in the ship they bound me hand and foot upright in the mast-stead, and to the mast they fastened the rope-ends, and themselves sat down, and smote the grey sea water with their oars. But when the ship was within the sound of a man's shout from the land, we fleeing, swiftly on our way, the Sirens espied the swift ship speeding toward them, and they raised their clear-toned song:

> "Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans, here stay thy barque, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship, till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet

as the honey comb, and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser. For lo, we know all things, all the travail that in wide Troy-land the Argives and Trojans bare by the gods' designs, yea, and we know all that shall hereafter be upon the fruitful earth."

So spake they, uttering a sweet voice, and my heart was fain to listen, and I bade my company unbind me, nodding at them with a frown; but they bent to their oars and rowed on. HOMER (TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG).

⁂

If you wish to be loved, love. SENECA.

⁂

THE ART OF LOVE—FEMININE

When first a lover you'd design to charm,
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubt create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow cold.

OVID (TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN).

⁂

THE ART OF LOVE—MASCULINE

Her wishes never, nor her will withstand:
Submit, you conquer; serve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what she denies,
Like what she likes, and when she scorns, despise.
Laugh when she smiles; when sad, dissolve in tears;
Let every gesture sympathise with hers;
If she delights, as women will, in play,
Her stakes return, your ready losings pay.
When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleased mistress every conquest gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready stand;
When walking, offer your officious hand;
Her trembling hands, tho' you sustain the cold,
Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
Think no inferior office a disgrace,

. . . .

When all are risen and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.

. . . .

Act well the lover, let thy speech abound
In dying words that represent thy wound.
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be loved.

OVID (TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN).

⁂

You must make a lover angry if you wish him to love. PUBLIUS SYRUS.

⁂

CONSTANT DROPPING

Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou may'st move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love. HERRICK.

OTHELLO'S METHOD

Upon this hint I spoke;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. SHAKESPEARE.

*

THE EUPHUIST

It is better to poyson her with the sweet bait of love. LYLY.

*

A DOUGLAS'S IDEA

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides. JOHN HOME.

*

WHY?

Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will? BYRON.

*

A MASTER OF THE CRAFT

Juan would question further, but she press'd
His lips to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 't is the best:
Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss;
I have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heartache. BYRON.

*

POWER OF THE WRITTEN WORD

When Odin tried to kiss her (Wrinda, daughter of the King of the Ruthenians) at his departure, she repulsed him so that he tottered and smote his chin upon the ground. Straightway he touched her with a piece of bark whereon runes were written, and made her like unto one in frenzy: which was a gentle revenge to take for all the insults he had received. SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

*

THE STRAIGHTFORWARD SCANDINAVIAN

And as Skiold thus waxed in years and valour he beheld the perfect beauty of Alfhild, daughter of the King of the Saxons, sued for her hand, and, for her sake, in the sight of the armies of the Teutons and the Danes, challenged and fought with Skat, governor of Allemannia, and a suitor for the same maiden; whom he slew, afterwards crushing the whole nation of the Allemannians, and forcing them to pay tribute, they being subjugated by the death of their captain. . . .

Thus delivered of his bitterest rival in wooing, he took as the prize of combat the maiden for the love of whom he had fought, and wedded her in marriage.

SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

A SOCIETY IDEAL

In affairs of love a woman is perhaps most easily ensnared by a man who can combine passion with pleasantry and hot pursuit with social tact and diplomacy. MARIE CORELLI.

⁂

BEAUCHAMP AND RENÉE

And becoming entirely selfish he impressed his total abnegation of self upon Renée so that she could have worshipped him. A lover that was like a starry frost, froze her veins, bewildered her intelligence. She yearned for meridian warmth, for repose in a directing hand; and let it be as hard as one that grasps a sword: what matter? unhesitatingness was the warrior virtue of her desire. GEORGE MEREDITH.

⁂

THE MASTERFUL MINISTER

"The man I could love," Babbie went on . . . "must not spend his days in idleness as the men I know do."

"I do not."

"He must be brave, no mere worker among others, but a leader of men."

"All ministers are."

". . . He must understand me."

"I do."

"And be my master."

"It is his lawful position in the house."

"He must not yield to my coaxing or tempers."

"It would be weakness."

"But compel me to do his bidding; yes, even thrash me if——"

"If you won't listen to reason. Babbie," cried Gavin, "I am that man!" BARRIE.

⁂

AUDACE, TOUJOURS L'AUDACE

A pressing lover seldom wants success,
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
And wastes a ten years' siege before one town. NICHOLAS ROWE.

⁂

PROHIBITION

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock—on her mind. PRIOR.

⁂

A FRENCH ARTIST

Accepting his statement as a sort of jest, of no real importance, she would say gaily on entering: "Well, how goes your love today?"

He would reply lightly, yet with perfect seriousness, telling her of the progress of his malady, in all its intimate details, and of the depth of the tenderness that had been born and was daily increasing. He analyzed himself minutely before her, hour by hour, since their separation the evening before, with the air of a professor giving a lecture; and she listened with interest, a little moved, and somewhat disturbed by this story which seemed one in a book of which she was the heroine. When he had enumerated, in his gallant and easy manner, all the anxieties of which he had become the prey, his voice sometimes trembled in expressing by a word, or only by an intonation, the tender aching of his heart.

And she persisted in questioning him, vibrating with curiosity, her eyes fixed upon him, her ear eager for those things that are disturbing to know but charming to hear.

DE MAUPASSANT.

⁂

IN TAHITI

Everyone has a white flower behind their ear. Mamua has given me one. Do you know the significance of a white flower worn over the ear? A white flower over the right ear means "I am looking for a sweetheart." And a white flower over the left ear means "I have found a sweetheart." And a white flower over each ear means "I have one sweetheart, and am looking for another." A white flower over each ear, my dear, is dreadfully the most fashionable way of adorning yourself in Tahiti. **RUPERT BROOKE.**

⁂

THE MAN OR THE MANNER

A third rode up at a startling pace—
A suitor poor, with a homely face—
  No doubts appeared to bind him.
He kissed her lips and he pressed her waist,
And off he rode with the maiden, placed
  On a pillion safe behind him.
And she heard the suitor bold confide
This golden hint to the priest who tied
  The knot there's no undoing:
"With pretty, young maidens who can choose,
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
  As the gallant's way of wooing." **W. S. GILBERT.**

⁂

SINGULARITY, OR GOOD LOOKS?

Saint-Clair, after modestly pleading inexperience in this delicate subject, gave as his opinion that the chief way to please a woman is to be singular, to be different from others. But he did not think it possible to give a general prescription for singularity.

"According to your view," said Jules, "a lame or hump-backed man would have a better chance of pleasing than one of ordinary make."

"You push things too far," retorted Saint-Clair, "but I am willing to accept all the consequences of my proposition. For example, if I were hump-backed, instead of blowing out my brains I would make conquests. In the first place, I would try my wiles on those who are generally tender-hearted; then on those women—and there are many of them—who set up for being original—eccentric, as they say in England. To begin with, I should describe my pitiful condition, and point out that I was the victim of Nature's cruelty. I should try to move them to sympathy with my lot, I should let them suspect that I was capable of a passionate love. I should kill one of my rivals in a duel, and I should pretend to poison myself with a feeble dose of laudanum. After a few months they would not notice my deformity, and then I should be on the watch for the first signs of affection. With women who aspire to originality conquest is easy. Only persuade them that it is a hard-and-fast rule that a deformed person can never have a love affair, they will immediately then wish to prove the opposite."

"What a Don Juan!" cried Jules.

". . . As for me," said Thémines, renewing the conversation, "the longer I live, the more clearly I see that the chief singularity which attracts even the most obdurate, is passable features"—and he threw a complaisant glance in a mirror opposite—"passable features and good taste in dress," and he filliped a crumb of bread off his coat.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

The Shadows on the Wall

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

"HENRY had words with Edward in the study the night before Edward died," said Caroline Glynn.

She was elderly, tall, and harshly thin, with a hard colourlessness of face. She spoke not with acrimony, but with grave severity. Rebecca Ann Glynn, younger, stouter and rosy of face between her crinkling puffs of grey hair, gasped, by way of assent. She sat in a wide flounce of black silk in the corner of the sofa, and rolled terrified eyes from her sister Caroline to her sister Mrs. Stephen Brigham, who had been Emma Glynn, the one beauty of the family. She was beautiful still, with a large, splendid, full-blown beauty; she filled a great rocking-chair with her superb bulk of femininity, and swayed gently back and forth, her black silks whispering and her black frills fluttering. Even the shock of death (for her brother Edward lay dead in the house) could not disturb her outward serenity of demeanour. She was grieved over the loss of her brother: he had been the youngest, and she had been fond of him, but never had Emma Brigham lost sight of her own importance amidst the waters of tribulation. She was always awake to the consciousness of her own stability in the midst of vicissitudes and the splendour of her permanent bearing.

But even her expression of masterly placidity changed before her sister Caroline's announcement and her sister Rebecca Ann's gasp of terror and distress in response.

"I think Henry might have controlled his temper, when poor Edward was so near his end," said she with an asperity which disturbed slightly the roseate curves of her beautiful mouth.

"Of course he did not *know*," murmured Rebecca Ann in a faint tone strangely out of keeping with her appearance.

One involuntarily looked again to be sure that such a feeble pipe came from that full-swelling chest.

"Of course he did not know it," said Caroline quickly. She turned on her sister with a strange sharp look of suspicion. "How could he have known it?" said she. Then she shrank as if from the other's possible answer. "Of course you and I both know he could not," said she conclusively, but her pale face was paler than it had been before.

Rebecca gasped again. The married sister, Mrs. Emma Brigham, was now sitting up straight in her chair; she had ceased rocking, and was eyeing them both intently with a sudden accentuation of family likeness in her face. Given one common intensity of emotion and similar lines showed forth, and the three sisters of one race were evident.

"What do you mean?" said she impartially to them both. Then she, too, seemed to shrink before a possible answer. She even laughed an evasive sort of laugh. "I guess you don't mean anything," said she, but her face wore still the expression of shrinking horror.

"Nobody means anything," said Caroline firmly. She rose and crossed the room toward the door with grim decisiveness.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Brigham.

"I have something to see to," replied Caroline, and the others at once knew by her tone that she had some solemn and sad duty to perform in the chamber of death.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brigham.

After the door had closed behind Caroline, she turned to Rebecca.

"Did Henry have many words with him?" she asked.

"They were talking very loud," replied Rebecca evasively, yet with an answering gleam of ready response to the other's curiosity in the quick lift of her soft blue eyes.

Mrs. Brigham looked at her. She had not resumed rocking. She still sat up straight with a slight knitting of intensity on her fair forehead, between the pretty rippling curves of her auburn hair.

"Did you—hear anything?" she asked in a low voice with a glance toward the door.

"I was just across the hall in the south parlour, and that door was open and this door ajar," replied Rebecca with a slight flush.

"Then you must have——"

"I couldn't help it."

"Everything?"

"Most of it."

"What was it?"

"The old story."

"I suppose Henry was mad, as he always was, because Edward was living on here for nothing, when he had wasted all the money father left him."

Rebecca nodded with a fearful glance at the door.

When Emma spoke again her voice was still more hushed. "I know how he felt," said she. "He had always been so prudent himself, and worked hard at his profession, and there Edward had never done anything but spend, and it must have looked to him as if Edward was living at his expense, but he wasn't."

"No, he wasn't."

"It was the way father left the property—that all the children should have a home here—and he left money enough to buy the food and all if we had all come home."

"Yes."

"And Edward had a right here according to the terms of father's will, and Henry ought to have remembered it."

"Yes, he ought."

"Did he say hard things?"

"Pretty hard from what I heard."

"What?"

"I heard him tell Edward that he had no business here at all, and he thought he had better go away."

"What did Edward say?"

"That he would stay here as long as he lived and afterward, too, if he was a mind to, and he would like to see Henry get him out; and then——"

"What?"

"Then he laughed."

"What did Henry say?"

"I didn't hear him say anything, but——"

"But what?"

"I saw him when he came out of this room."

"He looked mad?"

"You've seen him when he looked so."

Emma nodded; the expression of horror on her face had deepened.

"Do you remember that time he killed the cat because she had scratched him?"

"Yes. Don't!"

Then Caroline re-entered the room. She went up to the stove in which a wood fire was burning—it was a cold, gloomy day of fall—and she warmed her hands, which were reddened from recent washing in cold water.

Mrs. Brigham looked at her and hesitated. She glanced at the door, which was still ajar, as it did not easily shut, being still swollen with the damp weather of the summer. She rose and pushed it together with a sharp thud which jarred the house. Rebecca started painfully with a half exclamation. Caroline looked at her disapprovingly.

"It is time you controlled your nerves, Rebecca," said she.

"I can't help it," replied Rebecca with almost a wail. "I am nervous. There's enough to make me so, the Lord knows."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Caroline with her old air of sharp suspicion, and something between challenge and dread of its being met.

Rebecca shrank.

"Nothing," said she.

"Then I wouldn't keep speaking in such a fashion."

Emma, returning from the closed door, said imperiously that it ought to be fixed, it shut so hard.

"It will shrink enough after we have had the fire a few days," replied Caroline. "If anything is done to it it will be too small; there will be a crack at the sill."

"I think Henry ought to be ashamed of himself for talking as he did to Edward," said Mrs. Brigham abruptly, but in an almost inaudible voice.

"Hush!" said Caroline, with a glance of actual fear at the closed door.

"Nobody can hear with the door shut."

"He must have heard it shut, and——"

"Well, I can say what I want to before he comes down, and I am not afraid of him."

"I don't know who is afraid of him! What reason is there for anybody to be afraid of Henry?" demanded Caroline.

Mrs. Brigham trembled before her sister's look. Rebecca gasped again. "There isn't any reason, of course. Why should there be?"

"I wouldn't speak so, then. Somebody might overhear you and think it was queer. Miranda Joy is in the south parlour sewing, you know."

"I thought she went upstairs to stitch on the machine."

"She did, but she has come down again."

"Well, she can't hear."

"I say again I think Henry ought to be ashamed of himself. I shouldn't think he'd ever get over it, having words with poor Edward the very night before he died. Edward was enough sight better disposition than Henry, with all his faults. I always thought a great deal of poor Edward, myself."

Mrs. Brigham passed a large fluff of handkerchief across her eyes; Rebecca sobbed outright.

"Rebecca," said Caroline admonishingly, keeping her mouth stiff and swallowing determinately.

"I never heard him speak a cross word, unless he spoke cross to Henry that last night. I don't know, but he did from what Rebecca overheard," said Emma.

"Not so much cross as sort of soft, and sweet, and aggravating," sniffled Rebecca.

"He never raised his voice," said Caroline; "but he had his way."

"He had a right to in this case."

"Yes, he did."

"He had as much of a right here as Henry," sobbed Rebecca, "and now he's gone, and he will never be in this home that poor father left him and the rest of us again."

"What do you really think ailed Edward?" asked Emma in hardly more than a whisper. She did not look at her sister.

Caroline sat down in a nearby arm-chair, and clutched the arms convulsively until her thin knuckles whitened.

"I told you," said she.

Rebecca held her handkerchief over her mouth, and looked at them above it with terrified, streaming eyes.

"I know you said that he had terrible pains in his stomach, and had spasms, but what do you think made him have them?"

"Henry called it gastric trouble. You know Edward has always had dyspepsia."

Mrs. Brigham hesitated a moment. "Was there any talk of an—examination?" said she.

Then Caroline turned on her fiercely.

"No," said she in a terrible voice. "No."

The three sisters' souls seemed to meet on one common ground of terrified understanding through their eyes. The old-fashioned latch of the door was heard to rattle, and a push from without made the door shake ineffectually. "It's Henry," Rebecca sighed rather than whispered. Mrs. Brigham settled herself after a noiseless rush across the floor into her rocking-chair again, and was swaying back and forth with her head comfortably leaning back, when the door at last yielded and Henry Glynn entered. He cast a covertly sharp, comprehensive glance at Mrs. Brigham with her elaborate calm; at Rebecca quietly huddled in the corner of the sofa with her handkerchief to her face and only one small reddened ear as attentive as a dog's uncovered and revealing her alertness for his presence; at Caroline sitting with a strained composure in her arm-chair by the stove. She met his eyes quite firmly with a look of inscrutable fear, and defiance of the fear and of him.

Henry Glynn looked more like this sister than the others. Both had the same hard delicacy of form and feature, both were tall and almost emaciated, both had a sparse growth of gray blond hair far back from high intellectual foreheads, both had an almost noble aquilinity of feature. They confronted each other with the pitiless immovability of two statues in whose marble lineaments emotions were fixed for all eternity.

Then Henry Glynn smiled and the smile transformed his face. He looked suddenly years younger, and an almost boyish recklessness and irresolution appeared in his face. He flung himself into a chair with a gesture which was bewildering from its incongruity with his general appearance. He leaned his head back, flung one leg over the other, and looked laughingly at Mrs. Brigham.

"I declare, Emma, you grow younger every year," he said.

She flushed a little, and her placid mouth widened at the corners. She was susceptible to praise.

"Our thoughts to-day ought to belong to the one of us who will *never* grow older," said Caroline in a hard voice.

Henry looked at her, still smiling. "Of course, we none of us forget that," said he, in a deep, gentle voice, "but we have to speak to the living, Caroline, and I have not seen Emma for a long time, and the living are as dear as the dead."

"Not to me," said Caroline.

She rose, and went abruptly out of the room again. Rebecca also rose and hurried after her, sobbing loudly.

Henry looked slowly after them.

"Caroline is completely unstrung," said he.

Mrs. Brigham rocked. A confidence in him inspired by his manner was stealing over her. Out of that confidence she spoke quite easily and naturally.

"His death was very sudden," said she.

Henry's eyelids quivered slightly but his gaze was unswerving.

"Yes," said he; "it was very sudden. He was sick only a few hours."

"What did you call it?"

"Gastric."

"You did not think of an examination?"

"There was no need. I am perfectly certain as to the cause of his death."

Suddenly Mrs. Brigham felt a creep as of some live horror over her very soul. Her flesh prickled with cold, before an inflection of his voice. She rose, tottering on weak knees.

"Where are you going?" asked Henry in a strange, breathless voice.

Mrs. Brigham said something incoherent about some sewing which she had to do, some black for the funeral, and was out of the room. She went up to the front chamber which she occupied. Caroline was there. She went close to her and took her hands, and the two sisters looked at each other.

"Don't speak, don't, I won't have it!" said Caroline finally in an awful whisper.

"I won't," replied Emma.

That afternoon the three sisters were in the study, the large front room on the ground floor across the hall from the south parlour, when the dusk deepened.

Mrs. Brigham was hemming some black material. She sat close to the west window for the waning light. At last she laid her work on her lap.

"It's no use, I cannot see to sew another stitch until we have a light," said she.

Caroline, who was writing some letters at the table, turned to Rebecca, in her usual place on the sofa.

"Rebecca, you had better get a lamp," she said.

Rebecca started up; even in the dusk her face showed her agitation.

"It doesn't seem to me that we need a lamp quite yet," she said in a piteous, pleading voice like a child's.

"Yes, we do," returned Mrs. Brigham peremptorily. "We must have a light. I must finish this to-night or I can't go to the funeral, and I can't see to sew another stitch."

"Caroline can see to write letters, and she is farther from the window than you are," said Rebecca.

"Are you trying to save kerosene or are you lazy, Rebecca Glynn?" cried Mrs. Brigham. "I can go and get the light myself, but I have this work all in my lap."

Caroline's pen stopped scratching.

"Rebecca, we must have the light," said she.

"Had we better have it in here?" asked Rebecca weakly.

"Of course! Why not?" cried Caroline sternly.

"I am sure I don't want to take my sewing into the other room, when it is all cleaned up for to-morrow," said Mrs. Brigham.

"Why, I never heard such a to-do about lighting a lamp."

Rebecca rose and left the room. Presently she entered with a lamp—a large one with a white porcelain shade. She set it on a table, an old-fashioned card-table which was placed against the opposite wall from the window. That wall was clear of bookcases and books, which were only on three sides of the room. That opposite wall was taken up with three doors, the one small space being occupied by the table. Above the table on the old-fashioned paper, of a white satin gloss, traversed by an indeterminate green scroll, hung quite high a small gilt and black-framed ivory miniature, taken in her girlhood, of the mother of the family. When the lamp was set on the table beneath it, the tiny pretty face painted on the ivory seemed to gleam out with a look of intelligence.

"What have you put that lamp over there for?" asked Mrs. Brigham, with more of impatience than her voice usually revealed. "Why didn't you set it in the hall and have done with it? Neither Caroline nor I can see if it is on that table."

"I thought perhaps you would move," replied Rebecca hoarsely.

"If I do move, we can't both sit at that table. Caroline has her paper all spread around. Why don't you set the lamp on the study table in the middle of the room, then we can both see?"

Rebecca hesitated. Her face was very pale. She looked with an appeal that was fairly agonizing at her sister Caroline.

"Why don't you put the lamp on this table, as she says?" asked Caroline, almost fiercely. "Why do you act so, Rebecca?"

"I should think you *would* ask her that," said Mrs. Brigham. "She doesn't act like herself at all."

Rebecca took the lamp and set it on the table in the middle of the room without another word. Then she turned her back upon it quickly and seated herself on the sofa, and placed a hand over her eyes as if to shade them, and remained so.

"Does the light hurt your eyes, and is that the reason why you didn't want the lamp?" asked Mrs. Brigham kindly.

"I always like to sit in the dark," replied Rebecca chokingly. Then she snatched her handkerchief hastily from her pocket and began to weep. Caroline continued to write, Mrs. Brigham to sew.

Suddenly Mrs. Brigham as she sewed glanced at the opposite wall. The glance became a steady stare. She looked intently, her work suspended in her hands. Then she looked away again and took a few more stitches, then she looked again, and again turned to her task. At last she laid her work in her lap and stared concentratedly. She looked from the wall around the room, taking note of the various objects; she looked at the wall long and intently. Then she turned to her sisters.

"What *is* that?" said she.

"What?" asked Caroline harshly; her pen scratched loudly across the paper.

Rebecca gave one of her convulsive gasps.

"That strange shadow on the wall," replied Mrs. Brigham.

Rebecca sat with her face hidden: Caroline dipped her pen in the inkstand.

"Why don't you turn around and look?" asked Mrs. Brigham in a wondering and somewhat aggrieved way.

"I am in a hurry to finish this letter, if Mrs. Wilson Ebbit is going to get word in time to come to the funeral," replied Caroline shortly.

Mrs. Brigham rose, her work slipping to the floor, and she began walking around the room, moving various articles of furniture, with her eyes on the shadow.

Then suddenly she shrieked out:

"Look at this awful shadow! What is it? Caroline, look, look! Rebecca, look! *What is it?*"

All Mrs. Brigham's triumphant placidity was gone. Her handsome face was livid with horror. She stood stiffly pointing at the shadow.

"Look!" said she, pointing her finger at it. "Look! What is it?"

Then Rebecca burst out in a wild wail after a shuddering glance at the wall:

"Oh, Caroline, there it is again! There it is again!"

"Caroline Glynn, you look!" said Mrs. Brigham. "Look! What is that dreadful shadow?"

Caroline rose, turned, and stood confronting the wall.

"How should I know?" she said.

"It has been there every night since he died," cried Rebecca.

"Every night?"

"Yes. He died Thursday and this is Saturday; that makes three nights," said Caroline rigidly. She stood as if holding herself calm with a vise of concentrated will.

"It—it looks like—like—" stammered Mrs. Brigham in a tone of intense horror.

"I know what it looks like well enough," said Caroline. "I've got eyes in my head."

"It looks like Edward," burst out Rebecca in a sort of frenzy of fear. "Only——"

"Yes, it does," assented Mrs. Brigham, whose horror-stricken tone matched her sister's, "only— Oh, it is awful! What is it, Caroline?"

"I ask you again, how should I know?" replied Caroline. "I see it there like you. How should I know any more than you?"

"It *must* be something in the room," said Mrs. Brigham, staring wildly around.

"We moved everything in the room the first night it came," said Rebecca; "it is not anything in the room."

Caroline turned upon her with a sort of fury. "Of course it is something in the room," said she. "How you act! What do you mean by talking so? Of course it is something in the room."

"Of course it is," agreed Mrs. Brigham, looking at Caroline suspiciously. "Of course it must be. It is only a coincidence. It just happens so. Perhaps it is that fold of the window curtain that makes it. It must be something in the room."

"It is not anything in the room," repeated Rebecca with obstinate horror.

The door opened suddenly and Henry Glynn entered. He began to speak, then his eyes followed the direction of the others'. He stood stock still staring at the shadow on the wall. It was life size and stretched across the white parallelogram of a door, half across the wall space on which the picture hung.

"What is that?" he demanded in a strange voice.

"It must be due to something in the room," Mrs. Brigham said faintly.

"It is not due to anything in the room," said Rebecca again with the shrill insistency of terror.

"How you act, Rebecca Glynn," said Caroline.

Henry Glynn stood and stared a moment longer. His face showed a gamut of emotions—horror, conviction, then furious incredulity. Suddenly he began hastening hither and thither about the room. He moved the furniture with fierce jerks, turning ever to see the effect upon the shadow on the wall. Not a line of its terrible outlines wavered.

"It must be something in the room!" he declared in a voice which seemed to snap like a lash.

His face changed. The inmost secrecy of his nature seemed evident until one almost lost sight of his lineaments. Rebecca stood close to her sofa, regarding him with woeful, fascinated eyes. Mrs. Brigham clutched Caroline's hand. They both stood in a corner out of his way. For a few moments he raged about the room like a caged wild animal. He moved every piece of furniture; when the moving of a piece did not affect the shadow, he flung it to the floor, the sisters watching.

Then suddenly he desisted. He laughed and began straightening the furniture which he had flung down.

"What an absurdity," he said easily. "Such a to-do about a shadow."

"That's so," assented Mrs. Brigham, in a scared voice which she tried to make natural. As she spoke she lifted a chair near her.

"I think you have broken the chair that Edward was so fond of," said Caroline.

Terror and wrath were struggling for expression on her face. Her mouth was set, her eyes shrinking. Henry lifted the chair with a show of anxiety.

"Just as good as ever," he said pleasantly. He laughed again, looking at his sisters. "Did I scare you?" he said. "I should think you might be used to me by this time. You know my way of wanting to leap to the bottom of a mystery, and that shadow does look—queer, like—and I thought if there was any way of accounting for it I would like to without any delay."

"You don't seem to have succeeded," remarked Caroline dryly, with a slight glance at the wall.

Henry's eyes followed hers and he quivered perceptibly.

"Oh, there is no accounting for shadows," he said, and he laughed again. "A man is a fool to try to account for shadows."

Then the supper bell rang, and they all left the room, but Henry kept his back to the wall, as did, indeed, the others.

Mrs. Brigham pressed close to Caroline as she crossed the hall. "He looked like a demon!" she breathed in her ear.

Henry led the way with an alert motion like a boy; Rebecca brought up the rear; she could scarcely walk, her knees trembled so.

"I can't sit in that room again this evening," she whispered to Caroline after supper.

"Very well, we will sit in the south room," replied Caroline. "I think we will sit in the south parlour," she said aloud; "it isn't as damp as the study, and I have a cold."

So they all sat in the south room with their sewing. Henry read the newspaper, his chair drawn close to the lamp on the table. About nine o'clock he rose abruptly and crossed the hall to the study. The three sisters looked at one another. Mrs. Brigham rose, folded her rustling skirts compactly around her, and began tiptoeing toward the door.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Rebecca agitatedly.

"I am going to see what he is about," replied Mrs. Brigham cautiously.

She pointed as she spoke to the study door across the hall; it was ajar. Henry had striven to pull it together behind him, but it had somehow swollen beyond the limit with curious speed. It was still ajar and a streak of light showed from top to bottom. The hall lamp was not lit.

"You had better stay where you are," said Caroline with guarded sharpness.

"I am going to see," repeated Mrs. Brigham firmly.

Then she folded her skirts so tightly that her bulk with its swelling curves was revealed in a black silk sheath, and she went with a slow toddle across the hall to the study door. She stood there, her eye at the crack.

In the south room Rebecca stopped sewing and sat watching with dilated eyes. Caroline sewed steadily. What Mrs. Brigham, standing at the crack in the study door, saw was this:

Henry Glynn, evidently reasoning that the source of the strange shadow must be between the table on which the lamp stood and the wall, was making systematic passes and thrusts all over and through the intervening space with an old sword which had belonged to his father. Not an inch was left unpierced. He seemed to have divided the space into mathematical sections. He brandished the sword with a sort of cold fury and calculation; the blade gave out flashes of light, the shadow remained unmoved. Mrs. Brigham, watching, felt herself cold with horror.

Finally Henry ceased and stood with the sword in hand and raised as if to strike, surveying the shadow on the wall threateningly. Mrs. Brigham toddled back across the hall and shut the south room door behind her before she related what she had seen.

"He looked like a demon!" she said again. "Have you got any of that old wine in the house, Caroline? I don't feel as if I could stand much more."

Indeed, she looked overcome. Her handsome placid face was worn and strained and pale.

"Yes, there's plenty," said Caroline; "you can have some when you go to bed."

"I think we had all better take some," said Mrs. Brigham. "Oh, my God, Caroline, what——"

"Don't ask and don't speak," said Caroline.

"No, I am not going to," replied Mrs. Brigham: "but——"

Rebecca moaned aloud.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Caroline harshly.

"Poor Edward," returned Rebecca.

"That is all you have to groan for," said Caroline. "There is nothing else."

"I am going to bed," said Mrs. Brigham. "I sha'n't be able to be at the funeral if I don't."

Soon the three sisters went to their chambers and the south parlour was deserted. Caroline called to Henry in the study to put out the light before he came upstairs. They had been gone about an hour when he came into the room bringing the lamp which had stood in the study. He set it on the table and waited a few minutes, pacing up and down. His face was terrible; his fair complexion showed livid; his blue eyes seemed dark blanks of awful reflections.

Then he took the lamp up and returned to the library. He set the lamp on the centre table, and the shadow sprang out on the wall. Again he studied the furniture and moved it about, but deliberately, with none of his former frenzy. Nothing affected the shadow. Then he returned to the south room with the lamp and again waited. Again he returned to the study and placed the lamp on the table, and the shadow sprang out upon the wall. It was midnight before he went upstairs. Mrs. Brigham and the other sisters, who could not sleep, heard him.

The next day was the funeral. That evening the family sat in the south room. Some relatives were with them. Nobody entered the study until Henry carried a lamp in there after the others had retired for the night. He saw again the shadow on the wall leap to an awful life before the light.

The next morning at breakfast Henry Glynn announced that he had to go to the city for three days. The sisters looked at him with surprise. He very seldom left home, and just now his practice had been neglected on account of Edward's death. He was a physician.

"How can you leave your patients now?" asked Mrs. Brigham wonderingly.

"I don't know how to, but there is no other way," replied Henry easily. "I have had a telegram from Doctor Mitford."

"Consultation?" inquired Mrs. Brigham.

"I have business," replied Henry.

Doctor Mitford was an old classmate of his who lived in a neighbouring city and who occasionally called upon him in the case of a consultation.

After he had gone Mrs. Brigham said to Caroline that after all Henry had not said that he was going to consult with Doctor Mitford, and she thought it very strange.

"Everything is very strange," said Rebecca with a shudder.

"What do you mean?" inquired Caroline sharply.

"Nothing," replied Rebecca.

Nobody entered the library that day, nor the next, nor the next. The third day Henry was expected home, but he did not arrive and the last train from the city had come.

"I call it pretty queer work," said Mrs. Brigham. "The idea of a doctor leaving his patients for three days anyhow, at such a time as this, and I know he has some very sick ones; he said so. And the idea of a consultation lasting three days! There is no sense in it, and *now* he has not come. I don't understand it, for my part."

"I don't either," said Rebecca.

They were all in the south parlour. There was no light in the study opposite, and the door was ajar.

Presently Mrs. Brigham rose—she could not have told why; something seemed to impel her, some will outside her own. She went out of the room, again wrapping her rustling skirts around that she might pass noiselessly, and began pushing at the swollen door of the study.

"She has not got any lamp," said Rebecca in a shaking voice.

Caroline, who was writing letters, rose again, took a lamp (there were two in the room) and followed her sister. Rebecca had risen, but she stood trembling, not venturing to follow.

The doorbell rang, but the others did not hear it; it was on the south door on the other side of the house from the study. Rebecca, after hesitating until the bell rang the second time, went to the door; she remembered that the servant was out.

Caroline and her sister Emma entered the study. Caroline set the lamp on the table. They looked at the wall. "Oh, my God," gasped Mrs. Brigham, "there are—there are *two*—shadows." The sisters stood clutching each other, staring at the awful things on the wall. Then Rebecca came in, staggering, with a telegram in her hand. "Here is—a telegram," she gasped. "Henry is—dead."

Here and There

I have never found a man so bountiful
   Or so hospitable that he refused a present;
Or of his property so liberal
   That he scorned a recompense.

THE HIGH ONE'S LAY.

Sceptic! Sceptic! It is true they will still call me a sceptic. And for them that is the worst insult. But for me it is the finest praise. A Sceptic! Why, that is what all the masters of French thought have been. Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan—Sceptics. All the loftiest minds of our race were sceptics all those whom I tremblingly venerate, and whose most humble pupil I am.

ANATOLE FRANCE (BY PAUL GSELL).

"There's a lot of nature in a parsnip," said one, a fat person of the kind that swells grossly when stung by a bee, "a lot of nature when it's young, but when it's old it's like everything else." A. E. COPPARD.

At evening, at the hour when we say good-night, Moeris kissed me, I know not whether really or in a dream; for very clearly I now have the rest in my mind, all she said to me, and all that she asked me of; but whether she has kissed me too I am still to seek: for if it is true, how, once thus rapt to heaven, do I go to and fro upon earth? STRATO.

De Ruyter said, "I have questioned all sorts of people up to princes and tyrants, and find that gardeners are the most contented, and, therefore, the happiest people in the world. I confess, if I had not been a sailor from chance, I should have been a gardener from choice. But we have no voice in these matters, compelled like the beetle and the bat, blindly on, in the earth, or in the air." E. J. TRELAWNEY.

A Barbaric Yawp of Boots

By WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman

PERHAPS, reader, you have never thought it possible that there could be *poetry* in feet and boots—or, at any rate, in the matter-of-fact trade of shoemaking. It is the easiest thing in the world, however, to be mistaken. Our fellow-citizen, now, Mr. Mundell, of 116 Fulton Street, had some specimens of foot-casing in the late fair of the American institute, in New York (from which he took *three premiums*, for boots, gaiters, and ladies' slippers) that evinced not only more ability, but more artistic talent, than the construction of many verses we have seen in our day—and that people called fair verses, too.

To mention not more than the names of a few who have honoured the shoemakers' handicraft—such as Roger Sherman, Daniel Sheffey (a distinguished Virginia lawyer, member of Congress and colleague of John Randolph)—Gideon Lee (formerly mayor of New York,)—Noah Webster (a New England divine, of sterling talent, who was much admired by the celebrated Dr. Channing,)—in the United States; then there are in the Old World, many others—as Robert and Nathaniel Bloomfield, William Gifford (the leviathan of the London *Quarterly Review*,)—George Fox (the founder and first preacher of the great sect of Friends,)—Holcroft (the writer of so many good novels and plays)—and various other deceased persons of note. These men were actual *workies* at shoemaking or mending during a greater or less portion of their lives; no mere nominal mechanics, but men of lapstones and awls and wax-ends. We say that it is well to recall their names; for they all did good work in the world by their talents.

But the *poetry* of the feet, and of that part of the dress which enwraps them: well, we are ready to go into that too. What says old Chaucer—that venerable father of English song?

> Of shoon and boot'es new and faire,
> Look at least thou have a pair,
> And that they fit so fetously
> That these rude men may utterly
> Marvel, sith they sit so plain,
> How they come on and off again.

So you see that even royal poets think it good that folks should take care to have good "shoon"—or, as they would express it, in these days, boots—or, as they would still improve upon it, after seeing such work as took the premium at the fair, *Mundell's* boots . . . Shakespeare thus describes Diomedes (in "Troilus and Cressida,") walking:

> 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
> He rises on the toe. That spirit of his
> In aspiration lifts him from the earth!

Now Diomedes must have had an easy and well-fitting pair of boots, of course. Who can walk, or even sit, with any pleasant grace, when annoyed by a tight or clumsy foot-garment?

The great bard of nature in another place makes use of this expression:

> Nay, her *foot* speaks!

Can any thing be more graphic? Some poets talk of the "silent language of the eye"—others of the hand—but, after all, is there not a facility and pertinence in the foot that is sometimes superior to the others? What can be more forcible than the operation of kicking a bad man out of the room? How sharply meaning is Logan's

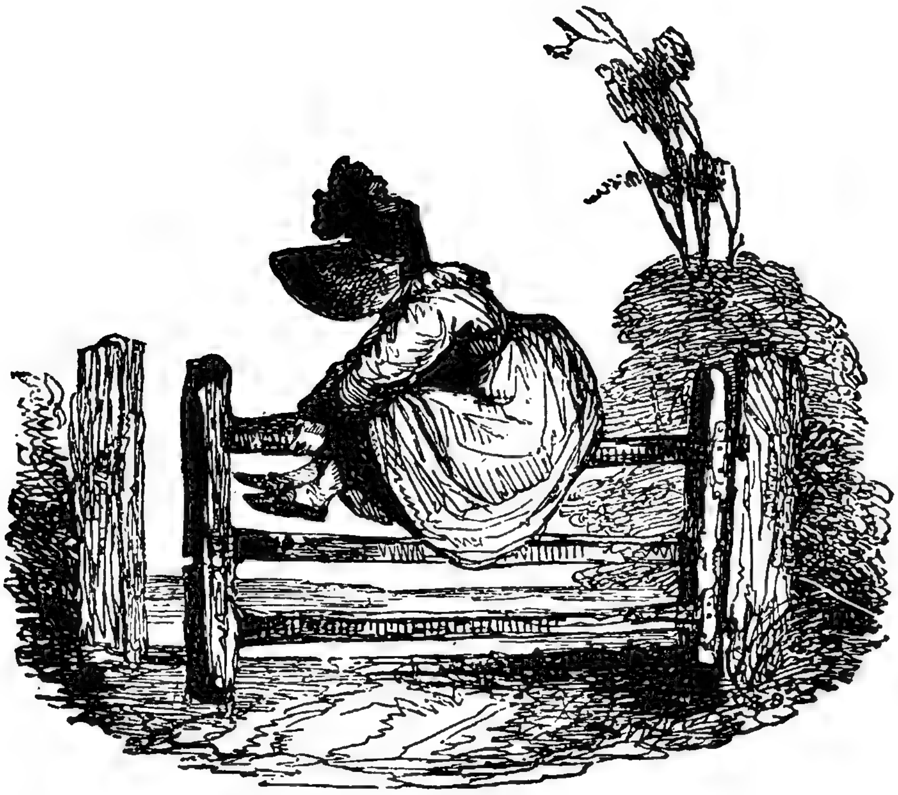
> I would not turn on my heel, to save my life!

But we have, to conclude, a little conceit, in the style of the writers of that time, written by an anonymous contemporary of Butler, which equals any thing of its sort in freshness and prettiness. He is talking of his modest and beautiful mistress:

> How her feet tempt; how soft and light she treads!
> Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds;

Yet from their sweet green pillows every where
They gaze and start about to see my fair.
Look how that pretty modest columbine
Hangs down its head to view those feet of thine!
See the fond motion of the strawberrie
Creeping on earth to go along with thee;
The lovely violet makes after too,
Unwilling yet, my dear, to part with you;
The knot grass and the daisies catch thy toes
To kiss my fair one's feet before she goes.

Can any thing, we say, be better turned, and more graceful than that? . . . Well, what all those pretty extracts are in words, Mundell will do for you in *work*.



❦

Probably drawn by Cowper's friend Romney

❦

Mrs. Gilpin Riding to Edmonton

By WILLIAM COWPER

[*These three stanzas of an "Episode" to the "Diverting History of John Gilpin," in the writing of Cowper, with the drawing above, were found among the papers of the poet's friend, Mary Unwin, about 1826.* HONE.]

THEN Mrs. Gilpin sweetly said
   Unto her children three,
"I'll clamber o'er this style so high
   And you climb after me."

But having climb'd unto the top
   She could no further go,
But sate, to every passer-by
   A spectacle and show.

Who said: "Your spouse and you this day
   Both show your horsemanship,
And if you stay till he comes back,
   Your horse will need no whip."

The One-Hundred-Dollar Bill

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

THE new one-hundred-dollar bill, clean and green, freshening the heart with the colour of springtime, slid over the glass of the teller's counter and passed under his grille to a fat hand, dingy on the knuckles but brightened by a flawed diamond. This interesting hand was a part of one of those men who seem to have too much fattened muscle for their clothes; his shoulders distended his overcoat; his calves strained the sprightly checked cloth, a little soiled, of his trousers; his short neck bulged above the glossy collar. His hat, round and black as a pot, and appropriately small, he wore slightly obliqued; while under its curled brim his small eyes twinkled surreptitiously between those upper and nether puffs of flesh that mark the too faithful practitioner of unhallowed gaieties. Such was the first individual owner of the new one-hundred-dollar bill, and he at once did what might have been expected of him.

Moving away from the teller's grille, he made a cylindrical packet of bills smaller in value—"ones" and "fives"—then placed round them, as a wrapper, the beautiful one-hundred-dollar bill, snapped a rubber band over it, and the desired inference was plain: a roll all of hundred-dollar bills, inside as well as outside. Something more was plain, too: obviously the man's small head had a sportive plan in it, for the twinkle between his eye-puffs hinted of liquor in the offing and lively women impressed by a show of masterly riches. Here, in brief, was a man who meant to make a night of it; who would feast, dazzle, compel deference, and be loved. For money gives power, and power is loved; no doubt he would be loved. He was happy, and went out of the bank believing that money is made for joy.

So little should we be certain of our happiness in this world: the splendid one-hundred-dollar bill was taken from him untimely, before nightfall that very evening. At the corner of two busy streets he parted with it to the law, though in a mood of excruciating reluctance and only after a cold-blooded threatening on the part of the lawyer. This latter walked away thoughtfully, with the one-hundred-dollar bill, now not quite so clean, in his pocket.

Collinson was the lawyer's name, and in years he was only twenty-eight, but already had the slightly harried appearance that marks the young husband who begins to suspect that the better part of his life has been his bachelorhood. His dark, ready-made clothes, his twice-soled shoes and his hair, which was too long for a neat and businesslike aspect, were symptoms of necessary economy; but he did not wear the eager look of a man who saves to "get on for himself": Collinson's look was that of an employed man who only deepens his rut with his pacing of it.

An employed man he was, indeed; a lawyer without much hope of ever seeing his name on the door or on the letters of the firm that employed him, and his most important work was the collection of small debts. This one-hundred-dollar bill now in his pocket was such a collection, small to the firm and the client, though of a noble size to himself and the long-pursued debtor from whom he had just collected it.

The banks were closed; so was the office, for it was six o'clock, and Collinson was on his way home when by chance he encountered the debtor: there was nothing to do but to keep the bill overnight. This was no hardship, however, as he had a faint pleasure in the unfamiliar experience of walking home with such a thing in his pocket; and he felt a little important by proxy when he thought of it.

Upon the city the November evening had come down dark and moist, holding the smoke nearer the ground and enveloping the buildings in a soiling black mist.

Lighted windows and street lamps appeared and disappeared in the altering thicknesses of fog, but at intervals, as Collinson walked on northward, he passed a small shop, or a cluster of shops, where the light was close to him and bright, and at one of these oases of illumination he lingered a moment, with a thought to buy a toy in the window for his three-year-old little girl. The toy was a gaily coloured acrobatic monkey that willingly climbed up and down a string, and he knew that the "baby," as he and his wife still called their child, would scream with delight at the sight of it. He hesitated, staring into the window rather longingly, and wondering if he ought to make such a purchase. He had twelve dollars of his own in his pocket, but the toy was marked "35 cents" and he decided he could not afford it. So he sighed and went on, turning presently into a darker street.

Here the air was like that of a busy freight-yard, thick with coal-dust and at times almost unbreathable so that Collinson was glad to get out of it even though the exchange was for the early-evening smells of the cheap apartment house where he lived.

His own "kitchenette" was contributing its share, he found, the baby was crying over some inward perplexity not to be explained; and his wife, pretty and a little frowzy, was as usual, and as he had expected. That is to say, he found her irritated by cooking, bored by the baby, and puzzled by the dull life she led. Other women, it appeared, had happy and luxurious homes, and, during the malnutritious dinner she had prepared, she mentioned many such women by name, laying particular stress upon the achievements of their husbands. Why should she ("alone," as she put it) lead the life she did in one room and a kitchenette, without even being able to afford to go to the movies more than once or twice a month? Mrs. Theodore Thompson's husband had bought a perfectly beautiful little sedan automobile; he gave his wife everything she wanted. Mrs. Will Gregory had merely mentioned that her old Hudson seal coat was wearing a little, and her husband had instantly said, "What'll a new one come to, girlie? Four or five hundred? Run and get it!" Why were other women's husbands like that—and why, oh, why! was hers like *this?* An eavesdropper might well have deduced from Mrs. Collinson's harangue that her husband owned somewhere a storehouse containing all the good things she wanted and that he withheld them from her out of his perverse wilfulness. Moreover, he did not greatly help his case by protesting that the gratification of her desires was beyond his powers.

"My goodness!" he said. "You talk as if I had sedans and sealskin coats and theatre tickets *on* me! Well, I haven't; that's all!"

"Then go out and get 'em!" she said fiercely. "Go out and get 'em!"

"What with?" he inquired. "I have twelve dollars in my pocket, and a balance of seventeen dollars at the bank; that's twenty-nine. I get twenty-five from the office day after to-morrow—Saturday; that makes fifty-four; but we have to pay forty-five for rent on Monday; so that'll leave us nine dollars. Shall I buy you a sedan and a sealskin coat on Tuesday out of the nine?"

Mrs. Collinson began to weep a little. "The old, old story!" she said. "Six long, long years it's been going on now! I ask you how much you've got, and you say, 'Nine dollars,' or 'Seven dollars,' or 'Four dollars'; and once it was sixty-five cents! Sixty-five cents; that's what we have to live on! Sixty-five *cents!*"

"Oh, hush!" he said wearily.

"Hadn't you better hush a little yourself?" she retorted. "You come home with twelve dollars in your pocket and tell your wife to hush! That's nice! Why can't you do what decent men do?"

"What's that?"

"Why, give their wives something to live for. What do you give me, I'd like to know! Look at the clothes I wear, please!"

"Well, it's your own fault," he muttered.

"What did you say? Did you say it's my fault I wear clothes any woman I know wouldn't be *seen* in?"

"Yes, I did. If you hadn't made me get you that platinum ring——"

"What!" she cried, and flourished her hand at him across the table. "Look at it! It's platinum, yes; but look at the stone in it, about the size of a pinhead, so't I'm ashamed to wear it when any of my friends see me! A hundred and sixteen dollars is what this magnificent ring cost you, and how long did I have to beg before I got even *that* little out of you? And it's the best thing I own and the only think I ever did get out of you!"

"Oh, Lordy!" he moaned.

"I wish you'd seen Charlie Loomis looking at this ring to-day," she said, with a desolate laugh. "He happened to notice it, and I saw him keep glancing at it, and I wish you'd seen Charlie Loomis's expression!"

Collinson's own expression became noticeable upon her introduction of this name; he stared at her gravely until he completed the mastication of one of the indigestibles she had set before him; then he put down his fork and said:

"So you saw Charlie Loomis again to-day. Where?"

"Oh, my!" she sighed. "Have we got to go over all that again?"

"Over all what?"

"Over all the fuss you made the last time I mentioned Charlie's name. I thought we settled it you were going to be a little more sensible about him."

"Yes," Collinson returned. "I was going to be more sensible about him, because you were going to be more sensible about him. Wasn't that the agreement?"

She gave him a hard glance, tossed her head so that the curls of her bobbed hair fluttered prettily, and with satiric mimicry repeated his question: "'Agreement! Wasn't that the agreement?' Oh, my, but you do make me tired, talking about 'agreements'! As if it was a crime my going to a vaudeville matinee with a man kind enough to notice that my husband never takes me anywhere!"

"Did you go to a vaudeville with him to-day?"

"No, I didn't!" she said. "I was talking about the time when you made such a fuss. I didn't go anywhere with him today."

"I'm glad to hear it," Collinson said. "I wouldn't have stood for it."

"Oh, you wouldn't?" she cried, and added a shrill laugh as further comment. "You 'wouldn't have stood for it'! How very, very dreadul!"

"Never mind," he returned doggedly. "We went over all that the last time, and you understand me: I'll have no more foolishness about Charlie Loomis."

"How nice of you! He's a friend of yours; you go with him yourself; but your wife mustn't even look at him just because he happens to be the one man that amuses her a little. That's fine!"

"Never mind," Collinson said again. "You say you saw him today. I want to know where."

"Suppose I don't choose to tell you."

"You'd better tell me, I think."

"Do you? I've got to answer for every minute of my day, do I?"

"I want to know where you saw Charlie Loomis."

She tossed her curls again, and laughed. "Isn't it funny!" she said. "Just because I like a man, he's the one person I can't have anything to do with! Just because he's kind and jolly and amusing and I like his jokes and his thoughtfulness toward a woman, when he's with her, I'm not to be allowed to see him at all! But my *husband*—oh, that's entirely different! *He* can go out with Charlie whenever he likes and have a good time, while I stay home and wash the dishes! Oh, it's a lovely life!"

"Where did you see him to-day?"

Instead of answering his question, she looked at him plaintively, and allowed tears to shine along her lower eyelids. "Why do you treat me like this?" she asked in a feeble voice. "Why can't I have a man friend if I want to? I do like Charlie Loomis. I do like him——"

"Yes! That's what I noticed!"

"Well, but what's the good of always insulting me about him? He has time on his hands of afternoons, and so have I. Our janitor's wife is crazy about the baby and just adores to have me leave her in their flat—the longer the better. Why shouldn't I go to a matinee or a picture-show sometimes with Charlie? Why should I just have to sit around instead of going out and having a nice time when he wants me to?"

"I want to know where you saw him to-day!"

Mrs. Collinson jumped up. "You make me sick!" she said, and began to clear away the dishes.

"I want to know where——'

"Oh, hush up!" she cried. "He came here to leave a note for you."

"Oh," said her husband. "I beg your pardon. That's different."

"How sweet of you!"

"Where's the note, please?"

She took it from her pocket and tossed it to him. "So long as it's a note for *you* it's all right, of course!" she said. "I wonder what you'd do if he'd written one to me!"

"Never mind," said Collinson, and read the note.

> Dear Collie: Dave and Smithie and Old Bill and Sammy Hoag and maybe Steinie and Sol are coming over to the shack about eight-thirt. Home brew and the old pastime. *You* know! Don't fail.—Charlie.

"You've read this, of course," Collinson said. "The envelope wasn't sealed."

"I have not," his wife returned, covering the prevarication with a cold dignity. "I'm not in the habit of reading other people's correspondence, thank you! I suppose you think I do so because you'd never hesitate to read any note *I* get; but I don't do everything you do, you see!"

'Well, you can read it now," he said, and gave her the note.

Her eyes swept the writing briefly, and she made a sound of wonderment, as if amazed to find herself so true a prophet. "And the words weren't more than out of my mouth! *You* can go and have a grand party right in his flat, while your wife stays home and gets the baby to bed and washes the dishes!"

"I'm not going."

"Oh, no!" she said mockingly. "I suppose not! I see you missing one of Charlie's stag-parties!"

"I'll miss this one."

But it was not to Mrs. Collinson's purpose that he should miss the party; she wished him to be as intimate as possible with the debonair Charlie Loomis; and so, after carrying some dishes into the kitchenette in meditative silence, she reappeared with a changed manner. She went to her husband, gave him a shy little pat on the shoulder and laughed good-naturedly. "Of course you'll go," she said. "I do think you're silly about my never going out with him when it would give me a little innocent pleasure and when you're not home to take me, yourself; but I wasn't really in such terrible earnest, all I said. You work hard the whole time, honey, and the only pleasure you ever do have, it's when you get a chance to go to one of these little penny-ante stag-parties. You haven't been to one for ever so long, and you never stay after twelve; it's really all right with me. I want you to go."

"Oh, no," said Collinson. "It's only penny-ante, but I couldn't afford to lose anything at all."

"But you never do. You always win a little."

"I know," he said. "I've figured out I'm about sixteen dollars ahead at penny-ante on the whole year. I cleaned up seven dollars and sixty cents at Charlie's last party; but of course my luck might change, and we couldn't afford it."

"If you did lose, it'd only be a few cents," she said. "What's the difference, if it gives you a little fun? You'll work all the better if you go out and enjoy yourself once in a while."

"Well, if you really look at it that way, I'll go."

"That's right, dear," she said, smiling. "Better put on a fresh collar and your other suit, hadn't you?"

"I suppose so," he assented, and began to make the changes she suggested. He went about them in a leisurely way, played with the baby at intervals, while Mrs. Collinson sang cheerfully over her work; and when he had completed his toilet, it was time for him to go. She came in from the kitchenette, kissed him, and then looked up into his eyes, letting him see a fond and brightly amiable expression.

"There, honey," she said. "Run along and have a nice time. Then maybe you'll be a little more sensible about some of *my* pleasures."

He held the one-hundred-dollar bill, folded, in his hand, meaning to leave it with her, but as she spoke a sudden recurrence of suspicion made him forget his purpose. "Look here," he said. "I'm not making any bargain with you. You talk as if you thought I was going to let you run around to vaudevilles with Charlie because you let me go to this party. Is that your idea?"

It was, indeed, precisely Mrs. Collinson's idea, and she was instantly angered enough to admit it in her retort. "Oh, aren't you *mean!*" she cried. "I might know better than to look for any fairness in a man like you!"

"See here——"

"Oh, hush up!" she said. "Shame on you! Go on to your party!" With that she put both hands upon his breast, and pushed him toward the door.

"I won't go. I'll stay here."

"You will, too, go!" she cried shrewishly. "*I* won't want to look at you around here all evening. It'd make me sick to look at a man without an ounce of fairness in his whole mean little body!"

"All right," said Collinson, violently, "I *will* go!"

"Yes! Get out of my sight!"

And he did, taking the one-hundred-dollar bill with him to the penny-ante poker party.

The gay Mr. Charlie Loomis called his apartment "the shack" in jocular depreciation of its beauty and luxury, but he regarded it as a perfect thing, and in one way it was; for it was perfectly in the family likeness of a thousand such "shacks." It had a ceiling with false beams, walls of green burlap spotted with coloured "coaching prints," brown shelves supporting pewter plates and mugs, "mission" chairs, a leather couch with violent cushions, silver-framed photographs of lady-friends and officer-friends, a drop-light of pink-shot imitation alabaster, a papier-mâché skull tobacco-jar among moving-picture magazines on the round card-table; and, of course, the final Charlie Loomis touch—a Japanese man-servant.

The master of all this was one of those neat, stoutish young men with fat, round heads, sleek, fair hair, immaculate, pale complexions and infirm little pink mouths—in fact, he was of the type that may suggest to the student of resemblances a fastidious and excessively clean white pig with transparent ears. Nevertheless, Charlie Loomis was of a free-handed habit in some matters, being particularly indulgent to pretty women and their children. He spoke of the latter as "the kiddies," of course, and liked to call their mothers "kiddo," or "girlie." One of his greatest pleasures was to tell a woman that she was "the dearest, bravest little girlie in the world." Naturally he was a welcome guest in many households, and would often bring a really magnificent toy to the child of some friend whose wife he was courting. Moreover, at thirty-three, he had already done well enough in business to take things easily, and he liked to give these little card-parties, not for gain, but for pastime. He was cautious and disliked high stakes in a game of chance.

That is to say, he disliked the possibility of losing enough money to annoy him, though of course he set forth his principles as resting upon a more gallant and unselfish basis. "I don't consider it hospitality to have any man go out o' my shack sore," he was wont to say. "Myself, I'm a bachelor and got no obligations; I'll shoot any man that can afford it for anything he wants to. Trouble is, you never can tell when a man *can't* afford it, or what harm his losin' might mean to the little girlie at home and the kiddies. No, boys, penny-ante and ten-cent limit is the highest we go in this ole shack. Penny-ante and a few steins of the ole home-brew that hasn't got a divorce in a barrel of it!"

Penny-ante and the ole home-brew had been in festal operation for half an hour when the morose Collinson arrived this evening. Mr. Loomis and his guests sat about the round table under the alabaster drop-light; their coats were off; cigars were worn at the deliberative poker angle; colourful chips and cards glistened on the cloth; one of the players wore a green shade over his eyes; and all in all, here was a little poker party for a lithograph. To complete the picture, several of the players continued to concentrate upon their closely held cards, and paid no attention to the newcomer or to the host's lively greeting of him.

"Ole Collie, b'gosh!" Mr. Loomis shouted, humourously affecting the bucolic. "Here's your vacant cheer; stack all stuck out for you 'n'ever' thin'! Set daown, neighbour, an' Smithie'll deal you in, next hand. What made you so late? Helpin' the little girlie at home get the kiddy to bed? That's a great kiddy of yours, Collie. I got a little Christmas gift for her I'm goin' to bring around some day soon. Yes, sir, that's a great little kiddy Collie's got over at his place, boys."

Collinson took the chair that had been left for him, counted his chips, and then as the playing of a "hand" still preoccupied three of the company, he picked up a silver dollar that lay upon the table near him. "What's this?" he asked. "A side bet? Or did somebody just leave it here for me?"

"Yes; for you to look at," Mr. Loomis explained. "It's Smithie's."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Nothin'. Smithie was just showin' it to us. Look at it."

Collinson turned the coin over and saw a tiny inscription that had been lined into the silver with a point of steel. 'Luck,' he read;—'Luck hurry back to me!' Then he spoke to the owner of this marked dollar. "I suppose you put that on there, Smithie, to help make sure of getting our money to-night."

But Smithie shook his head, which was a large, gaunt head, as it happened—a head fronted with a sallow face shaped much like a coffin, but inconsistently genial in expression. "No," he said. "It just came in over my counter this afternoon, and I noticed it when I was checkin' up the day's cash. Funny, ain't it: 'Luck hurry back to me!'"

"Who do you suppose marked that on it?" Collinson said thoughtfully.

"Golly!" his host exclaimed. "It won't do you much good to wonder about that!"

Collinson frowned, continuing to stare at the marked dollar. "I guess not, but really I should like to know."

"I would, too," Smithie said. "I been thinkin' about it. Might 'a' been somebody in Seattle or somebody in Ipswich, Mass., or New Orleans or St. Paul. How you goin' to tell? Might 'a' been a woman; might 'a' been a man. The way I guess it out, this poor boob, whoever he was, well, prob'ly he'd had good times for a while, and maybe carried this dollar for a kind of pocket piece, the way some people do, you know. Then he got in trouble—or she did, whichever it was—and got flat broke and had to spend this last dollar he had—for something to eat, most likely. Well, he thought a while before he spent it, and the way I guess it out, he said to himself, he said, 'Well,' he said, 'most of the good luck I've enjoyed lately,' he said, 'it's been while I had this dollar on me. I got to kiss 'em good-bye now, good luck and good dollar together; but maybe I'll get 'em both back some day, so I'll just mark the wish on the dollar, like this: Luck hurry back to me! That'll help some, maybe, and anyhow I'll *know* my luck dollar if I ever do get it back.' That's the way I guess it out, anyhow. It's funny how some people like to believe luck depends on some little thing like that."

"Yes, it is," Collinson assented, still brooding over the coin.

The philosophic Smithie extended his arm across the table, collecting the cards to deal them, for the "hand" was finished. "Yes, sir, it's funny," he repeated. "Nobody knows exactly what luck is, but the way I guess it out, it lays in a man's *believin'* he's in luck, and some little object like this makes him kind of concentrate his mind on thinkin' he's goin' to be lucky, because of course you often *know* you're goin' to win, and then you do win. You don't win when you *want* to win, or when you need to; you win when you *believe* you'll win. I don't know who was the dummy that said, 'Money's the root of all evil'; but I guess he didn't have *too* much sense! I suppose if some man killed some other man for a dollar, the poor fish that said that would let the man out and send the dollar to the chair. No, sir; money's just as good as it is bad; and it'll come your way if you *feel* it will; so you take this marked dollar o' mine——"

But here this garrulous and discursive guest was interrupted by immoderate protests from several of his colleagues. "Cut it out!" "My Lord!" "*Do* something!" "Smith*ie!* Are you ever goin' to *deal?*"

"I'm goin' to shuffle first," he responded, suiting the action to the word, though with deliberation, and at the same time continuing his discourse. "It's a mighty interesting thing, a piece o' money. You take this dollar, now: Who's it belonged to? Where's it been? What different kind o' funny things has it been spent for sometimes? What funny kind of secrets do you suppose it could 'a' heard if it had ears? Good people have had it and bad people have had it: why, a dollar could tell more about the human race—why, it could tell *all* about it!"

"I guess it couldn't tell all about the way you're dealin' these cards," said the man with the green shade. "You're mixin' things all up."

"I'll straighten 'em all out then," said Smithie cheerfully. "I knew of a twenty-dollar bill once; a pickpocket prob'ly threw it in the gutter to keep from havin' it found on him when they searched him, but anyway a woman I knew found it and sent it to her young sister out in Michigan to take some music lessons with, and the sister was so excited she took this bill out of the letter and kissed it. That's where they thought she got the germ she died of a couple o' weeks later, and the undertaker got the twenty-dollar bill, and got robbed of it the same night. Nobody knows where it went then. They say, 'Money talks.' Golly! If it *could* talk, what couldn't it tell? *No*-body'd be safe. *I* got this dollar now, but who's it goin' to belong to next, and what'll *he* do with it? And then after *that!* Why for years and years and years it'll go on from one pocket to another, in a millionaire's house one day, in some burglar's flat the next, maybe, and in one person's hand money'll do good, likely and in another's it'll do harm. We all *want* money; but some say it's a bad thing, like that dummy I was talkin' about. Lordy! Goodness or badness, I'll take all anybody——"

He was interrupted again, and with increased vehemence. Collinson, who sat next to him, complied with the demand to "ante up," then placed the dollar near his little cylinders of chips, and looked at his cards. They proved unencouraging, and he turned to his neighbour. "I'd sort of like to have that marked dollar, Smithie," he said. "I'll give you a paper dollar and a nickel for it."

But Smithie laughed, shook his head, and slid the coin over toward his own chips. "No, sir. I'm goin' to keep it—awhile, anyway."

"So you do think it'll bring you luck, after all!"

"No. But I'll hold onto it for this evening, anyhow."

"Not if we clean you out, you won't," said Charlie Loomis. "You know the rules o' the ole shack: only cash goes in *this* game; no I. O. U. stuff ever went here or ever will. Tell you what I'll do, though, before you lose it: I'll give you a dollar and a quarter for your ole silver dollar, Smithie."

"Oh, you want it, too, do you? I guess I can spot what sort of luck *you* want it for, Charlie."

"Well, Mr. Bones, what sort of luck do I want it for?"

"*You* win, Smithie," one of the players said. "We all know what sort o' luck ole Charlie wants your dollar for—he wants it for luck with the dames."

"Well, I might," Charlie admitted, not displeased. "I haven't been so lucky that way lately—not so dog-*gone* lucky!"

All of his guests, except one, laughed at this; but Collinson frowned, still staring at the marked dollar. For a reason he could not have put into words just then, it began to seem almost vitally important to him to own this coin if he could, and to prevent Charlie Loomis from getting possession of it. The jibe, "He wants it for luck with the dames," rankled in Collinson's mind: somehow it seemed to refer to his wife.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Smithie," he said. "I'll bet two dollars against that dollar of yours that I hold a higher hand next deal than you do."

"Here! Here!" Charlie remonstrated. "Shack rules! Ten-cent limit."

"That's only for the game," Collinson said, turning upon his host with a sudden sharpness. "This is an outside bet between Smithie and me. Will you do it, Smithie? Where's your sporting spirit?"

So liberal a proposal at once roused the spirit to which it appealed. "Well, I might, if some o' the others'll come in too, and make it really worth my while."

"I'm in," the host responded with prompt inconsistency; and others of the party, it appeared, were desirous of owning the talisman. They laughed and said it was "crazy stuff," yet they all "came in," and, for the first time in the history of this "shack," what Mr. Loomis called "real money" was seen upon the table as a stake. It was won, and the silver dollar with it, by the largest and oldest of the gamesters, a fat man with a walrus moustache that inevitably made him known in this circle as "Old Bill." He smiled condescendingly, and would have put the dollar in his pocket with the "real money," but Mr. Loomis protested.

"Here! What you doin'?" he shouted, catching Old Bill by the arm. "Put that dollar back on the table."

"What for?"

"What *for?* Why, we're goin' to play for it again. Here's two dollars against it I beat you on the next hand."

"No," said Old Bill calmly. "It's worth more than two dollars to me. It's worth five."

"Well, five then," his host returned. "I want that dollar!"

"So do I," said Collinson. "I'll put in five dollars if you do."

"Anybody else in?" Old Bill inquired, dropping the coin on the table; and all of the others again "came in." Old Bill won again; but once more Charlie Loomis prevented him from putting the silver dollar in his pocket.

"Come on now!" Mr. Loomis exclaimed. "Anybody else but me in on this for five dollars next time?"

"I am," said Collinson, swallowing with a dry throat; and he set forth all that remained to him of his twelve dollars. In return he received a pair of deuces, and the jubilant Charlie won.

He was vainglorious in his triumph. "Didn't that little luck piece just keep on tryin' to find the right man?" he cried, and read the inscription loudly. "'Luck hurry back to me!' Righto! You're home where you belong, girlie! Now we'll settle down to our reg'lar little game again."

"Oh, no," said Old Bill. "You wouldn't let me keep it. Put it out there and play for it again."

"I won't. She's mine now."

"I want my luck piece back myself," said Smithie. "Put it out and play for it. You made Old Bill."

"I won't do it."

"Yes, you will," Collinson said, and he spoke without geniality. "You put it out there."

"Oh, yes, I will," Mr. Loomis returned mockingly. "I will for ten dollars."

"Not I," said Old Bill. "Five is foolish enough." And Smithie agreed with him. "Nor me!"

"All right, then. If you're afraid of ten, I keep it. I thought the ten'd scare you."

"Put that dollar on the table," Collinson said. "I'll put ten against it."

There was a little commotion among these mild gamesters; and someone said, "You're crazy, Collie. What do you want to do that for?"

"I don't care," said Collinson. "That dollar's already cost me enough, and I'm going after it."

"Well, you see, I want it, too," Charlie

Loomis retorted cheerfully; and he appealed to the others. "I'm not askin' him to put ten against it, am I?"

"Maybe not," Old Bill assented. "But how long is this thing goin' to keep on? It's already balled our game all up, and if we keep on foolin' with these side bets, why, what's the use?"

"My goodness!" the host exclaimed. "*I'm* not pushin' this thing, am I? *I* don't want to risk my good old luck piece, do I? It's Collie that's crazy to go on, ain't it?" He laughed. "He hasn't showed his money yet, though, I notice, and this ole shack is run on strickly cash principles. I don't believe he's got ten dollars more on him!"

"Oh, yes, I have."

"Let's see it then."

Collinson's nostrils distended a little; but he said nothing, fumbled in his pocket, and then tossed the one-hundred-dollar bill, rather crumpled, upon the table.

"Great heavens!" shouted Old Bill. "Call the doctor: I'm all of a swoon!"

"Look at what's spilled over our nice clean table!" another said, in an awed voice. "Did you claim he didn't have *ten* on him, Charlie?"

"Well, it's nice to look at," Smithie observed. "But I'm with Old Bill. How long are you two goin' to keep this thing goin'? If Collie wins the luck piece, I suppose Charlie'll bet him fifteen against it, and then——"

"No, I won't," Charlie interrupted. "Ten's the limit."

"Goin' to keep on bettin' ten against it all night?"

"No," said Charlie. "I tell you what I'll do with you, Collinson; we both of us seem kind o' set on this luck piece, and you're already out some on it. I'll give you a square chance at it and at catchin' even. It's twenty minutes after nine. I'll keep on these side bets with you till ten o'clock, but when my clock hits ten, we're through, and the one that's got it then keeps it, and no more foolin.' You want to that, or quit now? I'm game either way."

"Go ahead and deal," said Collinson. "Whichever one of us has it at ten o'clock, it's his, and we quit."

But when the little clock on Charlie's green-painted mantel shelf struck ten, the luck piece was Charlie's and with it an overwhelming lien on the one-hundred-dollar bill. He put both in his pocket; "Remember this ain't my fault; it was you that insisted," he said, and handed Collinson four five-dollar bills as change.

Old Bill, platonically interested, discovered that his cigar was sparkless, applied a match, and casually set forth his opinion. "Well, I guess that was about as poor a way of spendin' eighty dollars as I ever saw, but it all goes to show there's truth in the old motto that anything at all can happen in any poker game! That was a mighty nice hundred-dollar bill you had on you, Collie; but it's like what Smithie said: a piece o' money goes hoppin' around from one person to another—*it* don't care!—and yours has gone and hopped to Charlie. The question is, Who's it goin' to hop to next?" He paused to laugh, glanced over the cards that had been dealt him, and concluded: "My guess is 't some good-lookin' woman 'll prob'ly get a pretty fair chunk o' that hundred-dollar bill out o' Charlie. Well, let's settle down to the ole army game."

They settled down to it, and by twelve o'clock (the invariable closing hour of these pastimes in the old shack) Collinson had lost four dollars and thirty cents more. He was commiserated by his fellow gamesters as they put on their coats and overcoats, preparing to leave the hot little room. They shook their heads, laughed ruefully in sympathy, and told him he oughtn't to carry hundred-dollar bills upon his person when he went out among friends. Old Bill made what is sometimes called an unfortunate remark.

"Don't worry about Collie," he said jocosely. "That hundred-dollar bill prob'ly belonged to some rich client of his."

"What!" Collinson said, staring.

"Never mind, Collie; I wasn't in earnest," the joker explained. "Of course I didn't mean it."

"Well, you oughtn't to say it," Collinson protested. "People say a thing like that about a man in a joking way, but other people hear it sometimes and don't know he's joking, and a story gets started."

"My goodness, but you're serious!" Old Bill exclaimed. "You look like you had a misery in your chest, as the rubes say; and I don't blame you! Get on out in the fresh night air and you'll feel better."

He was mistaken, however; the night air failed to improve Collinson's spirits as he walked home alone through the dark and chilly streets. There was indeed a misery in his chest, where stirred a sensation vaguely nauseating; his hands were tremulous and his knees infirm as he walked. In his mind was a confusion of pictures and sounds, echoes from Charlie Loomis's shack: he could not clear his mind's eye of the one-hundred-dollar bill; and its likeness, as it lay crumpled on the green cloth under the droplight, haunted and hurt him as a face in a coffin haunts and hurts the new mourner. Bits of Smithie's discursiveness resounded in his mind's ear, keeping him from thinking. "In one person's hands money'll do good likely, and in another's it'll do harm."—"The dummy that said, 'Money's the root of all evil!'"

It seemed to Collinson then that money was the root of all evil and the root of all good, the root and branch of all life, indeed. With money, his wife would have been amiable, not needing gay bachelors to take her to vaudevilles. Her need of money was the true foundation of the jealousy that had sent him out morose and reckless to-night; of the jealousy that had made it seem, when he gambled with Charlie Loomis for the luck dollar, as though they really gambled for luck with her.

It still seemed to him that they had gambled for luck with her: Charlie had wanted the talisman, as Smithie said, in order to believe in his luck—his luck with women—and therefore actually be lucky with them; and Charlie had won. But as Collinson plodded homeward in the chilly midnight, his shoulders sagging and his head drooping, he began to wonder how he could have risked money that belonged to another man. What on earth had made him do what he had done? Was it the mood his wife had set him in as he went out that evening? No; he had gone out feeling like that often enough, and nothing had happened.

Something had brought this trouble on him, he thought; for it appeared to Collinson that he had been an automaton, having nothing to do with his own actions. He must bear the responsibility for them; but he had not willed them. If the one-hundred-dollar bill had not happened to be in his pocket— That was it! And at the thought he mumbled desolately to himself: "I'd been all right if it hadn't been for that." If the one-hundred-dollar bill had not happened to be in his pocket, he'd have been "all right." The one-hundred-dollar bill had done this to him. And Smithie's romancing again came back to him: "In one person's hands money'll do good, likely; in another's it'll do harm." It was the money that did harm or good, not the person; and the money in his hands had done this harm to himself.

He had to deliver a hundred dollars at the office in the morning, somehow, for he dared not take the risk of the client's meeting the debtor. There was a balance of seventeen dollars in his bank, and he could pawn his watch for twenty-five, as he knew well enough, by experience. That would leave fifty-eight dollars to be paid, and there was only one way to get it. His wife would have to let him pawn her ring. She'd *have* to!

Without any difficulty he could guess what she would say and do when he told her of his necessity: and he knew that never in her life would she forego the advantage over him she would gain from it. He knew, too, what stipulations she would make, and he had to face the fact that he was in no position to reject them. The one-hundred-dollar bill had cost him the last vestiges of mastery in his own house; and Charlie Loomis had really won not only the bill and the luck, but the privilege of taking Collinson's wife to vaudevilles. But it all came back to the same conclusion: the one-hundred-dollar bill had done it to him. "What kind of thing *is* this life?" Collinson mumbled to himself, finding matters wholly perplexing in a world made into tragedy at the caprice of a little oblong slip of paper.

Then, as he went on his way to wake his wife and face her with the soothing proposal to pawn her ring early the next morning, something happened to Collinson. Of itself the thing that happened was nothing, but he was aware of his folly as if it stood upon a mountain top against the sun—and so he gathered knowledge of himself and a little of the wisdom that is called better than happiness.

His way was now the same as upon the latter stretch of his walk home from the office that evening. The smoke fog had cleared, and the air was clean with a night wind that moved briskly from the west; in all the long street there was only one window lighted, but it was sharply outlined now, and fell as a bright rhomboid upon the pavement before Collinson. When he came to it he paused at the hint of an inward impulse he did not think to trace; and, frowning, he perceived that this was the same shop window that had detained him on his homeward way, when he had thought of buying a toy for the baby.

The toy was still there in the bright window; the gay little acrobatic monkey that would climb up or down a red string as the string slacked or straightened; but Collinson's eye fixed itself upon the card marked with the price: "35 cents."

He stared and stared. "Thirty-five cents!" he said to himself. "Thirty-five cents!"

Then suddenly he burst into loud and prolonged laughter.

The sound was startling in the quiet night, and roused the interest of a meditative policeman who stood in the darkened doorway of the next shop. He stepped out, not unfriendly.

"What *you* havin' such a good time over, this hour o' the night?" he inquired. "What's all the joke?"

Collinson pointed to the window. "It's that monkey on the string," he said. "Something about it struck me as mighty funny!"

So, with a better spirit, he turned away, still laughing, and went home to face his wife.

The Poison Tree

By WILLIAM BLAKE

I WAS angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears
Night and morning with my tears,
And I sunnèd it with smiles
And with soft, deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright,
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,—

And into my garden stole
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning, glad, I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

Self-Portraits

DR. JOHNSON'S IDEAL OF HAPPINESS

"If I had no duties and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation." BOSWELL'S "LIFE."

* * *

THE COMPLETE MAN

With regard to myself, I have ever been a thinking—and who would think it?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an Errant Knight, but my body only a simple Squire—and it has been so harassed and chivalried with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its master, that it has long wished to quit the service—frequently crying out with Sancho, "a blessing on his heart who first invented sleep."

However, notwithstanding the natural indolence of this same body of me, I have contrived to fulfill, completely, all the characteristics of man—which some philosopher specifies to be these four:

To build an house—
To raise a tree—
To write a book
And
To get a child. LAURENCE STERNE.

* * *

PHILOSOPHER JEAN JACQUES

There was another reason for my stupidity. Seamstresses, chambermaids, or milliners never allured me. I sighed for ladies! Everyone has his peculiar taste; this has ever been mine, being in this particular of a different opinion from Horace.

Yet it is not vanity of riches or rank that attracts me: it is a well-preserved complexion, fine hands, elegance of ornaments, an air of delicacy and neatness throughout the whole person; more in taste and in the manner of expressing themselves, a finer or better made gown, a well-turned ankle, small feet, ribbons, lace, and well-dressed hair: I even prefer those who have less natural beauty, provided they are elegantly decorated.

I freely confess this preference is very ridiculous, yet my heart gives in to it in spite of mv understanding. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

* * *

THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES HERSELF IN "MAGGIE TULLIVER"

Maggie . . . was a creature full of eager passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it. GEORGE ELIOT.

THE YOUNG MAN'S POSE

Bouquets, stalls, rings, delighted me. I was not dissipated, but I loved the abnormal. I loved to spend as much on scent and toilet knick-knacks as would keep a poor man's family in affluence for ten-months; and I smiled at the fashionable sunlight in the Park, the dusty cavalcade; and I loved to shock my friends by bowing to those whom I should not bow to. . . . My mother suffered, and expected ruin, for I took no trouble to conceal anything; I boasted of dissipations. But there was no need for fear; I was naturally endowed with a very clear sense indeed of self-preservation; I neither betted nor drank, nor contracted debts, nor a secret marriage; from a worldly point of view I was a model young man indeed; and when I returned home about four in the morning, I watched the pale moon setting, and repeating some verses of Shelley, I thought how I should go to Paris when I was of age, and study painting. GEORGE MOORE.

* * *

A SONG ABOUT MYSELF

There was a naughty boy
And naughty boy was he,
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
He took
An ink stand
In his hand
And a pen
Big as ten
In the other.
. . . .
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool,
Fear of gout,
And without
When the weather
Was warm. JOHN KEATS.

* * *

A CONFIDENCE FROM G. B. S.

For ten years past, with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination, I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England, and no power in heaven or on earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote; I may potboil and platitudinize; I may become the butt and chopping-block of all the bright, original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer; it is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration.

Unfortunately, the building process has been a most painful one to me, because I am congenitally an extremely modest man. Shyness is the form my vanity and self-consciousness take by nature. It is humiliating, too, after making the most dazzling displays of professional ability, to have to tell people how clever it all is. Besides, they get so tired of it that without dreaming of disputing the alleged brilliancy, they begin to detest it. I sometimes get quite frantic letters from people who feel they cannot stand me any longer.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

ALONE I DID IT

If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar
My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honor'd by the nations—let it be,
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me,
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

LORD BYRON.

⁂

ELIA'S OPINION OF HIMSELF

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humoursome; a notorious —— addicted to ——; averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;— . . . besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I will subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door. CHARLES LAMB.

⁂

THE SEEKER

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed,—the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand;—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

⁂

ADJUSTING REALITY TO IDEALS

I agree with Stevenson that one should live dangerously, and with Thoreau, that one should return every night to his home, filled and thrilled with adventure. Accordingly I go orchid hunting and bird nesting and collect pearls and moonstones . . . and a lot of footloose friends all over the world. SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

⁂

THE BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM

Michael Robartes remembers forgotten beauty and, when his arms wrap her round, he presses in his arms the loveliness which has long faded from the world. Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world. JAMES JOYCE.

Monsieur Lecoq

The Master Detective Makes His Début

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

CHAPTER XXXIV

THIS last expedient, proposed by Lecoq, was not of his own invention, and not by any means new.

In every age, the police force has, when it became necessary to do so, closed its eyes and opened the prison doors for the release of suspected parties.

And not a few, dazzled by liberty and ignorance of any *espionage*, betray themselves.

All the prisoners are not, like Lavalette, protected by royal connivance; and we might enumerate many individuals who, like the unfortunate Georges d'Etcherony, have been released, only to be rearrested, when they have made a confession of guilt to those who had wormed themselves into their confidence.

Poor D'Etcherony! He supposed that he had eluded the vigilance of his guardians. When he discovered his error, and became aware of the mistake he had made, he sent a bullet through his own heart.

Alas! he survived this terrible wound long enough to learn that one of his own familiar friends had betrayed him, and to cast in his teeth the insulting word "traitor!"

It is, however, very seldom, and only in special cases, and as a last resort, that such a plan is adopted.

And the authorities consent to it only when they hope to derive some important advantage, such as the capture of a whole band of malefactors.

The police arrest, perhaps, one of the band. In spite of his wickedness, a sense of honour makes him, not unfrequently, refuse to name his accomplices. What is to be done? Is he alone to be tried and condemned?

No. He is set at liberty; but like the falcon who flies away with a thread attached to his foot, he drags after him at the end of his chain a crowd of close observers.

And at the very moment when he is boasting of his good luck and audacity to the comrades he has rejoined, the whole company find themselves caught in the snare.

M. Segmuller knew all this, and much more; yet, on hearing Lecoq's proposition, he turned to him angrily, and exclaimed:

"Are you mad?"

"I think not."

"A most foolish scheme!"

"Why so, Monsieur? After the assassination of the husband and wife Chaboiseau, the police succeeded in capturing the guilty parties, you must recollect. But a robbery of one hundred and fifty thousand francs in bank-notes and coin had also been committed. This large sum of money could not be found; and the murderers obstinately refused to divulge where they had concealed it. It would be a fortune for them, if they escaped the gallows; but, meanwhile, the children of the victims were ruined. Monsieur Patrigent, the judge of instruction, was the first—I will not say to counsel—but to succeed in convincing the authorities that it would be well to set one of these wretches at liberty. They followed his advice; and three days later the culprit was surprised disinterring his booty from a bed of mushrooms. I believe that our prisoner——"

"Enough!" interrupted M. Segmuller. "I wish to hear no more about this affair. I have, it seems to me, forbidden you to broach the subject."

The young detective hung his head with a hypocritical air of submission.

But he was all the while watching the judge out of the corner of his eye and noting his agitation.

"I can afford to be silent," he thought; "he will return to the subject of his own accord."

He did, in fact, return to it only a moment afterward.

"Suppose this man was released from prison, what would you do?"

"What would I do, Monsieur! I would follow him like grim death; I would not let him go out of my sight; I would live in his shadow."

"And do you suppose that he would not discover this surveillance?"

"I should take my precautions."

"He would recognize you at a single glance."

"No, Monsieur, because I shall disguise myself. A detective who is not capable of equalling the most skilful actor in the matter of make-up is no better than an ordinary policeman. I have practised only for a year in making my face and my person whatever I wish them to be, but I can, at will, be old or young, dark or light, a man of the world, or the most frightful ruffian of the *barrières*."

"I was not aware that you possessed this talent, Monsieur Lecoq."

"Oh! I am very far from the perfection of which I dream. I venture to engage, however, that before three days have elapsed, I can appear before you and converse with you for half an hour without being recognized."

M. Segmuller made no response; and it was evident to Lecoq that the judge had offered these objections in the hope of seeing them destroyed, rather than with the wish to see them prevail.

"I think, my poor boy, that you are strangely deceived. We have both been equally anxious to penetrate the mystery that shrouds this strange man. We have both admired his wonderful acuteness—for his sagacity *is* wonderful; so marvellous, indeed, that it exceeds the limits of imagination. Do you believe that a man of his penetration will betray himself like an ordinary prisoner? He will understand at once, if he is set at liberty, that this freedom is given him only that we may use it against him."

"I do not deceive myself, sir. May will divine the truth. I know that but too well."

"Very well; then what will be the use of attempting what you propose?"

"I have reflected on the subject, and have come to this conclusion: This man will find himself strangely embarrassed, even when he is free. He will not have a sou in his pocket; he has no trade. What will he do to make a living? But one must eat. He may struggle along for a while, but he will not be willing to suffer long. Days when he is without a shelter, and without a morsel of bread, he will remember that he is rich. Will he not seek to recover his property? Yes, certainly. He will try to obtain money; he will endeavour to communicate with his friends. I shall wait until that day comes. Months will elapse, and, seeing no sign of my surveillance, he will venture some decisive step; and I will step forward with a warrant for his arrest in my hand."

"And wnat if he should leave Paris? What if he should flee to some foreign country?"

"I will follow him. One of my aunts has left me a small country property, that is worth about twelve thousand francs. I will sell it, and I will spend the last sou, if necessary, in pursuit of my revenge. This man has outwitted me as if I were a child, and I will have my turn."

"And what if he should slip through your fingers?"

Lecoq laughed like a man who was sure of himself.

"Let him try," he exclaimed. "I will answer for him with my life."

Unfortunately, Lecoq's enthusiasm made the judge all the colder.

"Your idea is a good one, sir," he responded. "But you must understand that law and justice will take no part in such intrigues. All I can promise you is my tacit approval. Go, therefore, to the prefecture; see your superiors——"

With a really despairing gesture, the young man interrupted M. Segmuller.

"What good would it do for me to make such a proposition?" he exclaimed. "They would not only refuse my request, but they would give me my dismissal, if my name is not already erased from the roll."

"You dismissed, your name erased after you have conducted this case so well?"

"Alas! sir, everyone is not of that opinion. Tongues have been wagging busily during the week of your illness. My enemies have heard somehow of the last scene we had with May. Ah, yes! that man is very clever. They all say now that it was *I*, who with a hope of advancement, imagined all the romantic details of this affair. They declare that there can be no doubt of the prisoner's identity except those of my own invention. To hear them talk at the depot one might suppose that I invented the scene that took place in the Widow Chupin's cabin; imagined the accomplices; suborned the witnesses; manufactured the articles found in the dwelling; wrote that first note as well as the second; duped Father Absinthe, and mystified the keeper."

"The devil!" exclaimed M. Segmuller; "in that case what do they think of me?"

The wily detective's face assumed an expression of intense embarrassment.

"Ah! sir," he replied, with a great show of reluctance, "they pretend that you have allowed yourself to be deceived by me, that you have not properly weighed the proofs which I have adduced."

A fleeting crimson tinged M. Segmuller's forehead.

"In a word," said he, "they think I am your dupe—and a fool."

The recollection of certain smiles that he had encountered in passing through the corridors, and of divers allusions which had stung him to the quick, decided him.

"Very well, I will aid you, Monsieur Lecoq," he exclaimed. "I would like you to triumph over your enemies. I will get up at once and accompany you to the palace. I will see the attorney-general myself; I will speak to him; I will plead your cause for you."

Lecoq s joy was intense.

Never, no, never, had he dared to obtain such aid.

Ah! after this, M. Segmuller might ask him to go through fire for him if he chose, and he would be ready to precipitate himself into the flames.

Still he was prudent enough, and he had sufficient control over his feelings to preserve a sober face. This was one of the victories that must be concealed, under penalty of losing all the benefits to be derived from it.

Certainly the young detective had said nothing that was untrue, but there are different ways of presenting the truth, and he had, perhaps, exaggerated a trifle in order to make the judge share his rancour, and make him an earnest auxiliary. M. Segmuller, however, after the exclamation wrested from him by his adroitly wounded vanity—after the first explosion of anger—regained his accustomed calmness.

"I suppose," he remarked to Lecoq, "that you have decided what stratagem must be employed to lull the prisoner's suspicions in case he is permitted to escape."

"I have not once thought of that, I must confess. Besides, what good would any such stratagem do? That man knows too well that he is the object of suspicion and anxious surveillance not to hold himself on the *qui vive*. But there is one precaution which I believe is absolutely necessary; indispensable indeed. In fact, it appears to me an essential condition of success."

Lecoq seemed to find so much difficulty in choosing his words, that the judge felt it necessary to aid him.

"Let me hear this precaution," said he.

"It consists, sir, in giving an order to transfer May to another prison. Oh, it matters not which one; any one you choose to select."

"Why, if you please?"

"Because, during the few days that precede his release it is absolutely necessary that he should hold no communication with his friends outside, and that he should be unable to warn his accomplice."

This proposition seemed to amaze M. Segmuller exceedingly.

"Then you think that he is poorly guarded where he is?" he inquired.

"No, Monsieur, I did not say that. I am persuaded that since the affair of the note the keeper has redoubled his vigilance. But still, where he is now, this mysterious murderer certainly receives news from outside; we have had material evidence—unanswerable proofs of that fact—and besides——"

He paused, evidently fearing to give expression to his thought, like a person who feels that what he is about to say will be regarded as an enormity.

"And besides?" insisted the judge.

"Ah, well, sir! I will be perfectly frank with you. I find that Gevrol enjoys too much liberty in the depot; he is perfectly at home there; he comes and goes, and no one ever thinks of asking what he is doing, where he is going, or what he wishes there. No pass is necessary for his admission, and he can make the head keeper, who is a very honest man, see stars in the heavens at midday if he chooses. And I distrust Gevrol."

"Oh! Monsieur Lecoq!"

"Yes, I know very well that it is a bold accusation, but a man is not master of his presentiments, and I distrust Gevrol. Did the prisoner know or did he *not* know, that I was watching him from the loft, and that I had discovered his secret correspondence? Evidently he did know this; the last scene with him proves it."

"Such is also my opinion."

"But how could he have known it? He could not have discovered it unaided. For eight days I endured tortures to find the solution of this problem. All my trouble was wasted. Gevrol's intervention would explain it all."

M. Segmuller, at the mere supposition, turned pale with anger.

"Ah! if I could really believe that!" he exclaimed; "if I were sure of it! Have you any proofs?"

The young man shook his head.

"If I had my hands full of proofs I should know enough not to open them. Would it not ruin my whole future? I must, if I succeed, expect many such acts of treachery. There is hatred and rivalry in every profession. And mark this, Monsieur—I do not doubt Gevrol's honesty. If a hundred thousand francs were counted out upon the table and offered to him, he would not release a prisoner. But he would rob justice of a dozen criminals in the mere hope of injuring me, whom he thinks likely to overshadow him."

How many things these words explained! To how many unsolved enigmas did they give the key! But the judge had not time to follow out this course of thought.

"That will do," said he; "go into the drawing-room for a moment. I will dress and join you there. I will send for a carriage; I must make haste if I wish to see the procureur-general to-day."

Usually very particular about the minutiæ of his toilette, this morning the judge was dressed and in the drawing-room in less than a quarter of an hour.

As soon as he entered the apartment where Lecoq was impatiently awaiting him, he said, briefly:

"Let us start."

They were just entering the carriage, when a man, whose handsome livery proclaimed him a servitor in an aristocratic household, hastily approached M. Segmuller.

"Ah! Jean, is it you?" said the judge. "How is your master?"

"Improving, Monsieur. He sent me to ask how you were, and to inquire how that affair was progressing."

"There has been no change in that since I wrote him last. Give him my compliments, and tell him that I am out again."

The servant bowed. Lecoq took a seat beside the judge, and the *fiacre* started.

"That fellow is D'Escorval's *valet de chambre*," remarked M. Segmuller.

"The judge who——"

"Precisely. He sent his man to me two or three days ago, to ascertain what we were doing with our mysterious May."

"Then Monsieur d'Escorval is interested in the case?"

"Prodigiously! I conclude it is because he opened the prosecution, and because the case rightfully belongs to him. Perhaps he regrets that it passed out of his hands, and thinks that he could have managed the *instruction* better himself. We would have done better with it if we could. I would give a good deal to see him in my place."

But this change would not have been at all to Lecoq's taste.

"That stern and forbidding judge would never have granted the concessions I have just obtained from M. Segmuller," he thought.

He had, indeed, good reason to congratulate himself; for M. Segmuller did not break his promise. He was one of those men who, when they have once decided upon a plan, never rest until it has been carried into execution.

That very day he induced the authorities to adopt Lecoq's suggestion; and the details only remained to be decided upon.

That same afternoon, the Widow Chupin received her conditional release.

There was no difficulty in regard to Polyte. He, in the meantime, had been brought before the court under a charge of theft; and, to his great astonishment, had heard himself condemned to thirteen months' imprisonment.

After this M. Segmuller had nothing to do but to wait; and this was much more easy to do, since the coming of the Easter holidays gave him an opportunity to seek a little rest and recreation in the provinces, with his family.

He returned to Paris on the last day of the recess, which chanced to fall on Sunday, and he was sitting quietly in his own drawing-room, when a servant—who had been sent by the employment bureau to take the place of one whom he had dismissed—was announced.

The new-comer was a man apparently about forty years of age, very red in the face, with thick hair and heavy red whiskers—strongly inclined to corpulence, and clad in clumsy, ill-fitting garments.

In a very sedate manner, and with a strong Norman accent, he informed the judge that during the past twenty years he had been in the employ of literary men—a physician, and a notary; that he was familiar with the duties that would be required of him in the Palais de Justice, and that he knew how to dust papers without disarranging them.

In short, the man produced such a favourable impression, that although he reserved twenty-four hours in which to make further inquiries, the judge drew from his pocket a louis, and tendered it to him as the first instalment of his wages.

But the man, with a sudden change of voice and attitude, burst into a heavy laugh, and said:

"Monsieur, do you think that May will recognize me?"

"Monsieur Lecoq!" exclaimed the astonished judge.

"The same, sir; and I have come to tell you that if you are ready to release May, all my arrangements have been completed."

CHAPTER XXXV

When a judge connected with the tribunal of the Seine wishes to examine a person incarcerated in one of the prisons, the following forms are observed:

He first sends his messenger with what is called an order of extraction, an imperative and concise formula, which we quote, in order to give some idea of the unlimited power vested in the magistrates who are intrusted with the preparation of cases for the government.

It reads thus:

"The keeper of the —— prison will give into the custody of the bearer of this order, the prisoner known as ——, in order that he may be brought before us in our cabinet in the Palais de Justice."

No more, no less, a signature, a seal, and everybody hastens to obey.

But from the moment of receiving this order to the time that the prisoner is again consigned to the keeping of the jailer, the superintendent of the prison is relieved of all responsibility. Whatever may happen, his hands are clean.

So the journey of the prisoner from the prison to the palace is usually attended with an infinite number of precautions.

They place the prisoner in one of the lugubrious vehicles that one sees stationed every day on the Quai de l'Horloge, or the court of the Sainte-Chapelle, locking him up carefully in one of the compartments.

This vehicle conveys him to the palace, and while he is awaiting his examination, he is immured in one of the cells of that gloomy prison, familiarly known as "la Souricière"—the mouse-trap.

On entering and leaving the carriage the prisoner is surrounded by guards.

En route he is also under the watchful eye of several guards, some of them stationed in the passage-way that divides the compartments, others on the seat with the driver.

Mounted guards always accompany the vehicle.

So the boldest malefactors realize the impossibility of escape from this moving prison-house.

The statistics show only thirty attempts at escape in a period of ten years.

Of these thirty attempts, twenty-five were ridiculous failures. Four were discovered before their authors had conceived any serious hope of success. One man alone succeeded in making his escape from the vehicle, and he had not gone fifty steps before he was captured.

He accepted, boldly, perhaps, but not blindly, the struggle that must ensue.

"But," thought Lecoq, "if he decides to incur these risks he must be reasonably sure that he will succeed in overcoming them."

Such a belief on the part of May was a grave subject of fear for the young detective; but it also gave rise to a delightful emotion. He had an ambition beyond his station; and every ambitious man is by nature a gambler.

He felt that his foeman was worthy of his steel; that they had equal chances for success.

Lecoq's plan for allowing May to escape was childish in its simplicity, as he himself confessed. It consisted in fastening the compartment in which May was placed very insecurely, on the departure of the carriage from the depot, and in forgetting him entirely when the wagon, after depositing its load of criminals at the "mouse-trap," went, as usual, to await upon the quay the hour for returning them to the prison.

It was scarcely possible that the prisoner would fail to embrace this opportunity to make his escape.

All was, therefore, prepared and arranged, in conformance with Lecoq's directions, on the day indicated—the Monday following the close of the Easter holidays.

The order of "extraction" was intrusted to an intelligent man, with the most minute instructions.

The prison-van containing the prisoner May would not arrive at the palace until noon.

And yet at nine o'clock there might have been seen hanging about the prefecture one of those old *gamins*, who make one almost believe in the fable of Venus rising from the

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waves, so truly do they seem born of the foam and scum of the city.

He was clad in a tattered black woollen blouse, and in large, ill-fitting trousers, fastened about his waist by a leather band. His boots betrayed a familiar acquaintance with the mud-puddles of the suburbs, his cap was shabby and dirty; but his pretentiously tied red-silk cravat must have been a gift from his sweetheart.

He had the unhealthy complexion, the hollow eyes, the slouching mien, the straggling beard common to his tribe.

His yellow hair was plastered down upon his temples, but cut closely at the back of the head, as if to save the trouble of brushing it.

On seeing his attire, the way in which he balanced himself upon his haunches, the movement of his shoulders, his way of holding his cigarette and of ejecting a stream of saliva from between his teeth, Polyte Chupin would have extended his hand as to a friend, and greeted him as "comrade" and "pal."

It was the 14th of April; the day was lovely, the air balmy, the tops of the chestnut-trees in the garden of the Tuileries looked green against the horizon, and this man seemed well content to be alive, and happy in doing nothing.

He walked lazily to and fro on the quay, dividing his attention between the passers-by and the men who were hauling sand from the banks of the Seine.

Occasionally he crossed the street and exchanged a few words with a respectable elderly gentleman, very neatly dressed, and wearing spectacles and a very long beard, his hands encased in silk gloves. This person exhibited all the characteristics of a respectable, well-to-do gentleman, and seemed to feel a remarkable curiosity in regard to the contents of an optician's window.

From time to time a policeman or one of the detective corps passed them on his way to make his report; and the elderly gentleman or the *gamin* often ran after him to ask some information.

The person addressed replied and passed on; and then the two *confrères* joined each other to laugh and say:

"Good! there is another who does not recognize us."

And they had just cause for exultation, and good reason to be proud.

Of the twelve or fifteen comrades whom they had accosted, not one had recognized their colleagues, Lecoq and Father Absinthe.

For it was indeed they, armed and equipped for the chase, for the pursuit whose chances and result it was impossible to foresee.

"Ah! I am not surprised that they do not recognize me," said Father Absinthe, "since I cannot recognize myself. No one but you, Monsieur Lecoq, could have so transformed me."

But the time for reflection was past; the time for action had come.

The young detective saw the prison-van crossing the bridge at a brisk trot.

"Attention!" he said to his companion; "there comes our friend! Quick! to your post; remember my directions, and keep your eyes open!"

Near them, on the quay, was a huge pile of timber. Father Absinthe went and hid himself behind it; and Lecoq, seizing a spade that was lying idle, hurried to a little distance and began digging in the sand.

They did well to make haste. The van came onward and turned the corner.

It passed the two men, and with a noisy clang rolled under the heavy arch that led to "la Souricière."

May was inside.

Lecoq was sure of this when he saw the keeper, who was seated in the vehicle.

The carriage remained in the courtyard for more than a quarter of an hour.

When it reappeared in the street, the driver had descended from his seat and was leading the horses by the bridle. He stationed the carriage opposite the Palais de Justice, threw a covering over his horses, lighted his pipe, and walked away.

For a moment the anxiety of the two watchers amounted to actual agony; nothing stirred; nothing moved.

But at last the door of the carriage was opened with infinite caution, and a pale, frightened face became visible. It was the face of May.

The prisoner cast a rapid glance around; no one was in sight.

With the quickness of a cat, he sprang to the ground, noiselessly closed the door of the vehicle, and walked quietly in the direction of the bridge.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Lecoq breathed again.

He had been asking himself if some trifling circumstance could have been forgotten or neglected, and thus disarranged all his plans.

He had been wondering if this strange

man would refuse the dangerous liberty which had been offered him.

Foolish disquietude! May had fled; not thoughtlessly, but premeditatedly.

From the moment when he was left alone and apparently forgotten in the insecurely locked compartment, to the instant when he opened the door, sufficient time had elapsed to give a man of his intellect and clearness of discernment ample opportunity to analyze and calculate all the chances of so grave a step.

Hence, if he stepped into the snare that had been laid for him, it would be with a full knowledge of the risks he must be prepared to run.

They were alone together, free in the streets of Paris, armed with mutual distrust, obliged alike to resort to strategy, forced to hide from each other.

Lecoq, it is true, had an auxiliary—Father Absinthe. But who could say that May would not be aided by his redoubtable accomplice?

It was then a veritable duel, whose result depended entirely upon the courage, skill, and coolness of the antagonists.

All these thoughts flashed through the young man's brain with the quickness of lightning.

He threw down his spade, and, running to a policeman, who was just coming out of the palace, he gave him a letter which he held ready in his pocket.

"Take this to Monsieur Segmuller, at once; it is a matter of importance," said he.

The officer attempted to question this *gamin* who was in correspondence with the magistrates; but Lecoq had already darted off in the footsteps of the prisoner.

May had gone only a little distance. He was sauntering along, with his hands in his pockets, his head high in the air, his manner composed and full of assurance.

Had he reflected that it would be dangerous to run while near the prison from which he had just made his escape? Or had he decided that, since they had given him this opportunity to escape, there was no danger that they would arrest him immediately?

Nor did he quicken his pace when he had crossed the bridge; and it was with the same tranquil manner that he had crossed the Quai aux Fleurs and turned into the Rue de la Cité.

Nothing in his bearing or appearance proclaimed him an escaped prisoner. Since his trunk—that famous trunk which he pretended to have left at the Hôtel de Mariembourg—had been returned to him, he had been well supplied with clothing; and he never failed, when summoned before the judge, to array himself in his best apparel.

He wore that day, a coat, vest, and pantaloons of black cloth. One, to see him, would have supposed him a workingman of the better class, off on a holiday excursion.

But when, after crossing the Seine, he reached the Rue Sainte-Jacques, his manner changed. His tread, perfectly assured until then, became uncertain. He walked slowly, looking to the right and to the left, studying the signs.

"Evidently he is seeking something," thought Lecoq; "but what?"

It was not long before he discovered.

Seeing a shop where second-hand clothing was sold, May entered in evident haste.

Lecoq stationed himself in a *porte-cochère* on the opposite side of the street, and pretended to be busily engaged lighting a cigarette. Father Absinthe thought he could approach without danger.

"Ah, well, Monsieur; here is our man changing his fine clothing for coarser garments. He will demand money in return; and they will give it to him. You told me this morning: 'May without a sou—that is the trump card in our game!'"

"Nonsense! Before we begin to lament, let us wait and see what will happen. It is not likely that the shopkeeper will give him the money. He will not buy clothing of every passer-by."

Father Absinthe withdrew to a little distance. He distrusted these reasons, but not Lecoq who gave them to him. In his secret soul Lecoq was cursing himself.

Another blunder; another weapon left in the hands of the enemy. How was it that he, who thought himself so shrewd, had not foreseen this?

His remorse was less poignant when he saw May emerge from the store as he had entered it.

Luck, of which he had spoken to Father Absinthe, without believing in it, had for once been in his favour.

The prisoner actually staggered when he stepped out upon the pavement. His countenance betrayed the terrible anguish of a drowning man when he sees the frail plank which was his only hope of salvation torn from his grasp.

He gave a peculiar whistle, which was the signal agreed upon to warn his companion that he abandoned the pursuit to him; and having received a similar signal in response, he entered the shop.

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But what had taken place? Lecoq wished to know.

The merchant was still standing at his counter. Lecoq wasted no time in parleying. He merely showed his card to acquaint the man with his profession, and curtly demanded the desired information.

"What did the man want who just left here?"

The merchant seemed troubled.

"It is a long story," he stammered.

"Tell it!" ordered Lecoq, surprised at the man's embarrassment.

"Oh, it is very simple. About twelve days ago, a man entered my store with a bundle under his arm. He claimed that he was a countryman of mine."

"Are you an Alsatian?"

"Yes, sir. Well, I went with this man to the wineshop on the corner, where he ordered a bottle of the best wine; and when we had drank together, he asked me if I would consent to keep the package he had with him until one of his cousins came to claim it. To prevent any mistake, this cousin was to utter certain words—a countersign, as it were. I refused, shortly and decidedly, for the very month before I had gotten into trouble, and had been accused of receiving stolen goods, by obliging a person in this same way. Well, you never saw a man so vexed and so surprised. What made me all the more determined in my refusal was that he offered me a good round sum in payment for my trouble. This only increased my suspicions, and I persisted in my refusal."

He paused to take breath; but Lecoq was on fire with impatience.

"And what then?" he insisted.

"Afterward the man paid for the wine, and went away. I had forgotten all about the occurrence, until this man came in just now, and asked me if I had not a package for him, which had been left here by one of his cousins, whereupon he uttered some peculiar words—the countersign, doubtless. When I replied that I had nothing, he turned as white as his shirt; and I thought that he was going to faint. All my suspicions returned. So when he proposed that I should buy his clothing—no; I thank you."

All this was very plain.

"And how did this cousin look who was here a fortnight ago?" inquired the detective.

"He was a large, and rather corpulent man, with a ruddy complexion, and white whiskers. Ah! I should recognize him in an instant!"

"The accomplice!" exclaimed Lecoq.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing that would interest you. Thank you. I am in a hurry. You will see me again; good-morning."

Lecoq had not remained in the store five minutes; yet, when he emerged, May and Father Absinthe were nowhere to be seen.

But this did not occasion any uneasiness in Lecoq's mind.

When making arrangements with his old colleague for this pursuit the detective had endeavoured to imagine all possible difficulties in order to solve them in advance.

The present situation had been foreseen. And it had been agreed that if one of the observers was obliged to remain behind, the other, who was closely following May, should make chalk-marks from time to time upon the walls, and upon the shutters of the shops, which would indicate the route to be followed, and enable his companion to rejoin him.

So, in order to know which way to go, Lecoq had only to examine the fronts of the buildings around him.

This task was neither long nor difficult.

Upon the shutters of the third shop above that of the second-hand clothes-dealer, a superb dash of the crayon told Lecoq to turn into the Rue Sainte-Jacques.

The detective rushed on in that direction, greatly disquieted.

His assurance of the morning had received a rude shock!

What a terrible warning that old clothes-dealer's declaration had been!

And so it was an established fact that the mysterious and redoubtable accomplice had proved his marvellous foresight by making every possible arrangement to ensure his companion's salvation, in case he was allowed to escape.

The subtle penetration of this man surpassed the pretended miracles of clairvoyants.

"What did this package contain?" thought Lecoq. "Clothing, undoubtedly; all the equipments of a complete disguise, money, clothing, papers, a forged passport."

He had reached the Rue Soufflot, and paused for an instant to ask his way from the walls.

It was the work of a second. A long chalk-mark on the shop of a watchmaker pointed to the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

The young man hastened in that direction.

"The accomplice," he continued, "did

not succeed in his attempt in the case of the old clothes-dealer; but he is not the man to be disheartened by one rebuff. He has certainly taken other measures. How shall I divine them, in order to circumvent them?"

The prisoner had crossed the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and had then taken the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince. Father Absinthe's dashes of the crayon declared this fact with many eloquent flourishes.

"One circumstance reassures me," the detective murmured; "May's going to this shop, and his consternation on finding that there was nothing for him there. The accomplice had informed him of his plans, but had *not* been able to inform him of the failure. Hence, from this hour, the prisoner is left upon his own resources. The chain that bound him to his accomplice is broken; there is no longer an understanding between them. Everything depends now upon keeping them apart. That is everything!"

How much he rejoiced that he had succeeded in having May removed to another prison. His triumph, in case he did succeed, would be the result of this act of distrust. He was convinced that this attempt, on the part of the accomplice, had taken place the very evening before May was removed to another prison; and this explained why it had been impossible to warn him of the failure of one plan and to substitute another.

Still following the chalk-marks, Lecoq had reached the Odéon. Here—more signs; but he perceived Father Absinthe under the gallery. The old man was standing before the window of a book-store, apparently engrossed in the examination of the pictures in an illustrated journal.

Lecoq, assuming the nonchalant manner of the loafer whose garb he wore, took a place beside his colleague.

"Where is he?" the young man asked.

"There," replied his companion, with a slight movement of his head toward the staircase.

The fugitive was, indeed, seated upon one of the steps of the stone stairs, his elbows resting upon his knees, his face hidden in his hands, as if he felt the necessity of concealing the expression of his face from the passers-by.

Undoubtedly, at that moment, he gave himself up for lost. Alone, in the midst of Paris, without a penny, what was to become of him?

He knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he was watched; that his every step was followed; and he knew only too well that the first attempt he made to inform his accomplice of his whereabouts would cost him his secret—the secret which he held as more precious than life itself, and which, by immense sacrifices, he had thus far been able to preserve.

After contemplating in silence for some time this unfortunate man whom he could but esteem and admire, after all, Lecoq turned to his old companion.

"What did he do on the way?" he inquired.

"He went into the shops of five dealers in second-hand clothing without success. Then he addressed a man who was passing with a lot of old rubbish on his shoulder; but the man would not even answer him."

Lecoq nodded his head thoughtfully.

"The moral of this is, that there is a vast difference between theory and practice," he remarked. "Here is a man who has made the most discerning believe that he is a poor devil, a low buffoon; so much as he prated of the misfortunes and the hazards of his existence— He is free; and this so-called Bohemian does not know how to go to work to sell the clothing that he wears upon his back. The comedian who could play his part so well upon the stage, disappears; the man remains—the man who has always been rich, and who knows nothing of the vicissitudes of life."

He ceased his moralizing, for May had risen from his seat.

Lecoq was only ten paces from him, and could see him very plainly.

The wretched man's face was livid; his attitude expressed the most profound dejection; one could read his indecision in his eyes.

Perhaps he was wondering if it would not be best for him to go and place himself again in the hands of his jailers, since the resources upon which he had depended had failed him.

But, after a little, he shook off the torpor that had overpowered him; his eye brightened, and, with a gesture of defiance, he descended the staircase, crossed the open square and entered the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie.

He walked on now with a brisk, determined step, like a man who has an aim in view.

"Who knows where he is going now?" murmured Father Absinthe, as he trotted along by Lecoq's side.

"I know," replied the detective. "And the proof is, that I am going to leave you, and run on in advance, to prepare for his

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reception. I may be mistaken, however, and as it is necessary to be prepared for any emergency, leave me the chalk-marks as you go along. If our man does not come to the Hôtel de Mariembourg, as I think he will, I shall come back here to start in pursuit of you again."

An empty *fiacre* chanced to be passing; Lecoq entered it and told the coachman to drive to the Northern Railway depot by the shortest route, and as quickly as possible.

He had little time to spare, so while he was on the way he profited by the opportunity to pay the driver and to search in his note-book, among the documents confided to him by M. Segmuller, for the particular paper that he wanted.

The carriage had scarcely stopped before Lecoq was on the ground and running toward the hotel.

As on the occasion of his first visit, he found Madame Milner standing upon a chair before the cage of her starling, obstinately repeating her German phrase, to which the bird with equal obstinacy responded: "Camille! where is Camille?"

In seeing the rather questionable-looking individual who invaded her hotel, the pretty widow did not deign to change her position.

"What do you want?" she demanded, in a rather discouraging tone.

"I am the nephew of a messenger in the Palais de Justice," Lecoq responded, with an awkward bow, entirely in keeping with his attire. "On going to see my uncle this morning, I found him laid up with the rheumatism; and he asked me to bring you this paper in his stead. It is a citation for you to appear at once before the judge of instruction."

This reply induced Madame Milner to abandon her perch. She took the paper and read it. It was, indeed, as this singular messenger had said.

"Very well," she responded; "give me time to throw a shawl over my shoulder and I will obey."

Lecoq withdrew with another awkward bow; but he had not crossed the threshold before a significant grimace betrayed his inward satisfaction.

She had duped him once, now he had repaid her.

He crossed the street, and seeing on the corner of the Rue Saint-Quentin a house in process of construction, he concealed himself there, waiting.

"Time to slip on my bonnet and shawl, and I will start!"

Madame Milner had replied thus. But she was forty years of age, a widow, a blonde, very pretty, and very agreeable still, at least in the opinion of the commissioner of police in that quarter, so she required more than ten minutes to tie the strings of her blue velvet bonnet.

At the thought that May might arrive at any moment Lecoq felt a cold perspiration issue from the pores of his entire body.

How much was he in advance of the fugitive? A half hour, perhaps! And he had accomplished only half of his task.

The shadow of each passer-by made him shudder.

At last the coquettish mistress of the hotel made her appearance as radiant as a spring morning.

She probably wished to make up for the time spent in making her toilet, for as she turned the corner she began to run.

As soon as she was out of sight, the young detective bounded from his place of concealment, and burst into the Hôtel de Mariembourg like a bomb-shell.

Fritz, the Bavarian lad, must have been warned that the house was to be left in his sole charge for some hours, and—he was guarding it.

He was comfortably established in his mistress's own particular armchair, his legs resting upon another chair, and he was already sound asleep.

"Wake up!" shouted Lecoq; "wake up!"

At the sound of this voice, which rang like a trumpet-blast, Fritz sprang to his feet frightened half out of his wits.

"You see that I am an agent of the prefecture of police," said the visitor, showing his badge, "and if you wish to avoid all sorts of disagreeable things, the least of which will be a sojourn in prison, you must obey me."

The boy trembled in every limb.

"I will obey," he stammered. "But what am I to do?"

"A very little thing. A man is coming here in a moment; you will know him by his black clothes, and by his long beard. You must reply to him word for word, as I tell you. And remember, if you make any mistake, even an involuntary one, you will suffer for it."

"You may rely upon me, sir," replied Fritz. "I have an excellent memory."

The prospect of a prison had terrified him into abject submission. He spoke the truth; one might have asked anything of him.

Lecoq profited by this disposition; and

with clearness and conciseness he told the lad what he was to do.

When he had finished his explanation, he added:

"Now, I wish to see and hear. Where can I hide myself?"

Fritz pointed to a glass door.

"In the dark room there, sir. By leaving the door ajar you can hear, and you can see everything through the glass."

Without a word Lecoq darted into the room designated, for the spring-bell on the outer door announced the arrival of some visitor.

It was May.

"I desire to speak to the mistress of this hotel," he said.

"Which mistress?"

"The woman who received me when I came here six weeks ago——"

"I understand," interrupted Fritz; "it is Madame Milner whom you wish to see. You come too late; she no longer owns this house. She sold it about a month ago, and has returned to her former home, Alsace."

The man stamped his foot with a terrible oath.

"I have a claim to make upon her," he insisted.

"Do you wish me to call her successor?"

In his place of concealment, Lecoq could not help admiring Fritz, who was uttering these glaring falsehoods with that air of perfect candour which gives the Germans such an advantage over people of the south, who seem to be lying even when they are telling the truth.

"The successor will send me walking!" exclaimed May. "I came to reclaim the money I paid for a room which I have never used."

"Such money is never refunded."

The man muttered some incoherent threat, in which such words as "evident stealing" and "justice" could be distinguished; then he went out, slamming the door violently behind him.

"Well! did I answer properly?" Fritz triumphantly demanded, as Lecoq emerged from his hiding-place.

"Yes, perfectly," replied the detective.

And pushing aside the boy, who was standing in his way, he dashed after May.

A vague fear almost suffocated him.

It had struck him that the fugitive had not been either surprised or deeply affected by the news he had heard. He had come to the hotel depending upon Madame Milner's aid; the news of the departure of this woman, who was the confidential friend of his accomplice, might reasonably be expected to terrify him.

Had he divined the ruse that had been played upon him? And how?

His good sense told him so plainly that the fugitive must have been put on his guard that Lecoq's first question, on rejoining Father Absinthe, was:

"May spoke to someone on his way to the hotel."

"Why, how could you know that?" exclaimed the worthy man, greatly astonished.

"Ah! I was sure of it! To whom did he speak?"

"To a very pretty woman, upon my word!—fair and plump as a partridge."

Lecoq turned green with anger.

"Fate is against us!" he exclaimed with an oath. "I run on in advance to Madame Milner's house, so that May shall not see her. I invent an excuse for sending her out of the hotel, and they encounter each other."

Father Absinthe gave a despairing gesture.

"Ah! if I had known!" he murmured; "but you did not tell me to prevent May from speaking to the passers-by."

"Never mind, my old friend," said Lecoq, consolingly; "it could not have been helped."

The fugitive had reached the Faubourg Montmartre, and his pursuers were obliged to hasten forward and get closer to their man, that they might not lose him in the crowd.

When they had almost overtaken him:

"Now," resumed Lecoq, "give me the details. Where did they meet?"

"On the Rue Saint-Quentin."

"Which saw the other first?"

"May."

"What did the woman say? Did you hear any cry of surprise?"

"I heard nothing, because I was quite fifty paces from them; but by the woman's manner, I could see that she was stupefied."

Ah! if Lecoq could have witnessed the scene, what valuable deductions he would have drawn from it!

"Did they talk for a long time?"

"For less than a quarter of an hour."

"Do you know whether Madame Milner gave May money or not?"

"I cannot say. They gesticulated like mad—so violently, indeed, that I thought they were quarrelling."

They knew they were watched, and they were endeavouring to divert suspicion.

"If they would only arrest this woman and question her," suggested Father Absinthe.

"What good would it do? Has not Monsieur Segmuller examined and cross-examined her a dozen times without drawing anything from her! Ah! she is a cunning one. She would declare that May met her and insisted that she should refund the ten francs that he paid her for his room. We must do our best," he continued, with a sort of resignation. "If the accomplice has not been warned already, he will soon be told, and we must try to keep the two men apart. What ruse they will employ, I cannot divine. But I know that it will be nothing hackneyed."

Lecoq's presumptions made Father Absinthe tremble.

"The surest way, perhaps, would be to lock him up again!"

"No!" replied the detective. "I desire his secret; I will have it. What will be said of us, if we two allow this man to escape us? He will not, I think, be visible and invisible by turns, like the devil. We will see what he is going to do now that he has money and a plan—for he has both at the present moment. I would stake my right hand upon it."

At the same instant, as if the prisoner intended to convince Lecoq of the truth of his suspicions, he entered a tobacco store, and emerged, an instant afterward, with a cigar in his mouth.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The mistress of the Hôtel de Mariembourg had given May money; the purchase of this cigar proved it conclusively.

But had they agreed upon any plan? Had they had time to decide, point by point, upon the method to be employed in evading the pursuers?

It would seem so, since the conduct of the fugitive had changed in more respects than one.

Until now, he had appeared to care little for the danger of being pursued and overtaken; but after his meeting with Mme. Milner, he seemed uneasy and agitated. After walking so long in the full sunlight, with his head high in the air, he appeared to have been seized by a sort of panic; and he now slunk along in the shadow of the houses, hiding himself as much as possible.

"It is evident that the man's fears are augmented by reason of his hopes," said Lecoq to his companion. "He was totally discouraged in the Odéon; the merest trifle would have decided him to surrender himself; now he thinks he has a chance to escape with his secret."

The fugitive had followed the boulevard as far as the Place Vendôme; he crossed it, and turned toward the Temple.

Soon after, Father Absinthe and his companion saw him conversing with one of those importunate merchants who consider every passer-by their lawful prey.

The dealer set a price on an article, and May feebly demurred; but he finally yielded, and disappeared in the shop.

"He has determined on a change of costume. Is it not always the first impulse of an escaped prisoner?" remarked Lecoq.

Soon May emerged from the store, metamorphosed from head to foot.

He was now clad in heavy dark-blue linen pantaloons, and a loosely fitting coat of rough woollen material. A gay silk 'kerchief was knotted about his throat; and upon his head was a soft cap with a visor; this he had perched rakishly over one ear.

Really, he was but little more prepossessing in his appearance than Lecoq himself. One would have hesitated before deciding which of the two men one would prefer to meet in the depths of a lonely forest.

He seemed content with his transformation, and appeared more at ease in his new attire. There was evident suspicion in the glance he cast around him, as if he were endeavouring to discover which persons among the crowd were charged with watching him, and wresting his secret from him.

He had not parted with his broadcloth suit; he was carrying it under his arm, wrapped in a handkerchief. He had bought, but had not sold; he had diminished his capital, and not augmented it. He had left only his tall silk hat.

Lecoq wished to enter the store and make some inquiries; but he felt that it would be an act of imprudence on his part, for May had settled his cap upon his head with a gesture that left no doubt of his intentions.

A second after he turned into the Rue du Temple. Now the chase began in earnest; and soon the two pursuers had all they could do to follow their man, who seemed endowed with the agility of a deer.

May had probably lived in England and in Germany, since he spoke the language of these countries like a native; but one thing was certain—he knew Paris as thoroughly as the oldest Parisian.

This was demonstrated by the way in which he dashed into the Rue des Gravilliers,

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and the precision of his course through the multitude of winding streets that lie between the Rue du Temple and the Rue Beaubourg.

He seemed to know this quarter perfectly; as well, indeed, as if he had spent half his life there. He knew all the public houses that had two outside doors—all the byways and tortuous lanes.

Twice he almost escaped his pursuers; once his salvation hung upon a thread. If he had remained in an obscure corner, where he was completely hidden, only an instant longer, the two detectives would have passed him, and his safety would have been assured.

The pursuit presented immense difficulties. Night was coming on, and with it that light fog which almost invariably follows the earliest days of spring. The street-lamps glimmered luridly in the mist, without throwing their light any considerable distance.

And to add to these difficulties, the streets were now thronged with workmen who were returning home after the labours of the day, with housewives purchasing provisions for supper; and around every house its numerous occupants were swarming like bees around their hive.

May took advantage of every opportunity to mislead the persons who might be following him. Groups of people, collisions between carriages, he utilized them all with such marvellous presence of mind and such rare skill, that he often glided through the crowd without leaving any sign of his passage.

At last he left the Rue des Gravilliers and entered a broader street. Reaching the Boulevard de Sébastopol, he turned to the left, and took a fresh start.

He darted on with marvellous rapidity, his elbows pressed closely to his body, husbanding his breath, and timing his steps with the precision of a dancing-master.

Stopping for nothing, without once turning his head, he hurried on.

And it was with the same regular but rapid pace that he went down the Boulevard de Sébastopol, that he crossed the Place du Châtelet, and again entered the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

Some *fiacres* were stationed nearby.

May addressed one of the drivers, and after a few moments' conversation entered his carriage.

The *fiacre* started off at a rapid pace.

But May was not in. He had only passed through the carriage, and just as the driver was starting on an imaginary route which had been paid for in advance, May slipped into another vehicle, which was standing beside the *fiacre* he had hired first, and the carriage left the stand at a gallop.

Perhaps, after so many ruses, after such a formidable effort, after this last stratagem—perhaps May believed that he was free. He was mistaken.

Behind the *fiacre* which bore him onward, leaning back upon the cushion to rest—a man was running. It was Lecoq.

Poor Father Absinthe had fallen by the way. Before the Palais de Justice he paused, exhausted and breathless, and Lecoq had little hope of seeing him again, since he had all he could do to keep his man in sight, without stopping to make the chalk-marks agreed upon.

May had ordered his coachman to carry him to the Place d'Italie; and had requested him to stop exactly in the middle of the square. This was about a hundred paces from the station-house in which he had been incarcerated with the Widow Chupin.

When the carriage stopped he sprang to the ground, and cast a rapid glance around him, as if looking for some dreaded shadow.

He saw nothing. Although surprised by the sudden checking of the vehicle, the detective had yet had time to fling himself flat on his stomach under the body of the carriage, though not without danger of being crushed by the wheels.

More and more reassured, apparently May paid the coachman, and retraced his course to the Rue Mouffetard.

With a bound, Lecoq was on his feet again, and started after him, as eagerly as a ravenous dog follows a bone. He had reached the shadow cast by the large trees in the outer boulevards, when a faint whistle resounded in his ears.

"Father Absinthe!" he exclaimed, surprised and delighted.

"The same," replied that good man, "and quite rested, thanks to a good fellow who was passing in a wagon and who picked me up and brought me here——"

"Oh, enough!" interrupted Lecoq. "Let us keep our eyes open."

May stopped before first one and then another of the numerous saloons in that locality. He seemed to be looking for something.

After peering through the glass doors of three of these establishments, he entered the fourth.

The glass was not glazed; and the two

detectives looked through the panes with all their eyes.

They saw the prisoner cross the room and seat himself at a table, where a man of unusual size, ruddy-faced and grey-whiskered, was already seated.

"The accomplice!" murmured Father Absinthe.

Was this really the redoubtable accomplice?

Under other circumstances Lecoq would have hesitated to place dependence on a vague similarity in personal appearance; but here probabilities were so strongly in favour of Father Absinthe's assertion that the young detective admitted its truth at once.

Was not this meeting the logical sequence, the manifest result of the chance meeting between the fugitive and the fair-haired mistress of the Hôtel de Mariembourg!

"May," thought Lecoq, "began by taking all the money Madame Milner had about her; he afterward charged her to tell his accomplice to come and wait for him in some saloon near here. If he hesitated and looked in the different establishments, it was only because he had not been able to specify exactly which one. If they do not throw aside the mask, it will be because May is not sure that he had eluded pursuit, and because the accomplice fears that Madame Milner has been followed."

The accomplice, if it was really the accomplice, had resorted to a disguise not unlike that adopted by May and Lecoq. He wore a dirty old blue blouse, and a hideous old slouch hat, really in tatters. He had rather exaggerated his make-up, for his sinister physiognomy was noticeable, even among the depraved and ferocious faces of the other denizens of the saloon.

For it was a regular den of cut-throats and of thieves that they had chosen for their rendezvous. There were not four workmen there who were worthy of the name. All the men who were eating and drinking there, were more or less familiar with prison life. The least to be dreaded were the loafers of the *barrières*, easily recognized by their glazed caps and their loosely knotted neckerchiefs. The majority of the company present were made up of this class.

And yet May, that man who was so strongly suspected of belonging to the highest social sphere, seemed to be perfectly at home.

He called for the regular dinner and a portion of wine, and literally devoured it, gulping down his soup, and great morsels of beef, and wiping his mouth upon the back of his sleeve.

But was he conversing with his neighbour? It was impossible to discern this through the glass obscured by smoke and steam.

"I must go in," said Lecoq, resolutely. "I must get a place near them, and listen."

"Do not think of doing it," said Father Absinthe. "What if they should recognize you!"

"They will not recognize me."

"If they do, they will kill you."

Lecoq made a careless gesture.

"I really think that they would not hesitate to rid themselves of me at any cost. But, nonsense! A detective who is afraid to risk his life is no better than a low spy. Why! you saw that Gevrol, even, did not flinch."

Perhaps the old man had wished to ascertain if his companion's courage was equal to his shrewdness and sagacity. He was satisfied on this score now.

"You, my friend, will remain here to follow them if they leave hurriedly," added Lecoq.

He had already turned the knob of the door; he pushed it open, entered, and taking a seat at a table near that occupied by the fugitive, he demanded a chop and a dram in a hoarse, guttural voice.

The fugitive and the man in the slouch hat were talking, but like strangers who had met by chance, and not at all like friends who had met at a rendezvous.

They were speaking the jargon of their pretended rank in life, not that puerile slang we find in romances descriptive of low life, but that vulgar and obscene language which it is impossible to render, so changeable and so diverse is the signification of its words.

"What wonderful actors!" thought Lecoq; "what perfection! what method! How I should be deceived if I were not absolutely certain!"

The man in the slouch hat held the floor; and he was giving a detailed account of the different prisons in France.

He told the character of the superintendents of the principal prisons, how the discipline was much more severe in this institution than in some other, and how the food at Poissy was worth ten times as much as that at Fontevault.

Lecoq, having finished his repast, ordered a small glass of brandy, and, with his back to the wall, and eyes closed, he pretended to sleep, and—listened.

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May began talking in his turn; and he narrated his story (exactly as he had related it to the judge), from the murder up to his escape, without forgetting to mention the suspicions regarding his identity—suspicions which had afforded him great amusement, he said.

Now, he would be perfectly happy if he had money enough to take him back to Germany. But he did not possess it, nor did he know how to procure it. He had not even succeeded in selling the clothing which belonged to him, and which he had with him in a bundle.

Thereupon the man in the felt hat declared that he had too good a heart to leave a comrade in such embarrassment. He knew, in the very same street, an obliging dealer in such articles, and he offered to take May there at once.

May's only response was to rise, saying, "Let us start." And they did start, with Lecoq still at their heels.

They walked rapidly on until they came to the Rue Fer-à-Moulin, then they turned into a narrow and dimly lighted alley, and entered a dingy dwelling.

"Run and ask the *concièrge* if there are not two doors by which one can leave this house," said Lecoq, addressing Father Absinthe.

The house, however, had but one entrance, and the two detectives waited.

"We are discovered!" murmured Lecoq. "I am sure of that. The fugitive must have recognized me, or the boy at the Hôtel de Mariembourg has described me to the accomplice."

Father Absinthe made no response, for the two men just then came out of the house. May was jingling some coins in his hand, and seemed to be in very ill-humour.

"What infernal rascals these receivers of stolen goods are!" he grumbled.

Though he had received only a small sum for his clothing, he probably felt that the kindness of his companion ought to be rewarded, for May proposed that they should take a drink together, and they entered a wine-shop nearby, for that purpose.

They remained there more than an hour, drinking together, and left that only to enter a saloon a hundred paces distant.

Turned out by the proprietor, who was closing his store, the friends took refuge in the next one that remained open. The owner drove them from this, and they hurried to another, then to another.

And so by drinking of bottles of wine, in very small glasses, they reached the Place Saint-Michel about one o'clock in the morning.

But there they found nothing to drink; all the saloons were closed.

The two men then held a consultation together, and, after a short discussion, they walked arm-in-arm in the direction of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, like a pair of friends.

The liquor which they had imbibed in such great quantities seemed to produce its effect. They staggered considerably as they walked; and they talked very loudly and both at the same time.

In spite of the danger, Lecoq advanced near enough to seize some fragments of their conversation; and the words "a good stroke," and "money enough to satisfy one," reached his ears.

Father Absinthe's confidence wavered.

"All this will end badly," he murmured.

"Do not be alarmed," replied his friend. "I do not understand the manœuvres of these wily confederates, I frankly confess; but what does that matter after all—now that the two men are together, I feel sure of success—sure. If one runs away, the other will remain, and Gevrol shall soon see which is right, he or I."

Meanwhile the pace of the two drunken men had slackened a trifle.

By the air with which they examined the magnificent residences of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, one would have suspected them of the worst intentions.

On the Rue de Varennes, only a few steps from the Rue de la Chaise, they paused before the low wall that surrounded an immense garden.

The man in the slouch hat now did the talking. He was explaining to May—they could tell by his gestures—that the mansion to which this garden belonged fronted upon the Rue de Grenelle.

"Bah!" growled Lecoq, "how much farther will they carry this nonsense?"

They carried it to assaulting the place.

By the aid of his companion's shoulders May raised himself to a level with the wall, and an instant after they heard the sound of his fall in the garden.

The man in the slouch hat remained in the street to watch.

(*To be concluded*)

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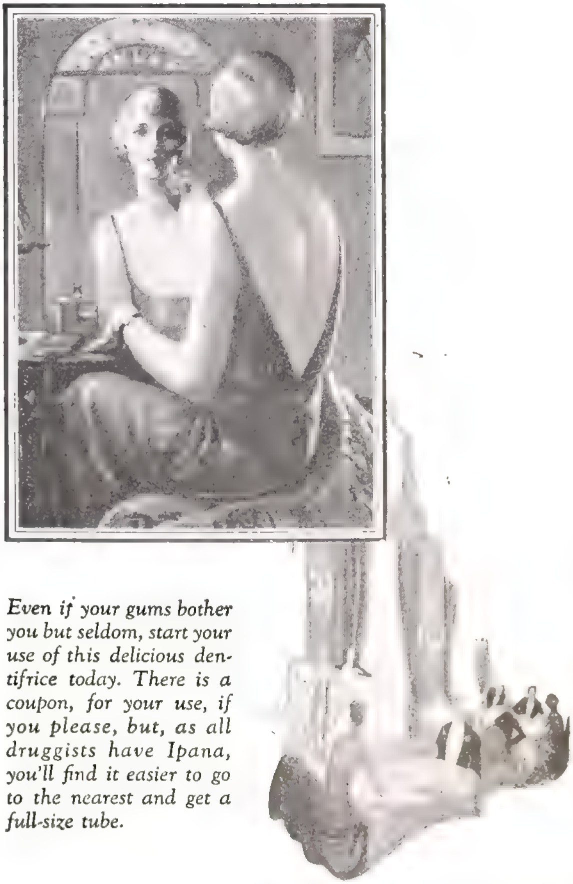

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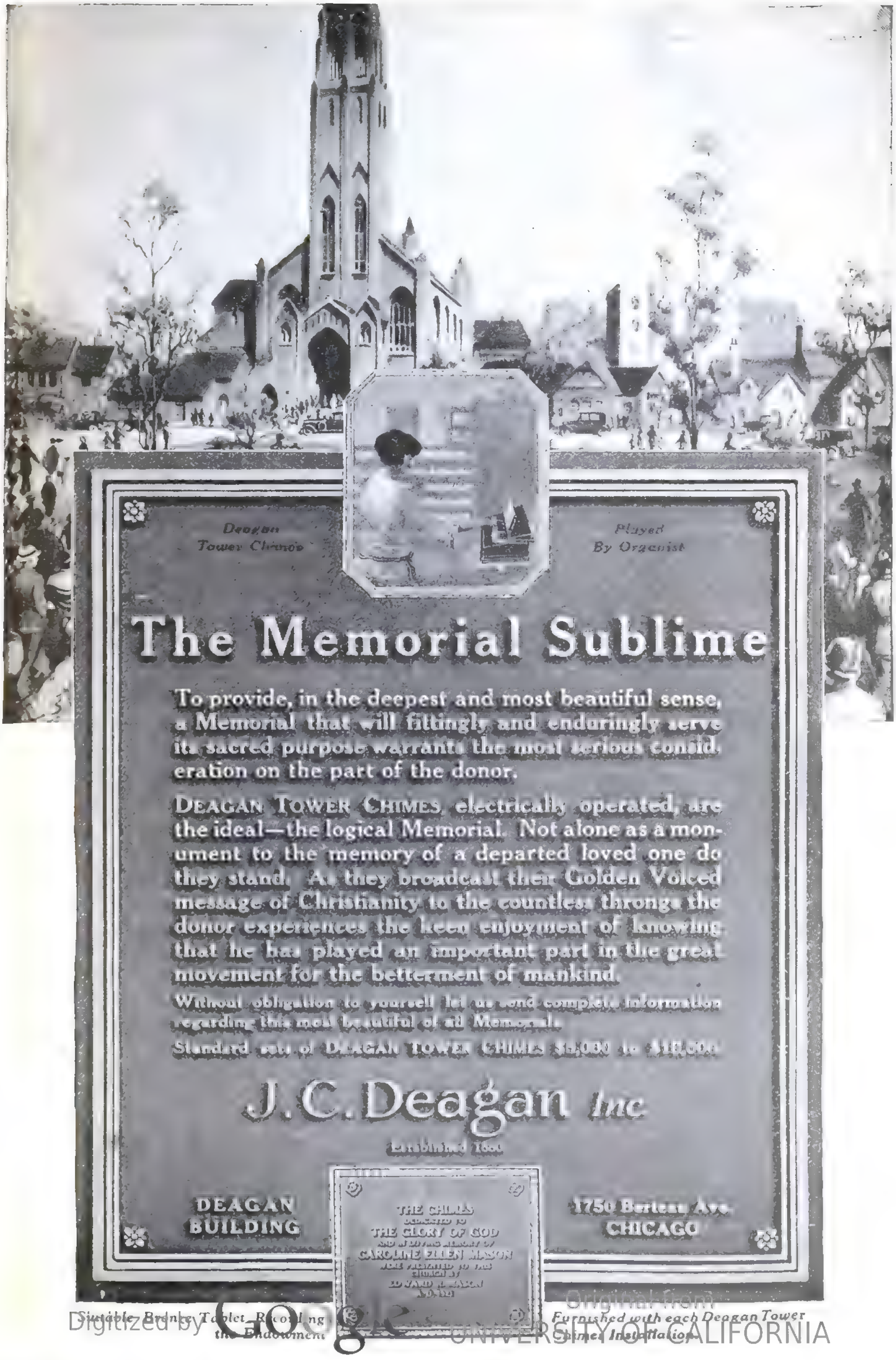

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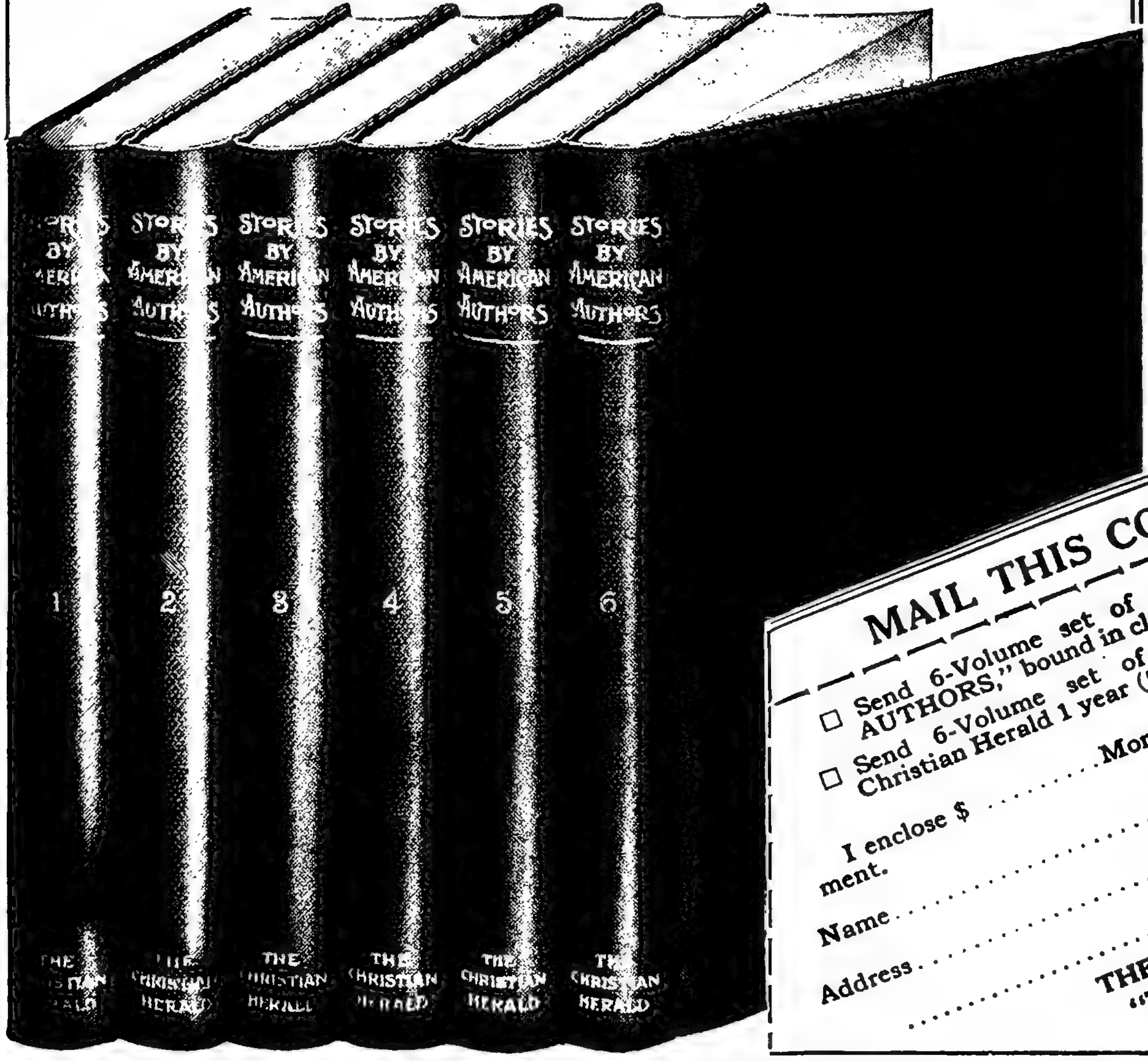

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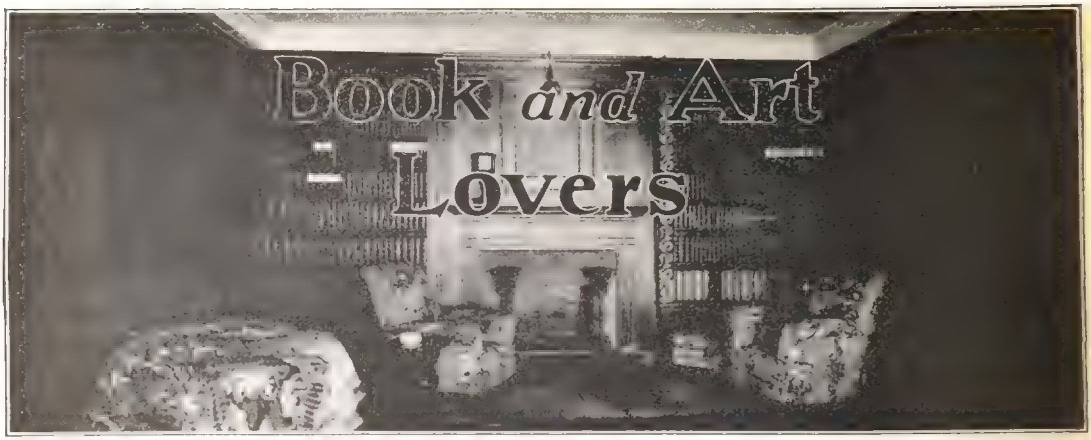

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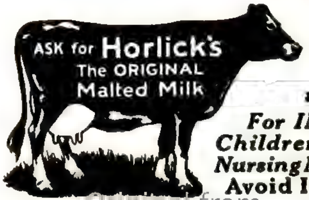

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Of The Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

State of NEW YORK }
County of NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles D. Lanier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. That the owners are: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner: and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Charles D. Lanier, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1925. Signed, R. K. Snavely, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

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Getting Away for a Few Days

"MEND when thou canst; be better at thy leisure," wrote Shakespeare in King Lear; and truly this is an American philosophy. Both men and women "steal away" when they can to mend the ravages of the speedy American life. Not once a year only do they do this, but many make two, three and four trips per year. "Getting away for a few days" is almost a national slogan; and what to do with these so-called few days is an increasingly important question.

With the increasing passion for water, there is a very marked desire nowadays for short water jaunts. It is as though, once having made friends with sea and lake, we felt the Byronic emotion:

> "Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows his rider."

But since transatlantic water trips take too long, where shall your water-enamoured vacationist with a limited time betake himself? It may be very fine, if you have the time, to embark upon,

> . . . . Neptune's deep invisible paths
> In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass
> To put a girdle round about the world,

as Chapman so aptly phrases it; but what about a lesser vessel which sails lesser seas and brings you back in time to catch up with business before it has a chance to get hopelessly behind? What of a week or two weeks' trip? After all, it is folly to take *no* trip just because one can't take a *big* trip. As Seneca put it, "it is bad to live for necessity, but there is no necessity to live in necessity."

In the last ten years there has been a great deal of attention paid to the development of short trips, especially water trips. It is possible to "survey our empire, and behold our home" from the decks of dozens of steamship lines in considerable comfort and even luxury.

One of the oldest of these lines plies between New York and Norfolk. It is long enough to be thoroughly restful without consuming too much time. You leave New York any day at three in the afternoon and land at Norfolk the next day at 10 :30 A.M. A few hours in a steamer chair in the bracing ocean air will build up strong nerves and a healthy body, and is a far better panacea than spring-medicinal tonics.

Nor do you have to go to Norfolk; few people seem to know that you can go to Washington or Baltimore by water; the route being to Norfolk and then up the Potomac.

Out of New York there are also all-water trips south to Savannah, to Jacksonville, to Miami, to the Bahamas to the Bermudas, to Porto Rico, to Havana, to New Orleans. Also *north* to Boston, to Hartford, to New London, to Providence, to Fall River, to Halifax, to Quebec, to Newfoundland, to Portland (via Boston). Also, via the Hudson River Boats, trips on Lake George and Lake Champlain.

For some of us more fortunate mortals who have all of a week or more for a water jaunt, there is a cruise on the four Great Lakes. This is one of the most pleasant things to do, either on a vacation or if you just decide you "must get away for a few days." The great steel steamships start their voyage from Buffalo. You sail over the calm, but powerful waters of Lake Erie and Lake Huron, make a turn into Georgian Bay, (which actually has 30,000 islands!), and then there is a stop ashore at the famous historic Mackinac Island, an enchanting place, where, as in Bermuda, such modern vehicles as automobiles are taboo. Guides, with old-fashioned horse and carriage, call for you and trot you about the island to view its old forts, decadent churches and delightfully romantic nooks—"devil's caves," and the like. If you have time you can journey farther into the vaster expanses of Lake Superior; or sail the length of Lake Michigan to Chicago, the Metropolis of the middle west. Two thousand miles of fresh water boating in a week on a fine luxurious big boat! What more could you ask?

It is quite natural that vacation's eyes should point *northward* in summertime, in search of cooler breezes. The lure of combination mountain, river and sea makes an irresistible appeal, and a better tonic cannot be found. It brings back the color to the pale cheek, and dispels monotony. There is a cruise service to Halifax, Nova Scotia and St. John's, Newfoundland, and these cruises are delightful. The rugged grandeur of Nova Scotia, the Easternmost of the Canadian Provinces, is a mecca to those who seek a restful sojourn amid surroundings of unsurpassed beauty. Newfoundland, England's oldest colony, contains an area of 40,200 square miles, but nearly all the inhabitants live on the

(*Continued on page 46*)

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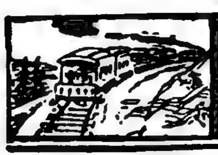

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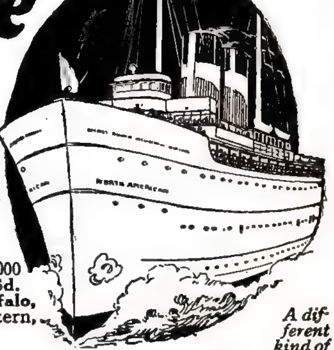

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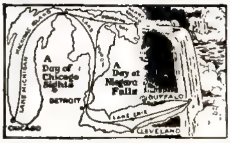

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Getting Away for a Few Days

(Continued from page 40)

seacoast. The scenery along this coast is only equalle by that of Norway. There are quaint coves an beautiful rock arches, and the land-locked harbour o "Quidi Vidi," with its narrow entrance for smal boats. It is a miniature of the greater harbour of St John's, with a remarkable basin, cut out of solid rock b the same convulsion of Nature that threw up the grea granite cliffs and split them to make the harbour of St John's. There are fisherfolk courteous and hospitable and they seem content to spread that feeling. There i excellent trout and salmon fishing in the vicinity of St John's and throughout the Island, as well as partridg and caribou shooting. The entire northern waters ar the fisherman's paradise—for the professional as well a the amateur. One thinks of Swift's lines:

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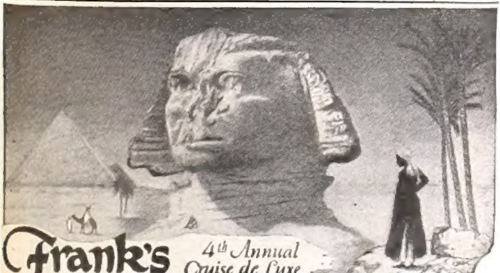

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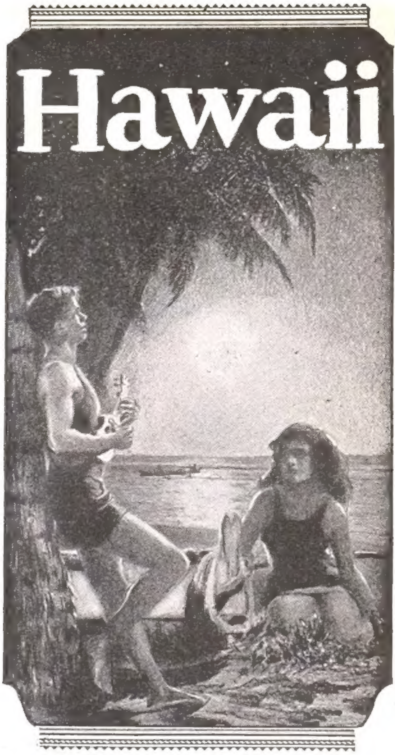

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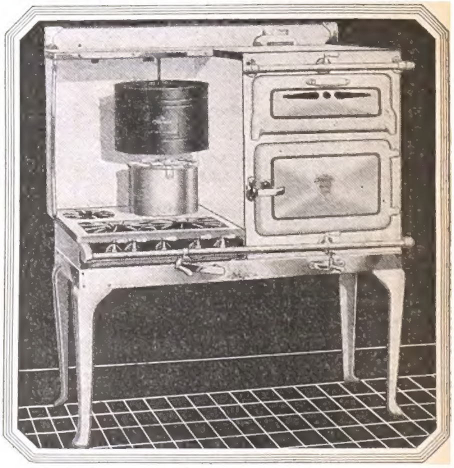

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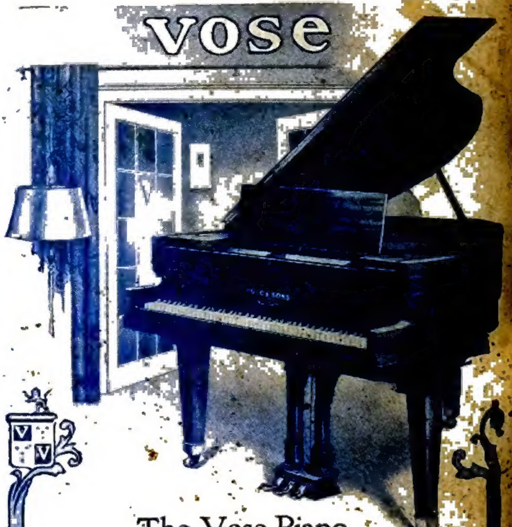

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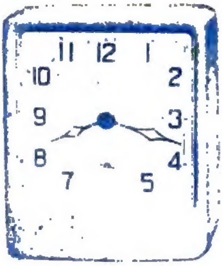

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